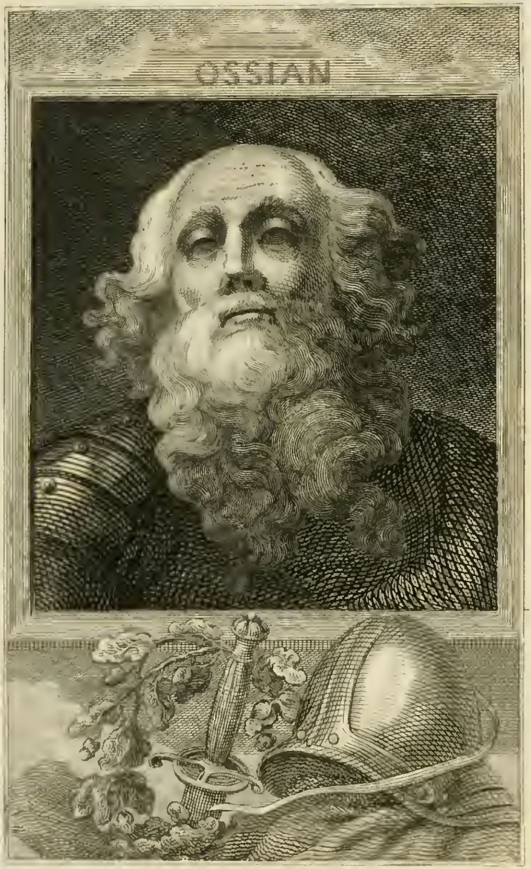

From a Picture supposed to be sketched by Runciman. *Engraved by I. Rowe.*

THE

POEMS OF OSSIAN,

IN

THE ORIGINAL GAELIC,

WITH A

LITERAL TRANSLATION INTO LATIN,

BY THE LATE ROBERT MACFARLAN, A. M.

TOGETHER WITH

A DISSERTATION ON THE AUTHENTICITY
OF THE POEMS,

BY SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, BART.

AND

A TRANSLATION FROM THE ITALIAN OF THE ABBÈ CESAROTTI'S DISSERTATION ON THE CONTROVERSY RESPECTING THE AUTHENTICITY OF OSSIAN, WITH NOTES AND A SUPPLEMENTAL ESSAY,

BY JOHN M'ARTHUR, LL. D.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE SANCTION OF THE HIGHLAND
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ADVERTISEMENT.

In the poems now published, some words and passages, which are to be found in Mr. Macpherson's translation, are wanting. These might have been supplied from other transcripts, or oral tradition; but the Committee appointed to superintend the printing of this Work, were scrupulous about making any addition to the manuscripts left by Mr. Macpherson.

A celebrated Italian poet, Cesarotti, having not only translated Ossian's Poems in a very superior manner, but having also written a Dissertation on their authenticity and beauties, which is not generally accessible to English readers, it was thought proper to annex to this Work a translation of the same, which is inserted in the Third Volume, together with Notes and a Supplemental Essay.*

The Committee beg leave also, to allude to the translation of the first book of Fingal, by the Rev. Mr. Ross, included in the Preliminary Dissertation, which furnishes the most satisfactory evidence, that a new version is necessary, to give the English reader a just conception of the sublime effusions of the Celtic Bard. Deeply impressed with that idea, they have directed a new translation of the whole of the Poems, to be rendered into English, line for line, that it may be published with as little delay as possible.

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* A translation of Cesarotti's notes, on the first book of Fingal, is annexed to the Preliminary Dissertation, as a proof of that author's critical taste, and of the excellence of his judgment in poetical discussions.

On the whole, the Committee have endeavoured to execute the duty entrusted to them, in a manner which they hope will give satisfaction to the admirers of OSSIAN, and to the Public in general.

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A

DISSERTATION

ON THE

AUTHENTICITY

OF THE

POEMS OF OSSIAN,

BY

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, BART.

INTRODUCTION

AND

PLAN OF THE WORK.

It has frequently been asserted, that the poetical works of Ossian, would never appear in the dialect in which they were said to have been originally composed; that the whole was a forgery, written in English, which never existed in any other form than the one in which it had been produced; and which in fact had no foundation in any other language, excepting some wandering ballads, of which hardly six lines could now be recited by any person of veracity.* There cannot be a more satisfactory answer to such groundless assertions, than the work now laid before the public. *The Gaelic original is herewith published*, and in the opinion of those who are best acquainted with that language, it not only furnishes *complete internal evidence of its own originality*, but is in fact greatly superior in point of poetical merit to the English. The general question, therefore, is at length reduced to a very narrow compass; whether the late Mr. Macpherson first composed what are called the Poems of Ossian in

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* The greatest antagonist to the authenticity of Ossian was the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson. In his journey to the Western Islands, (edition 1798, p. 205,) he roundly asserts, "that the "poems of Ossian never existed in any other form than that which "we have seen. That the editor or author never could show the "original, nor can it be shown by any other. That it is too long "to be remembered, and that the language formerly had nothing "written. That he (the editor) has doubtless inserted names that

" circulated in popular stories, and may have translated some wan-" dering ballads, if any can be found; and the names and some of " the images being recollected, make an inaccurate auditor ima-" gine, by the help of Caledonian bigotry, that he has formerly " heard the whole."

Nay, he afterwards goes so far as to state, " that though some " men of integrity profess to have heard parts of it, they all heard " them when they were boys, and it never was said that any of " them could recite six lines."

He farther observes, " that the Scots have something to plead " for their easy reception of an improbable fiction; they are se-" duced by the fondness for their supposed ancestors. A Scotch-" man must be a very sturdy moralist who does not love Scotland " better than truth; he will always love it better than enquiry; " and if falsehood flatters his vanity, he will not be very diligent to " detect it."

Nothing but the grossest prejudices could have induced any person of common sense, or common integrity, to have published a string of such groundless assertions. Though many Gaelic manuscripts have been lost, many fortunately are still in existence; and if Dr. Johnson, in his Tour through the Western Islands, had expressed a wish to that effect, instead of *six lines,* he would have found many who would have repeated *six hundred lines* of Gaelic poetry.

English, and then translated them into Gaelic? or, whether the Gaelic was not in fact the original, and the English a translation from it? and whether that original is not genuine ancient poetry?

In regard to the general question of originality or imposture, every reflecting mind to whom this work is submitted, must at once perceive, how manifestly incongruous the idea is, that Mr. Macpherson should first have composed what he called the Poems of Ossian in English; and though he wished, (as is contended), to have it believed, that he was the real author of them, should take the trouble of translating them into Gaelic, and should leave behind him a Gaelic version for publication. Very strong doubts are entertained, whether he was competent to the task of composing a Gaelic poem at all, though he might be able to fill up chasms, where a poem was defective, or might connect detached pieces together; and it is singular, that among the productions of his youthful muse, *not a single scrap of Gaelic poetry is to be traced.* But without dwelling upon that circumstance, it may be sufficient for the present to observe, that from an impartial and critical examination of the original Gaelic and the English version, it will appear, that the Gaelic must necessarily have been anterior; and that the English translation by Macpherson, however much it has been admired, yet in fact conveys but a very imperfect idea indeed, of the singular merit, and peculiar beauties, by which the genuine poetry of the Celtic bard is so happily distinguished.

In discussing this important subject it is intended, in the first place, briefly to consider the following train or deduction of evidence, on the result of which, *independently of the Gaelic original being now published*, the decision of originality or imposture must in some measure rest. 1. Whether the Celtic tribes in general were not addicted to poetry, and accustomed to preserve in verse, whatever they considered to be peculiarly entitled to remembrance? 2. Whether various Gaelic poems did not exist in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, in remote periods of our history? 3. Whether these poems were not in a great measure said to have been composed by Ossian, a Scottish bard, who celebrated the exploits of Fingal, a Scottish warrior? 4. Whether some manuscripts did not exist in Scotland, in which those poems were contained? 5. Whether a manuscript of these poems did not actually exist at Douay, in Flanders, previous to Macpherson's collection? 6. Whether there were not persons in Scotland, who preserved in their memory a great store of Gaelic poetry, and in particular many poems ascribed to Ossian? 7. Whether the existence of Swaran, and other personages mentioned in these poems, is not authenticated by Danish historians? 8. Whether there is not as much reason to deny the authenticity of Homer, (whose works were in the same manner collected from oral tradition), as that of Ossian? And lastly, Whether the principal objections, which have been urged to the authenticity of Ossian, have any foundation?

In a separate chapter we propose shortly to discuss the following particulars: 1. To explain the circumstances which prevented the Gaelic version from being sooner laid before the public; 2. To examine, through the medium of a new translation of a part of these poems, whether Macpherson did justice to the splendid beauties of the original, (for if the Gaelic is superior, and the new translation finer poetry, any arguments adduced in favour of Macpherson's pretensions must fall to the ground); and, 3. Briefly to consider the question, how far the Poems of Ossian are entitled to those praises which have been bestowed upon them.

CHAPTER I.

A STATEMENT OF THE EVIDENCE ADDUCED IN BEHALF OF THE AUTHENTICITY OF OSSIAN'S POEMS, INDEPENDENTLY OF THE GAELIC ORIGINAL BEING NOW PUBLISHED, WITH SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE OBJECTIONS WHICH HAVE BEEN URGED AGAINST THEIR AUTHENTICITY.

THERE is no literary question that has been more keenly controverted, than whether the poems ascribed to Ossian, are to be considered as authentic ancient poetry, or as wholly, if not in a great measure, fabricated by Macpherson. Among the various circumstances, which led to the existence, and to the continuance of such a controversy, the following principally contributed.

It was natural in a country like England, that for many years had enjoyed all the advantages of printing, and where for centuries the art of writing had been practised, to be rather incredulous, when it was asserted, that such long and connected poems, had been preserved by oral tradition, from periods of great antiquity. That circumstance alone seemed so much out of the ordinary course of human affairs, that it required the strongest evidence to confirm it.[*] The doubts, however, which were entertained upon that subject, were, in the minds of the impartial, satisfactorily removed, when it was urged, that the remote and inaccessible nature of the country where these poems were preserved; the peculiar character and language of the inhabitants, who were seldom visited by strangers; their turn for poetry; their veneration for the traditions and customs of their ancestors; their total ignorance of letters in the more remote periods of their history; and other particulars, which will be afterwards explained, accounted for their preservation: and above all, when the most convincing evidence was adduced, that many individuals then living, could repeat great numbers of those poems, and that even some manuscripts, in which part of them were to be found, could then be produced.

When the poems of Ossian first appeared, there existed, in a considerable portion of the English nation, very strong political, as well as literary prejudices against the Scots;[†] in so much, that every person connected with that country, as well as every work produced from it, were sure to encounter the keenest possible opposition. It is not desirable to recall to the memory these distracted times. It is sufficient to remark, that at such a period, when every thing belonging to Scotland was obnoxious, (more especially if likely to do any credit to that country), the discovery of ancient poems, which exhibited in a pleasing light the ancient manners of the Scottish nation, which gave a favourable view of the talents of the old Caledonians, and which were justly to be accounted, in all respects, one of the greatest curiosities ever discovered in the commonwealth of letters, could not fail to be the object of determined acrimony and virulence to a very formidable party.*

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[*] See David Hume's Letter, Report of the Highland Society, p. 6.

[†] At the head of the literary foes of Scotland, was the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson, who would hardly allow merit to any Scotch author, ancient or modern.

Even among the Scots themselves, there were some who affected to entertain a very unfavourable opinion of the Celtic character and genius, and who seemed to take a pleasure in reprobating every thing connected with the Gaelic part of the kingdom. It is well known, that the south-eastern coasts of Scotland, and the islands of Orkney and Shetland, are in general inhabited by a race of people originally different from the Gael. Their descendants were thence inclined to take up with peculiar eagerness, whatever could tend to depreciate, or to throw a slur, upon the genius and talents of those, who inhabited the western and more mountainous districts. It was impossible for them, therefore, to admit, that the generous and noble sentiments, with which the poems of Ossian abound, could exist in the compositions of a savage race, incapable, as they considered them, of civilization or industry.

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* It will hardly be credited in these days, but in the year 1762, when the poem of Fingal was published, there existed in many, both in England and Scotland, a great spirit of hostility to every thing connected with the Gaelic language, and those by whom it was spoken, on account of the zeal with which the Highlanders, in the year 1745, had supported the claims of the house of Stuart. Hence many were induced to decry the beauties of Ossian, because they were brought to light by those who were considered as attached to an exiled and obnoxious family.

The means, adopted by those who wished to prove the authenticity of these poems, were defective. The manuscripts, produced by Macpherson, do not appear to have been examined by impartial persons competent to the task; nor were copies of such manuscripts taken, nor literal translations of them made, as ought to have been the case. No enquiry was set on foot for the discovery of other manuscripts, though it evidently appears that several were then in existence, which are now lost.* No distinct account was obtained from

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* See Lord Bannatyne's letter, Report of the Highland Society, Appendix, p. 280. The MS. at Douay, to be afterwards mentioned, (section 5), might certainly have been preserved by an earlier search.

Macpherson of the persons from whom he had collected the poems, that other copies of them might be got from the same individuals; and though the superior advantage of sending a poetical missionary, was clearly proved in the case of Macpherson, yet the same plan, however successful, was not again resorted to, and the doubtful effect of general correspondence was unfortunately relied on.

In the last place, the conduct of Macpherson himself, tended to render the subject of authenticity doubtful and mysterious. At first he seemed to have had no other object in view but to be considered as the mere translator; but when the reputation of the poems was fully established, he felt no objection to be considered as capable of composing such works himself, or at least of being able to improve them. Elevated, by his connection with Gaelic poetry, to a respectable rank, both in literature and in society, his pride made him wish to believe, that he owed that elevation, more to his own talents, than to the genius of an old bard, whom he had rescued from oblivion. But notwithstanding every motive which pride or vanity could furnish, a conscientious regard to truth, induced him at last to leave behind him the original Gaelic poetry, *expressly for the purpose of being published*, though, by destroying it, his claims to be considered as the real author, would have received such additional confirmation, that it would have been extremely difficult indeed, at the present moment, to have refuted them.

That this observation is well founded, appears from the following circumstance.

Under all the disadvantages of a lapse of many years, a most respectable public institution, The Highland Society of Scotland, took up the investigation into the authenticity of Ossian, and employed some of its ablest members to conduct it. The exertions they made were of a very extensive nature, prosecuted for several years, and carried on with zeal and activity. The result of the whole enquiry, after due examination, was drawn up by an author distinguished for his literary acquirements;* and published in a Report, which has made a very deep impression upon the minds of those who have examined it with attention. On the subject of that Report, it is only necessary to add, that the evidence therein brought forward, joined to the proofs which had been formerly adduced, (both of which it is now intended briefly to detail), seems to have left the question in that state, that the publication of the original, and the internal evidence which it contains, cannot fail to produce a most decisive conviction, in the mind of every impartial man, in favour of the authenticity of the poems. That conviction also must be greatly strengthened, by *the new*, and most satisfactory proofs, which will be brought forward in the course of this Dissertation.

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* Henry Mackenzie, Esq.

We shall now proceed briefly to state, that train or deduction of evidence already alluded to, which tends so strongly to prove the authenticity of these poems, independently of the Gaelic originals being herewith published.

§ I.

That the Celtic Tribes in general were addicted to Poetry, and accustomed to preserve in Verse, whatever they considered to be peculiarly entitled to remembrance.

It is a fact hardly to be questioned, that the greater part of Europe was anciently inhabited by tribes of Celts. They were principally to be found in Germany, France, Spain, and Great Britain, but they were also to be traced in Greece, Illyria and Italy.* Descended from the same origin, they resemble each other in various particulars; more especially in their manners, in their language, in their mode of living, in their form of government, and, above all, in their turn for poetry. Despising letters, as unworthy the attention of a warlike race, they had no other means of preserving their laws, the precepts of their religion, or the historical annals of their country, but by memory; and being under the necessity of learning all those particulars by heart, hence they endeavoured to render the task less irksome, by composing in verse, whatever was deemed peculiarly entitled to be remembered.*

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* Pelloutier, Hist. des Celtes, 2 vol. 4to. edit. 1771, vol. 1. p. 12 and 115.

The poets who composed those verses, and by whom they were principally preserved in remembrance, were distinguished by the name of BARDS; which in the Celtic language, implied a poet, a singer, and a musician; for the same person often sung his own verses, and accompanied them by the harp.† It is certain that the antient Celts had a great number of those poems; and that the Druids, to whom the education of youth was intrusted, sometimes devoted even twenty years to the learning of verses, many of which were asserted to be of great antiquity, at a period which we consider to be remote:‡ and, on the whole, it has been considered as a peculiarity which distinguished the Celtic tribes from many other nations, that they were so much addicted to poetry, as to animate themselves to battle by hymns; and that inspired by poetic fervor, and the hopes of meeting again with their brave ancestors, they went to a fight as if it were to a feast, and suffered the severest punishments, not with tears or groans, but with songs, and a sort of triumphant alacrity.*

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* Pelloutier, vol. 1. p. 184.

† Ib. p 184.

‡ Ib. p. 188. It is not impossible, as a noble personage, distinguished by his knowledge in such discussions, (the Earl of Moira), very ingeniously remarked, that Ossian might have derived his taste for poetry, from those more ancient bards; and

§ II.

Whether various Gaelic Poems did not exist in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, in remote Periods of our History.

If this attachment to poetry were general among the Celts, it would have been an extraordinary circumstance, had those tribes, which inhabited the northern and western parts of Scotland, been found an exception. Indeed that such poems

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that some of the beautiful strains and images which now pass under his name, might be traced to a still more remote original. Ossian himself indeed frequently alludes to more ancient bards.

* Pelloutier, p. 100. That author having detailed the evidence upon this subject, it is unnecessary to refer to any other authority regarding the poetry of the ancient Celts.

were formerly to be found, both in the Highlands and in the Islands of Scotland, independently of Macpherson's collections, can be proved by the most undoubted authority. The celebrated Buchanan observes, that the bards were held in great honour, both among the Gauls and Britons, *and that their function and name doth yet remain, amongst all those nations which use the old British tongue*, in which the Highlanders of Scotland are certainly included. He adds, " they compose " poems, and those not inelegant, which the rhap-" sodists recite, either to the better sort, or to the " vulgar, who are very desirous to hear them; " and sometimes they sing them to musical in-" struments."*

The circumstance is still more strongly stated, in the description given by the same distinguished author, of the Hebrides or Western Islands. He there mentions, that the inhabitants of those islands " sing poems not inelegant, " containing commonly the eulogies of valiant " men; and their bards usually treat of no other " subject."†

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* " Carmina autem non inculta fundunt, quæ rhapsodi pro-" ceribus, aut vulgo audiendi cupido recitant, aut ad musicos " organorum modos canunt."

† " Accinunt autem carmen non inconcinnè factum, quod " ferè laudes fortium virorum contineat; nec aliud ferè argu-" mentum eorum Bardi tractant."

Is it possible to suppose, that such a judge of literary merit as Buchanan, should have bestowed such praises on the works of these ancient Scottish bards, if they had not been justly entitled to his applause; and if such poems actually existed in his time, and were recited by the bards from memory, where is the impossibility of their having been handed down for one hundred and fifty, or two hundred years longer? Or is it to be considered as incredible, that those very poems, which the most elegant classical scholar of modern times should consider, as "*non inculta, non inconcinnè facta*," should turn out to be the identical poems, which have since been so justly celebrated as the compositions of Ossian?*

The consideration, in which the bards were held in the northern parts of the island, and the merit ascribed to their poetry, appears from the following account of them, given by one of the most famous humanists in Scotland.† "Although it is well known," as this eloquent author observes, "that the Scots had always

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* Mr. Pinkerton, in his Enquiry into the History of Scotland, has given us the *Duan Albanach*, (see Vol. II. p. 321), which is supposed to have been written by the Highland Court Bard of Malcolm III. between the years 1056 and 1093. It is a metrical list of kings, posssesing little poetical merit, but may surely be regarded as sufficient evidence that Gaelic poetry was then written, or at least known, in Caledonia.

† J. Johnston in Prefat. ad Hist. Scot.

" more strength and industry to perform great " deeds, than care to have them published to the " world, yet in ancient times they had, and held " in great esteem, their own Homers and Maros, " whom they named bards. These recited the " achievements of their brave warriors in heroic " measures, adapted to the musical notes of the " harp; with these they roused the minds of " those present to the glory of virtue, and trans-" mitted patterns of fortitude to posterity. This " order of men do still exist among the Welsh, " and ancient Scots, (the Highlanders), and they " still retain that name (of bards) in their native " language." *

This quotation from Johnston, regarding the Scottish bards, evidently implies, that the poetry he alluded to was not trifling ballads, but poems in the style of Virgil and Homer, and consequently epic or heroic poetry.

Another proof of the existence of Gaelic poetry, previous to the publications of Macpherson in

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* "Quamvis," says he, "intelligunt omnes plus semper vi-" rium et industriæ Scotis fuisse ad res gerendas, quam com-" mentationis ad prædicandas, habuerunt tamen antiquitus, et " coluerunt suos Homeros et Marones, quos Bardos nomina-" bant. Hi fortium virorum facta versibus heroicis et lyræ " modulis aptata concinebant; quibus et præsentium animos " acuebant ad virtutis gloriam, et fortitudinis exempla ad pos-" teros transmittebant. Cujusmodi apud Cambros et priscos " Scotos nec dum desiêre; et nomen illud patrio sermone adhuc " retinent."

1760, 1761, &c. is in a work written by Alexander Macdonald, schoolmaster at Ardnamurchan, which is printed at Edinburgh, anno 1751.* The poems, which that volume contains, are in Gaelic, but there is an English preface, in which he assigns two reasons for publishing it: 1. That it may raise a desire to learn something of the Gaelic language, which he states may be found to contain in its bosom, the charms of poetry and rhetoric; and 2. To bespeak the favour of the public to a great collection of poems, *in all kinds of poetry that have been in use among the most cultivated nations*, (which surely includes epic poetry), with a translation into English verse, and critical observations on the nature of such writings, to render the work useful to those who do not understand the Gaelic language.

A native of England, who, in the year 1754, printed an account of the Highlands of Scotland, describes his having heard a bard repeating an Erse poem, in the course of which, the chief at whose house he was, and who prided himself upon his classical knowledge, at some particular passage exclaimed, "There is nothing like that in "Virgil or Homer;" evidently implying, that it was a part of some epic poem, and most probably a part of Ossian; and it must have been distinguished by peculiar beauties, to entitle it in any great degree, to so high a compliment.*

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* This work is entitled, Ais-Eiridh Na Sean Chanoin Albannaich, printed at Duneidiunn (Edinburgh), 12mo. 1751.

The only other author whom it is necessary to mention, as doing justice to Gaelic poetry, previous to Macpherson's publications, is Jerome Stone, who died in June 1756. He was a native of the county of Fife, where the Gaelic was perfectly unknown, but being appointed rector of the school of Dunkeld, a town at the entrance into the Highlands, and being a person of much industry, and strong natural parts, he resolved to learn the language principally spoken by those among whom he was settled; and after having acquired the Gaelic, he was surprised to find, that a variety of literary works were preserved by oral tradition, in that language, which seemed to him, to be possessed of great merit. He proceeded to collect some of them; but a premature death, (in the 30th year of his age), put an end to those attempts, after he had made some progress. His account of these poems is highly favourable to Gaelic literature. He describes them as performances "which, *for sublimity of language, nervousness of expression, and high spirited metaphors, are hardly to be equalled among the chief productions of the most cultivated nations;* whilst

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* A second edition of this work was printed anno 1759. It was written by one Burt, who was a contractor under General Wade.

" others of them, breathe such tenderness and " simplicity, as must be greatly affecting to every " mind in the least tinctured with the softer " passions of pity and humanity."*

These proofs of the high ideas entertained of Gaelic poetry, previous to the publication of Ossian, cannot fail to be sufficiently satisfactory to every impartial reader.

§ III.

That the Poems current in the Highlands, were said in a great measure to have been composed by Ossian, a Scottish Bard, who celebrated the Exploits of Fingal, a Scottish Warrior.

At the period when Fingal is supposed to have lived, the natives of the northern parts of Ireland, and the western parts of Scotland, seem to have been one and the same race, sometimes fighting with each other, and sometimes united against a common enemy. The history of those times however, is certainly involved in great obscurity; and it is not to be wondered at, that both countries should lay claim to so great a hero as Fingal, and so renowned a poet as Ossian. But, that Ossian, and the heroes celebrated in the poems of Ossian, as published by Macpherson, were Scotchmen, is proved by a variety of circumstances, and in particular the following: 1. The evidence of a number of authors, who never imagined that it would be a subject of dispute, or a matter of any material consequence: 2. A variety of names of places in the Highlands are derived from Fingal and his heroes, and the very places where they lived and died, are still pointed out: 3. Many proverbial expressions common in the Highlands, tend to confirm the idea: and 4. The concurring tradition of the inhabitants of the Highlands, who cannot believe it to be a subject of dispute.

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* See Statistical Account of Scotland, Vol. V. p. 110. Scots Magazine, printed anno 1757, Vol. 18. p. 15.

1.

As far as it is at present known, the oldest writer in Scotland who mentions Fingal and his heroes, is John Barbour, who wrote a poem called " The Bruce," composed about the year 1375. In the third book of that work, there are the following lines:—

He said methink Marchokys son
Right as Gol Mak Morn* was won
To haiff fra Fyngal his menye,
Rycht sua all his fra us has he.

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* Or Gaul, the son of Morni. The genuine reading of this passage is now ascertained by comparing the Glasgow edition of 1737, with the MS. of Barbour, 1489, in the Advocate's library.

It is singular, that in this most ancient of the Scotish works, in any respect connected with this subject, the hero should be called by the name of *Fingal;* whereas in Ireland, he is uniformly distinguished by the appellation of *Finn.*[*]

The evidence of Hector Boethius, in his history of Scotland, is, regarding this point, extremely material; at least it proves, that according to the tradition of Scotland in his time, Fingal was a native of Scotland; for he says "Some conjecture "that in those times lived Finnanus the son of "Cœlus, (in common language, Fyn Mak Coul), "a man, as they report, of an incredible stature, "(for they describe him as being seven cubits in "height). *He was of Scotish extraction*, remark-"able for the art of hunting, and in other exer-"cises, to be dreaded on account of his unusual "size of body."[†]

Bishop Leslie, in his history of Scotland, gives a similar account of the country where Fingal flourished. He says, "it is the opinion of many, that

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[*] Pinkerton in his Enquiry, Vol. II. p. 73, 74, remarks it, as a circumstance difficult to be accounted for, that the name of Fingal is unknown to the Irish, and that the Scotch alone give the hero that appellation.

[†] "Conjiciunt quidam in hæc tempora, Fynnanum filium "Cœli, (Fyn Mak Coul vulgari vocabulo), virum, uti ferunt, "immani statura, (septenum enim cubitorum hominem fuisse "narrant), Scotici sanguinis, venatoria arte insignem, omnibus-"que insolita corporis mole formidolosum."

" one Finnanus the son of Cœlus, (in our language, " called Fynmacoul) a man of a huge size, and " sprung as it were, from the race of the ancient " giants, at that time, (namely, in the reign of " Eugenius II.) lived amongst us."*

The following quotation from Bishop Douglas, in his " *Palice of Honour*," may also be adduced, as not inconsistent with the idea that Fingal and his heroes were of Scotish extraction:

> " Greit Gow Macmorne, and Fyn Mac Cowl and how
> " They suld be Goddis in Ireland as they say."

These heroes might certainly be born in Scotland, though they might be accounted Gods in Ireland; and the general tenure of the quotation, seems to justify that explanation. That this was the bishop's meaning, is the more probable, because in a poem written about the same period, namely, in the reign of James IV. called, " *the Interlude of the* " *Droichis*," Fyn Mac Cowl is given to the Highlands:

> " My fore grandsyr, hecht Fyn Mac Cowl
> " That dang the devil and gart him yowll
> " The skyis rained when he wald scowll,
> " And trublit all the air:

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* " Multorum opinio est, Finanum quondam Cœli filium, " nostra lingua Finmakcoul dictum, ingentis magnitudinis " virum, ea tempestate apud nostros vixisse, et tanquam ex " veterum gigantum stirpe exortum."

"He gat my grandschir Gog Magog;
"Ay when he dansit the warld wald schog;
"Five thousand ellis yeid in his frog,
"Of *hieland pladdis* of hair."*

The ingenious Lord Hailes remarks, that the above passage most probably alludes to the contest between Fingal and the Spirit of Loda, in the celebrated poem of Carricthura: and that learned judge, whose taste and critical acumen cannot be questioned, observes, "That to doubt of Fingal "and Temora being ancient compositions, is in"deed refinement in scepticism. They contain "various allusions to the manners of other times "which have escaped the observation of Mac"pherson himself."†

In Lyndsay's *Satyre of the Three Estates*, written anno 1538, among the relicts produced by the Pardoner, is,

"Heir is an relict lang and braid
"Of Fyn Mac Cowl the richt chaft blaid
"With teeth and all togidder."

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[*] I was favoured with this passage, corrected from the copy in the Achinleck MS. and other extracts from ancient Scottish writers, regarding this subject, by George Chalmers, Esq. of the Board of Trade, whose extensive knowledge of Scottish antiquities, and other branches of literature, is well known.

[†] See ancient Scottish Poems, p. 302.

In Colville's Whigs' Supplication, published 1681, he says:

> " One man, quoth he, ofttimes hath stood,
> " And put to flight a multitude,
> " Like Samson, Wallace, and Sir Bewis
> " And *Fyn Mac Cowl beside the Lewis.*"

Evidently ascribing Fingal to the Hebrides or Western Islands, in the number of which, it is well known the Isle of Lewis is included.

An edition of the Psalms of David, was published at Edinburgh *in Gaelic*, anno 1684, by a learned clergyman, Kirk, minister of Balquhidder, in which, the author addresses his book in some Gaelic verses, of which the following is a literal translation:—

> Little volume, go boldly forth,
> Raise whom you reach to pure and Godly strains;
> Hail the generous land of Fingal's heroes,
> The Highland tracts and Isles of Hebrides.*

Nicolson, in his Scottish Historical Library, written anno 1702, takes notice of an old romance of the valour and feats of Fin M'Coul, a giant of prodigious stature, in the days of king Ewain the Second.

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* The authority of Kirk is of the more importance, as he was a person of considerable merit and learning, and as such was distinguished by the correspondence of Bishop Nicolson, regarding literary subjects. See Nicolson's Scottish Library, Appendix No. 11.

Colgan also, an Irish author, of great learning and research, after mentioning that St. Patrick had a convert who was dignified with the title of St. Ossin, or Ossian, and to whom, probably, the Irish ballads regarding St. Patrick and Ossian ought to be attributed, adds in a note to a passage, in which mention is made of Fingal, (or Finnius filius Cubhalli), that he was much celebrated in poems and tales *inter suos;* by which, he must necessarily mean, that he belonged to Scotland, and not to Ireland, as in that case he would have said *inter nostrates.*[*]

What could induce so many authors, living at different periods, and who could have no object in view, in either recording or alluding to such a circumstance, and who did not think it a matter of any essential importance, to concur in the idea that Scotland was the country of Fingal and his heroes, unless they firmly believed that to be the truth.

2.

All over the Highlands, the names of Ossian, Fingal, Comhal, Trenmor, Cuthullin and their other heroes, are still familiar, and held in the greatest respect. Straths, (or valleys), mountains, rocks, and rivers, are named after them.* There are a hundred places in the Highlands and Isles, which derive their names from the *Feinne*, and from circumstances connected with their history.† Every district retains traces of the generous hero, or of the mournful bard,‡ and can boast of places, where some of the feats of arms, or instances of strength or agility, of some of the heroes of the race of Fingal, were exhibited.‖ In the district of Morven, where Fingal is said frequently to have resided, there are a number of places called after him, as *Dun 'inn*, Fingal's fort, or hill; *Kem-Fein*, (or *Ceum Fhinn*), Fingal's steps or stairs.§ Glenlyon in Perthshire, was one of the principal abodes of the Fingalians, and in that country, there are many glens, lochs, islands, &c. denominated after them; and the remains of many great works of rude and ancient art, are attributed to them. The largest cairns or heaps of stones which abound in that neighbourhood, are said to be their sepulchral monuments. In the parish of Monivaird in particular,* there was a stone seven feet high, and five broad, which was known by the name of *Clach Ossian*, or, in English, *Ossian's stone* or *tomb*. This stone, unfortunately, standing in the way of the military roads constructed under the direction of General Wade, was overturned by machinery. The great stone however, still remains, with four smaller gray stones, surrounded by an inclosure, called *Carn Ossian*, and sometimes known by the name of the *Clach*, or *Carn na Huseoig*, or, "*the stone or heap* "*of the lark*;" a happy allusion to the tuneful lays, and the soaring powers, of a celebrated poet.†

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[*] Colgan's work is intitled Jo. Colgani Triades Thaumaturgæ. Lovaniæ 1647. Vit. S. Patr. See Nicolson's Irish Hist. Library, p. 40, 49.

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* Report of the Highland Society, p. 41. As the hills of Cullin or Cuthullin in Sky, and many others.

† Do. App. p. 48.

‡ Do. p. 31, Macdonald's Dissertation, p. 192.

‖ See Report of the Highland Society, p. 79. The well-known cave of Staffa, has its name from Fingal. In Blaeu's Atlas Scotiæ, published anno 1652, there is a whirlpool called Coire Fhin Mac Cowl, or the Gulf of Fion, the son of Comhal; and there is a hill in the Isle of Sky, known by the name of *aite suidh Fhinn*, or Fingal's seat.

§ Statistical Account of Scotland, Vol. X. p. 274.

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* Situated in Glenamon, in the county of Perth.

† See Lord Buchan's letter to the printer of the Caledonian Mercury, dated Edinburgh, 7th May, 1784. The Noble Lord, with his usual zeal for literature, proposed that *Clach Ossian*, which ignorance or malice had overturned, should be restored to its former place, and a further monument erected, with a suitable inscription. There was not then public spirit enough in Scotland, to raise the sum necessary for that purpose. It is to be hoped, however, that the time is not far distant, when that object will be accomplished.

3.

Not only is the Caledonian title to Fingal and his heroes justified by the names of places, in various parts of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, but the same fact is also recorded in proverbs, which pass through all the ranks and conditions of men: and is sanctioned by those allusions with which common conversation must necessarily abound. "*Ossian dall*," blind Ossian, is a person as well known as strong Samson, or wise Solomon. The very boys in their sports cry out, for fair play, "*Cothram na Feinne*," the equal combat of the Fingalians. Ossian, "*an deigh nam* "*Fiann*," Ossian, the last of the Fians or Fingalians, is proverbial to signify a man, who has had the misfortune to survive his kindred; and servants, returning from a fair, or wedding, were in use to describe the beauty of the young women whom they had seen there, by the words "*Tha i cho boidheach reh Agandecca nighean ant* "*sneachda*." She is as beautiful as Agandecca, daughter of the snow.* Other allusions to these poems are also extremely common: as, "*She is* "*musical as Malvina; he is as forlorn as Ossian,* "*after the departure of the Fingalians; such a* "*one is as alert and nimble as Cuthullin*,"† *&c.*

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* Report of the Highland Society, p. 10.

† Macdonald's Dissertation, p. 192.

This is one of those general and well known facts, which it is believed no one will contest, however much he may be disposed to doubt the authenticity of the poems, published as the compositions of Ossian, the son of Fingal.

4.

The uniform tradition and belief of those Highlanders, who were the most likely to have their traditions unmixed with foreign fable, is, that Fingal and his heroes were natives of Scotland. Many distinguished families in the Highlands, particularly the great clan Campbell, trace their origin from these heroes. A gentleman born in the isle of Skye, and who communicated several of those poems to Macpherson, (Capt. John Macdonald of Breakish), aged 78, has recently declared upon oath, as the universal tradition of that country, that Fingal, Ossian, Oscar, and the Fingalians in general, were at all times, and without any doubt, reckoned and believed to be of Scotch, and not of Irish extraction.* It can hardly be doubted, that Cuthullin was a Scotch chief, whose original residence was at Dunskaich, in the Isle of Skye, a castle built on a round rock, almost surrounded by the sea, and having no access to it, but by a moveable bridge. Without the entry to the castle, there was a long stone, sunk in the ground, to which it is said that Cuthullin's dog was tied, except when he went a-hunting. In short, the general tradition, and likewise the ancient poetry of the Highlands, represent the Fingalians as residing in Scotland, though occasionally going to Ireland, for the sake of hunting or of war.

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* See Captain Macdonald's declaration, Appendix No. I. This is strongly corroborated by Evan Macpherson's declaration. Report of the Highland Society, Appendix, p. 98.

This train of evidence must be satisfactory to every impartial reader; and it is not therefore to be wondered at, that Ossian should be called the Prince of the Scottish bards, and the Homer of the ancient Highlanders.* It appears indeed, that *Fergus*, and *not Ossian*, was, according to Irish traditions, the chief bard of the Irish Fingal, though his works are hardly known in Scotland. The Irish poets bestow innumerable epithets upon this favourite bard; he is denominated Fergus *of the sweet lips*, *the truly ingenious*, *superior in knowledge*, *skilled in the choice of words*, &c. &c.† These praises, bestowed upon Fergus and his works, prove that the Irish were unacquainted with the real and superior poetry produced by Ossian.

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* See Report of the Highland Society, App. p. 15, 18, and 61.

† Walker's Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards, p. 42.

Besides, it is admitted, that the poems attributed by the Irish to Ossian, were composed between the 8th and 12th centuries;* whereas the poems of Ossian are ascribed by our traditions to some of the most remote periods of which there is any account in the history of Scotland; insomuch that it is a phrase commonly used in the Highlands to this day, when they express a thing belonging to very great antiquity, to call it *Fiontach*, or *Fianntaidh*, i. e. belonging to the time of Fingal.

The Irish and the Scotch poems also, though composed in the same language, and sometimes imputed to the same authors, yet in many respects differ from each other. In the Irish, St. Patrick is introduced in compliment to that great apostle of Hibernia; which is never the case in the poems of the Scottish Ossian: and, in the Western Islands, where those poems were preserved in the greatest purity, names are introduced never heard of in Ireland, as Swaran, Acandecca, Fainasollis, &c. clearly indicating, that the poems were originally different, though, in consequence of the strong connexion which subsisted between the two countries, during the course of so many ages, some entire poems, or beautiful passages in them, might be transferred from the one country to the other, at a time when, in regard to language and many other particulars, the two nations were almost the same.

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* Walker's Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards, p. 109, and 110. Miss Brooke's Relicts of Irish Poetry, p. 73, note.

§ IV.

That some Parts of the Poems of Ossian were preserved in Manuscript.

The existence of Gaelic manuscripts can no longer be denied, as many of them are now in the possession of the Highland Society of Scotland, an account of which is given in their Report regarding the authenticity of Ossian.* Others also are known to exist, which the Society will probably procure.

It must be admitted, that only two poems, expressly ascribed to Ossian, have hitherto been traced in those manuscripts: the one a lamentation of Ossian, much in the style of the poems published as Ossian's by Macpherson; the other, the story of a fair lady, who fled to Fingal for protection. This poem resembles the one printed in the Irish character, and translated into English by Miss Brooke, under the name of *Moira*

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* See Appendix, No. 19, p. 285; also the Report, p. 17, where Bishop Carsewell, whose book is printed anno 1567, mentions Gaelic manuscripts.

Borb. Upon comparing the two together, it evidently appears, that some Irish bard had endeavoured to improve the simple and sublime poetry of Ossian, and to transfer, without any just ground, the credit of that poetry to Ireland. In Miss Brookes's translation, the following are the four first lines:—

A tale of old, of Finian deeds I sing,
Of Erin's mighty hosts, the mighty king,
Great Comhal's son the lofty strain shall swell,
And on his fame the light of song shall dwell.

But, in the manuscript, which was written at different periods from 1512 to 1529, and consequently must be held as much better authority, the poem, as literally translated, begins as follows:—

Know ye a short tale of Fingal,
A tale that claims your attention.
It concerns the son of Comhal, of powerful sway,
Whom, while I live, I shall in woe remember.*

In which there is not a word of Fingal being the king of Erin's mighty hosts.

But, though it is acknowledged, that no considerable extent of poetry ascribed to Ossian, has hitherto been discovered in any ancient manuscripts now to be found, yet it can be proved on the most unquestionable authority, that Macpherson had collected a variety of MSS. and that when he returned from his poetical mission, he produced several volumes in small octavo, or rather large duodecimo, in the Gaelic language and character, containing the poems of Ossian and other ancient bards;* indeed the testimonies to that fact are so numerous, that it would be tedious here to detail them.†

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* Report of the Highland Society, p. 99. In the MS. the poem is called " A Howdir so Ossein ;" the English of which is, The Author of this is Ossian.

In regard to manuscripts, a curious circumstance has occurred, which it may be proper to mention. It is stated on undoubted authority, that Mr. Macdonald of Clanronald had himself transcribed above 100 pages of a large ancient manuscript which treated of the wars of Fingal, and Comhal his father; which manuscript was carried over, many years ago, by a worthless person to Ireland, in a clandestine manner.‡ This was prior to the year 1763. It is singular, that in Walker's Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards, printed anno 1786, there is an account of a young lady, who saw two volumes of what she considered to be Irish manuscript poems, in the possession of a labourer, which she had often heard him read to a rustic audience in her father's fields. As soon as she perused Macpherson's Ossian, she was surprised to find, in that work, her favourite tales decked with meretricious ornaments. There is some reason to imagine, that one of these manuscripts must have been the identical one which had been lost by Clanronald; for the lady remembered the poem of Carthon, as one of them, *in which she thinks Macpherson kept very close to the original.* This circumstance is of more importance, as in fact, that poem is one, the authenticity of which has been peculiarly contested, which was never heard of by the name of Carthon in Ireland, though in Miss Brooke's collection, a poem called Conloch, having some resemblance to it, is to be found.*

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* See the Reverend Andrew Gallie's letter, Report, p. 31.

† See evidence of Ewan Macpherson and Malcolm Macpherson, App. No. 6; and of Lachlan M'Vnirich, App. p. 275. Letter from Mr. Angus M'Neil, minister of Hopemore, to Dr. Blair, in the App. No. 1. p. 18. Mr. Macpherson's own letter to Mr. M'Laggan, dated 27th October 1760, App. No. 10.

‡ Report of the Highland Society, Appendix, p. 19.

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* This curious circumstance is mentioned in a note to Walker's Historical Memoirs, p. 41, 42. It is extremely unfortunate, as Mr. Walker justly observes, that these precious volumes are irrecoverably lost.

§ V.

That a Manuscript of Ossian, in Gaelic, actually existed at Douay, in Flanders, previous to Mr. Macpherson having made any collection of those Poems.

The Rev. Thomas Ross having accidentally mentioned to me, that Bishop Cameron, a Roman Catholic clergyman residing at Edinburgh, could furnish some interesting information regarding the authenticity of Ossian, I took the liberty of addressing to him a note and queries, of which the following is a copy:

Note to Bishop Cameron.

Sir John Sinclair presents his compliments to Bishop Cameron. Has accidentally heard that the Bishop can throw some new light upon the controversy regarding the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, and takes the liberty therefore of requesting his attention to the subjoined queries.

Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, 7th Feb. 1806.

1. Does the Bishop ever recollect to have seen, or heard of any ancient Gaelic manuscripts in France?

2. Did they contain any of the poems of Ossian, and what were they?

3. Did the Bishop compare them with Macpherson's translation, and did it seem to be a just one?

4. Can the Bishop recollect any other person or persons now living, who saw those manuscripts?

5. Where did he see them; and is there any chance of those being yet recovered, or copies of them obtained?

To that application, I received the following answer:

Bishop Cameron returns his respectful compliments to Sir John Sinclair. Has taken the necessary steps for acquiring and laying before Sir John the most satisfactory account he can, of a manuscript Gaelic collection, which contained a very considerable part of what was afterwards translated and published by Macpherson. The collector died in Scotland some years ago. The manuscript had been lost in France. But there is at least one still alive, who, being much pleased with the translation, although he did not understand the original, saw them frequently compared, and had the manuscript in his hands. Sir John's queries, and whatever else can throw any light on the subject, shall be attended to.

Blackfriar's Wynd, 12th Feb. 1806.

Being anxious to know what information could be procured regarding the particulars alluded to in that note, I again applied to Bishop Cameron, and received the subjoined answer:

Bishop Cameron returns his most respectful compliments to Sir John Sinclair, and regrets that the information he has hitherto received, concerning the manuscript of Ossian's poems, is not so complete as he expected. The MS. is lost irreparably.

The Rev. James Macgillivray declares, that he remembers the manuscript perfectly well; it was in folio, large paper, about three inches thick, written close, and in a small letter,—the whole in Mr. John Farquharson's hand writing. It was in 1763 Mr. Macgillivray went to Douay college, where Mr. Farquharson was at the time Prefect of Studies. Gaelic poetry and the contents of the MS. were frequently brought upon the carpet. About 1766 Mr. Glendonning of Parton sent Macpherson's translation of the Poems of Ossian to Mr. Farquharson. The attention of every one was then drawn to the MS. in proportion to the impression made upon their minds by the translation. Mr. Macgillivray saw them collated hundreds of times. The common complaint was, that the translation fell very far short of the energy and beauty of the original. Mr. Macgillivray is convinced, that the MS. contained *all* the poems translated by Macpherson; 1. Because he recollects very distinctly having heard Mr. Farquharson say, after having read the translation, that *he had all these poems in his collection;* 2. Because he never saw him at a loss to find the original in the MS. when any observation occurred upon any passage in the translation. He knows the poems of Fingal and Temora were of the number, for he saw the greatest part of both collated with the translation. And he heard Mr Farquharson often regret that Macpherson had not found or published several poems contained in his MS. and of no less merit than any of those laid before the public.

Mr. Farquharson came to Scotland in 1773, leaving his MS. in the Scots' college of Douay, where Mr. Macgillivray had occasion to see it frequently during his stay there, till 1775; but, he says, *it had got into the hands of young men who did not understand the Gaelic, it was much tattered, and several leaves had been torn out.*

The late Principal of that college, who was then only a student there, remembers very well having seen the leaves of the mutilated manuscript torn out to kindle the fire in their stove.

Bishop Cameron believes the collection was made before the middle of last century. He was personally acquainted with Mr. Farquharson from 1773 to 1780, and the poems were often the subject of their conversation. Whatever opinion the literary world might form of them, it was not easy to foresee that Macpherson should be seriously believed to be the author of them. It was hoped he would publish the original. In that persuasion perhaps few Highlanders would have copied them, for the value of any trifling variation.

Bishop Cameron requests Sir John Sinclair's indulgence for the hurry in which he writes, and which he could not avoid, without losing more than one day, upon account of various avocations.

Edinburgh, 28th March, 1806.

Soon afterwards the Bishop addressed to me the following letter:

SIR,

The Rev. James Macgillivray has done me the pleasure of coming into town to see me, and will stay with me till Friday next week. With the view of giving you the completest satisfaction in my power, it was my intention to beg of him, and of the Right Rev. Dr. John Chisholm, whom I expect in the course of next week, to commit to writing whatever they remember concerning the Rev. John Farquharson's Gaelic collection of poems; and I was to have introduced them to Sir John MacGregor Murray, or to Ronald Macdonald, Esq. of Staffa, to deliver their relations, and give, verbally, whatever additional information might be thought expedient. In doing so, I flatter myself, I shall give you a small proof of my desire of doing you a pleasure. Mr. Macgillivray's address is "*Rev. James* "*Macgillivray, Traquair,* by *Peebles.*" His testimony, upon the subject matter, is of the greatest weight with me, for many reasons. The impression made upon him by the translation, enhanced his veneration for the original. The manuscript appeared to him, in a very different light, from that in which it was seen by those, who had from their infancy been accustomed to hear the contents of it recited or sung, by illiterate men, for the entertainment of the lower classes of society. The account he gives me at present, is the same which he gave me thirty years ago—for I took notes of it then, and have frequently repeated it since, upon his authority. I mentioned it particularly to the Rev. John Farquharson himself.

I have the honour to be, with very great respect,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant,

Edinburgh,
24*th April* 1806.

ALEX. CAMERON.

As there was now a prospect of obtaining more distinct information, from the gentlemen alluded to in the preceding letter, I lost no time in submitting the subjoining queries to Bishop Cameron, to be communicated to his friends.

Queries for the Rev. Dr. John Chisholm, and for the Rev. James Macgillivray, to be answered separately.

1. Did you recollect a manuscript of Gaelic poetry, at the college of Douay in Flanders?

2. At what time do you recollect receiving that manuscript?

3. Was it an ancient or modern manuscript?

4. By whom was it supposed to be written, and at what period?

5. Did it contain other poems, and of equal, or inferior merit?

6. To whom were the poems ascribed?

7. Did you compare the Celtic manuscript with Macpherson's translation, and what similarity existed between them?

8. To what extent did you make the comparison, or was it made in your presence?

9. Were the Gaelic scholars at Douay perfectly satisfied with the result of the comparison?

10. Was there any communication of the circumstance made to any in Great Britain, so far as your knowledge goes?

11. How long did the manuscript remain at the college of Douay?

12. What was the cause of the loss thereof?

13. Is there any chance of recovering a copy, or any part of it?

14. Are there any other persons in Scotland who saw the manuscript, and can certify the comparison above mentioned?

15. Did you ever hear of any other manuscript of Ossian, either in France, or in Rome?

16. Do you entertain any doubt respecting the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, and that Mr. Macpherson was merely the translator thereof?

17. Do you think that his translation did justice to the original?

These questions were drawn up, not for the purpose of obtaining information favourable to the authenticity alone, but to ascertain the truth.

The following is the evidence given by Bishop Chisholm in answer to these queries:

Edinburgh, 15th May 1806.

Right Rev. Dear Sir,

In answer to Sir John's queries, 1. I recollect the manuscript in question. 2. I remember having seen it in the hands of the Rev. Mr. John Farquharson, a Jesuite, in the years 1766, 1767, &c. but could not then read it. 3. Mr. Farquharson wrote it all when (4.) missionary in Strathglass, before and after the year 1745. 5. It contained, as Mr. Farquharson told me, Gaelic poems not inferior to either Virgil or Homer's poems, according to his judgment, called (6.) by him Ossian's poems. 7. I did not, but Mr. Farquharson did, compare the Celtic manuscript to Macpherson's translation, and he affirmed the translation was inferior to the original, and (8.) he said so of the whole of Mr. James Macpherson's translation. 9. There was not one scholar at Douay, that could read the Gaelic in my time. 10. Mrs. Fraser of Culbokie, spoke of the manuscript to me on my return to Scotland, and told me she had taught Mr. Farquharson to read the Gaelic on his arrival in Scotland, in which his progress in a short time exceeded her own. She likewise had a large collection, of which she read some passages to me, when I could scarcely understand the Gaelic, and which escaped my memory since; the manuscript was in fine large Irish characters, written, she told me, by Mr. Peter Macdonel, chaplain to Lord Macdonell of Glengary, after the Restoration, who had taught herself, and made such a good Gaelic scholar of her: she called this collection *a Bolg Solair*. The present Mr. Fraser of Culbokie, her grandson, can give no account of it. 11. The manuscript was at Douay, 1777, when I left that place; 12. I cannot say what might have been done with it since; it was then much damaged. Mr. John Farquharson, now in Elgin, and then Prefect of studies, and at the time of the French revolution, Principal of the Scotch college, is the only one that can give any account of it, if he remembers it, or, if it escaped the common fate of other books at the time. 13. I fear that neither it or any part of it can be recovered. 14. Mr. Farquharson, Mr. James Macgillivray, Mr. Ronald Macdonald, and I have seen it. The 15th query must be answered by *me* in the negative. 16. I never doubted of the authenticity of Ossian's poems, and never thought Macpherson any thing but a translator. 17. By what I have seen of the original, I believe it was impossible for Macpherson to do justice to it; it is likewise my opinion, he had it in his power to do more justice to it than he has done, and am convinced he has not taken up the meaning of the original in some passages. This is all that occurs to me just now for the information of the worthy Baronet; but am confident Mr. Macgillivray must remember more, for when I was very young, and no judge at all of poetical merit, he was a great proficient in poetry, and much admired for his taste. I never saw one more stubborn and stiff in denying the merit of Highland poets, till Macpherson's translation appeared, which when compared to Mr. Farquharson's collection, made a convert of him; and none then admired Ossian's more than he. I am, in hurry,

Right Rev. Dear Sir,
Most sincerely and unalterably yours,
JOHN CHISHOLM.

Bishop Cameron.

The following testimony is given by Mr. James Macgillivray:

Edinburgh, 10*th May,* 1806.

RIGHT REV. SIR,

I WAS lately favoured with a letter from you, in which you wished me to give you what information I could concerning a manuscript of Erse poems, which I had formerly seen in the possession of Mr. John Farquharson, one of our clergymen, who had long resided in Strathglass. I have since seen a letter from Sir John Sinclair to you on the same subject, and containing queries, which Sir John wished to be answered by me. I am sorry that I cannot give you all the satisfaction I could wish relative to the MS. and the poems it contained; but I shall here relate to you what I remember, for the truth of which I can vouch, and which will answer, as far as I can answer them, Sir John's queries.

Mr. John Farquharson, grand uncle to the present Mr. Farquharson of Inverey, was educated, as you know, in the Scotch college of Douay; his education there, and in other colleges of the same country, where he perfected his studies, was completely classical: he was a man of an excellent taste in polite literature, and a great admirer of the ancient poets. When he went to Strathglass, where he lived I believe upwards of thirty years, he knew very little of the Erse language, and was obliged to begin a serious study of it; he was greatly assisted in this study by a lady, (Mrs. Fraser of Killbokie), who passed for the best Erse scholar in that part of the country. From this lady he learnt the language grammatically, and to read and write it; she likewise gave him a high opinion of Erse poetry, by the many excellent compositions in that language, with which she made him acquainted; in consequence of this, when he became master of the language, he collected every thing of the kind he could meet with, and of such collections was formed the MS. in question.

I first saw the MS. in the possession of Mr. Farquharson, when I was a student in the Scotch college of Douay, and afterwards of Dinant in the county of Liege, Mr. Farquharson being then our prefect of studies. I know certainly of its remaining in his possession from the year 1763, when I went first to the college, until 1773, when he and I both left Dinant, he to return to Scotland, and I to prosecute my studies at Douay. Mr. Farquharson on his return to Scotland, passed by Douay, where he left his MS. I saw it there till the summer of 1775, when I left Douay. It was at that time in a much worse condition than I had ever seen it before: it had got into the hands of the students, none of whom, I believe, could read it: it was much battered in many places, and many leaves had been entirely torn out. I suppose from the manner in which it was then treated, that very little care had been taken of it afterwards: but allowing that what remained of it had been carefully kept, it must have perished with every thing else in that house, during the French revolution.

The MS. was a large folio about three inches thick, and entirely in Mr. Farquharson's own hand writing. As it consisted wholly of poems collected by himself, it was written pretty close, so that it must have contained a great deal. I cannot say positively how Mr. Farquharson collected the poems; many of them certainly must have been obtained from hearing them recited, and I have a sort of remembrance that he frequently mentioned his having got a great many of them from Mrs. Fraser, and indeed it must have been so, as she first gave him a relish for Gaelic poetry, by the fine pieces with which she made him acquainted. I can say nothing at all of the particular pieces which he got from her, or from any other person, as I do not remember to have heard him specify any thing of the kind.

In the year 1766 or 1767, Mr. Farquharson first saw Mr. Macpherson's translation of Ossian. It was sent to him by a friend, Mr. Glendoning of Parton. I remember perfectly well his receiving it, although I do not recollect the exact time, and his telling us when he had read it, that he had all the translated poems in his collection. I have an hundred times seen him turning over his folio, when he read the translation, and comparing it with the Erse; and I can positively say, that I saw him in this manner go through the whole poems of Fingal and Temora. Although I cannot speak so precisely of his comparing the other poems in the translation with his manuscript, I am convinced he had them, as he spoke in general of his having all the translated poems; and I never heard him mention that any poem in the translation was wanting in his collection; whereas I have often heard him say that there were many pieces in it, as good as any that had been published, and regret that the translator had not found them, or had not translated them. I do not remember to have ever heard him tax Mr. Macpherson's translation, with deviating essentially from the sense of the original, which he would not have failed to have done, had he found grounds for it; for he very frequently complained that it did not come up to the strength of the original, and to convince us of this, he used to repeat the Erse expressions, and to translate them literally, comparing them with Macpherson's. This difference however he seemed to ascribe rather to the nature of the two languages, than to any inaccuracy or infidelity in the translator.

With regard to the time at which Mr. Farquharson collected the poems he had, all I can say, is that it is evident, that it must have been during his residence in Strathglass, as he brought them from Scotland to Douay with him; I do not know the very year he came to Douay, but I am sure it was before 1760, and I always understood that he had collected them long before that time. When Mr. Farquharson first received Macpherson's translation, I was studying poetry and rhetoric, and thought that nothing could equal the beauties of the ancient poets, whom I was then reading; I used with a sort of indignation to hear Mr. Farquharson say, that there were Erse poems equal in merit to the pieces of the ancients, whom I so much admired; but when I saw the translation, I began to think my indignation unjust, and consequently paid more attention to the comparison which he made of it with his own collection, than I would otherwise have done.

This is all the information I can give relative to Mr. Farquharson's manuscript; I have often regretted, since disputes began to run so high about the authenticity of Ossian's poems, that I did not ask of Mr. Farquharson a thousand questions about them, which I did not think of then, and to which I am sure he could have given me the most satisfactory answers; at any rate, what I so often heard from him, has left on my mind so full a conviction of the authenticity of the poems, or at least that they are no forgery of Macpherson's, that I could never since hear the thing called in question, without the greatest indignation. It is certain that Mr. Farquharson made his collection before Macpherson's time, and I am sure that he never heard of Macpherson till he saw his book. I sincerely wish that persons of more judgment, and more reflection than I had at the time, had had the same opportunities of seeing and hearing what I did, and of receiving from Mr. Farquharson, whose known character was sincerity, the information he could have given them; in that case, I believe they would have been convinced themselves, and I make no doubt but they would have been the means of convincing the most incredulous.

I remain, Right Rev. Sir
Your most obedient humble servant,
JAMES MACGILLIVRAY.

Right Rev. Dr. Cameron, Edinburgh.

Bishop Cameron afterwards transmitted the following letter on the same subject:

SIR,

FRIDAY last I had the honour of sending you the letters of Dr. Chisholm and Mr. Macgillivray, concerning the Rev. John Farquharson's Gaelic manuscript. As Dr. Chisholm's answers were short, and referred to the order in which your queries were proposed, I have thought it proper to return you the original, from an apprehension that you may not have kept a copy of them.

Two other persons have been named, who were students in the Scots college of Douay, in the year 1773, when Mr. Farquharson, returning to Scotland, from Dinant, spent some days amongst his countrymen, and left his manuscript with them. The first of these two, afterwards president of the college, and now residing in Elgin, had occurred to myself, and I had interrogated him upon the subject; he declared to me, that he remembered the MS., that no one in the college could read it, and that he had seen the leaves torn out of it, as long as it lasted, to light the fire; I gave you this unpleasant information in some of my former letters. This was all that the Rev. John Farquharson remembered concerning the MS.

The Rev. Ronald Macdonald, now residing in Uist, declares, that he has a clear remembrance of having seen the manuscript. But it was after his return to Scotland in 1780, after he had acquired a more perfect knowledge of the Gaelic, when he discovered that the poems of Ossian were not so common, or so fresh in the memory of his countrymen, when the public began to despair of Mr. Macpherson's publishing his original text, and when some people doubted, or affected to doubt, the existence of an original, it was then Mr. Macdonald formed some idea of the value of the manuscript, and often expressed his regret, that he had not brought it to Scotland, for he was confident no objection would have been made to his taking it. I had occasion to see him here; and this is the sum of what he declared to me on the 16th instant.

From the year 1775, when he came to Scotland, to 1780, when I went to Spain, where I resided more than twenty years, Mr. Macgillivray and I lived in a habit of intimacy and friendship. Our interviews were frequent, and we were not strangers to Macpherson's translation of the Poems of Ossian. It was then Mr. Macgillivray gave me the first account of the manuscript. The Rev. John Farquharson, to whom it had belonged, lived at that time with his nephew Mr. Farquharson of Inverey, at Balmorral. Amongst many others who visited in that respectable family, it is probable Lord Fife may still recollect the venerable old man, and bear testimony of the amiable candour and simplicity of his manners. I knew him, and he confirmed to me all that my friend Mr. Macgillivray had told me. He added that, when he was called to Douay, I believe about the year 1753, he had left another collection of Gaelic poems in Braemar. He told me by whom, and in what manner it had been destroyed; and made many humorous and just observations on the different points of view, in which different people may place the same object. He seemed to think that similar, and even fuller collections might still be formed with little trouble. He was not sensible of the rapid, the incredible, the total change, which had taken place in the Highlands of Scotland, in the course of a few years.

The Poems of Ossian were sometimes the subject of my conversation with my friends in Spain. I wished to see them in a Spanish dress. The experiment was made; but the public reception of the specimen did not encourage the translator to continue his labour. The author of a very popular work on the Origin, Progress, and present State of Literature, had confidently adopted the opinion of those, who thought, or called, Mr. Macpherson the author, not the translator of the poems; and the opinion became common amongst our literati. This gave me occasion to communicate to my friends the grounds of my own opinion. To that circumstance I ascribe my having retained a distinct memory of what I have now related; and upon that account alone I have taken the liberty of troubling you with this perhaps, no less unimportant than tedious relation.

The Right Rev. Dr. Eneas Chisholm informs me, that the late Mr. Archibald Fraser, Major in the Glengary Fencibles, son of the Mrs. Fraser, Culboky, so renowned for her Gaelic learning, assured him, that his mother's manuscripts had been carried to America. Her son Simon emigrated thither with his family in 1773. He had received a classical education, and cultivated the taste, which he had inherited, for Gaelic poetry. When the American war broke out, Simon declared himself for the mother country. He became an officer in the British service, was taken prisoner and thrown into a dungeon, where he was said to have been very cruelly used, and where he died. I understand two of his sons, William and Angus, are now in Canada; but I can learn nothing of the fate of his manuscripts.

I have the honour to be, with very great respect,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

ALEX. CAMERON.

Edinburgh, 20*th May*, 1806.

However satisfactory, and indeed convincing, the preceding evidence must be accounted, I thought it right to apply to the Rev. Mr. John Farquharson, for his testimony regarding this manuscript, and addressed to him the following letter.

Letter from Sir John Sinclair to the Rev. Mr. John Farquharson

SIR,

I beg to trouble you with the subjoined extract of a letter from Bishop Chisholm, in which you are mentioned as being able to furnish some interesting information regarding a manuscript of Ossian's Poems in Gaelic, which was at Douay some years ago. Permit me to request, that you would have the goodness to send me all the particulars you can possibly recollect regarding that subject, and your opinion regarding the authenticity of Ossian. Is there any chance of recovering the whole, or any part of the Douay MSS.? or is there any copy of any part of it extant? I inclose a paper on the subject of Ossian, which I hope you will peruse with pleasure; and requesting to hear from you as soon as possible,

I remain, Sir,

Your humble and obedient Servant,

JOHN SINCLAIR.

5 *Terrace, &c.* 22 *May*, 1806.

To that letter I received the following reply:

Elgin, May 31*st*. 1806.

SIR,

I lose no time in making a return to your polite favour of the 22d instant, which, owing to a short absence, I only received last night, and sorry am I, it is not in my power to render it satisfactory: I perfectly recollect to have seen in 1775 and 1776 the MSS. which you mention, but being no Gaelic scholar, all that I can attest is, my having repeatedly heard the compiler assert, it contained various Gaelic songs, a few fragments of modern composition, but *chiefly* extracts of Ossian's Poems, collected during his long residence in Strathglass, previously to the rebellion of 45; and to have seen him compare the same with Macpherson's *translation*, and exclaiming frequently at *its inaccuracy*. The MS. might be about three inches thick, large paper, scarce stitched, some leaves torn, others lost, and of course little heeded, as the Highland Society's and Sir John Sinclair's patriotic exertions were not then thought of. What its subsequent fate hath been, I cannot positively say; thrown carelessly amongst other papers into a corner of the college archives, no care whatever, I suspect, has been taken of it, being in a manner *en feuilles detachées*, of a hand writing scarce legible, and of a nature wholly unintelligible; I even question much, if we ever can recover any of our college charters from the all-destroying grasp of the French Revolution. At the time no papers whatever were, or could be saved, as the public seals were unexpectedly put on all our effects, full ten months before I made my escape in October 1793, at which period all British property became a national prey, and their first care would be to destroy all vouchers and documents. Time will unfold, some years hence, how matters stand. May I beg leave to return you my grateful thanks for your attention, in enclosing for my perusal and gratification a specimen of your intended publication; much do I rejoice to see matters *in such a train;* to contest the authenticity of the production, is giving the lie to a whole nation; yet what may we not expect from men determined not to believe, unless you shew them, what is impossible, *the very originals;* the translator has sufficiently warranted their unaccountable scepticism as to this point. If I chance to make any new discovery, I shall not fail of imparting the same immediately and directly to the proper channel.

I remain, Sir,
Your ever humble and obedient Servant,
JOHN FARQUHARSON.

There is no series of facts in history, that seems to be more distinctly proved, than the following circumstances: 1. That the Rev. Mr. John Farquharson, when a missionary in Strathglass, in the

Highlands of Scotland, collected, about the year 1745, a number of Gaelic poems, which were called by him Ossian's Poems, and which he affirmed were not inferior to Virgil or Homer; 2. That the said MS. remained in Mr. John Farquharson's possession, at the Scotch college at Douay, and afterwards at Dinant, from about the year 1760, or 1763, until the year 1773, when he returned to Scotland; 3. That on his return from Dinant to Scotland, he spent some days among his countrymen at Douay, and left his MSS. with them; 4. That the MS. was written on large folio paper, about three inches thick, and in a small letter; 5. That the MS. was at Douay in 1777, when Bishop Chisholm left that place, but that it was then much damaged, and that it became so much neglected, that the leaves were torn out, and were used, as long as they lasted, to light the fire; 6. That in the year 1766, or 1767, Mr. Glendoning of Parton having sent Mr. Macpherson's translation of Ossian's Poems to Mr. Farquharson, he was thus enabled to compare the translated poems with those in his own collection, and that in this manner he went through the whole poems of Fingal and Temora, and some of the lesser ones; 7. That the late Mr. John Farquharson frequently complained, that Macpherson's translation did not come up to the strength of the original; 8. That the Rev. James Macgillivray, who was then studying poetry and rhetoric, and thought that nothing could equal the beauties of the ancient poets, heard with a sort of indignation Mr. Farquharson say, that there were Erse poems equal in merit to the pieces of the ancients, whom he so much admired; but when he saw Macpherson's translation, he began to think his indignation unjust, and consequently paid more attention to the comparison which Mr. Farquharson made of that translation with his own collection, than otherwise he, Mr. Macgillivray, would have done; 9. That Mr. Farquharson's known character was sincerity, and that the information he could have given, upon the subject of the authenticity of Ossian, had he been now living, would have convinced the most incredulous.

It also appears by the evidence of Bishop Chisholm, that Mr. Peter Macdonell, who was chaplain to Lord Macdonnell of Glengary, after the Restoration, had made a collection of Gaelic poetry about that time.

Such is the substance of the new evidence which it has fortunately been in my power to bring forward, regarding the authenticity of Ossian's Poems. After the lapse of so many years, it would not be easy to adduce stronger proofs of the existence of any MSS. which now, there is too much reason to apprehend, is irretrievably lost. The existence of it is proved, by the evidence of five clergymen now alive, including the Rev. Ronald Macdonald, mentioned in Bishop Cameron's letter, who saw it, and heard a comparison between the poems collected by Mr. Farquharson, and those translated by Mr. Macpherson. What possible inducement could these five clergymen have to come forward at the desire of a person, with whom they had not the smallest connexion or acquaintance, and to give their testimony to facts, which they had every reason to expect would be very critically examined. As to the shades of difference in the information they have given, (which was to be looked for regarding a matter of so remote a date), it fully proves that there was no concert amongst them, and on the contrary, that each gives the genuine impressions of his own mind.

§ VI.

That these Poems were preserved by oral Tradition.

THERE is no fact that can be better authenticated, than the preservation of the Poems of Ossian in the Highlands by oral tradition. Captain John Macdonald, already mentioned, has declared upon oath, that when he was about twelve or fifteen years of age, he could repeat from one hundred to two hundred Gaelic poems of different lengths and number of verses. That he learned them from an old man, about 80 years of age, who sung them for years to his father, when he went to bed at night, and in the spring and winter before he rose in the morning.* Dr. Fraser, minister of Inverary, often heard a Mr. Nicholson, minister in Skye, repeating for hours together some of Ossian's poems.† And the Reverend Dr. Stuart, minister of Luss, whose highly respectable character, and uncommon extent of knowledge, cannot be questioned, had procured an old Highlander in the Isle of Skye, who repeated to him, for three successive days, and during several hours in each day, without hesitation, and with the utmost rapidity, and, as appeared to Dr. Stuart, with perfect correctness, many thousand lines of ancient poetry, and would have continued his repetitions much longer, if the Doctor's leisure and inclination had allowed him to listen.

The Highland Society most justly observe in their Report, that the power of memory, in persons, accustomed from their infancy to such repetitions, and who are unable to assist or to injure it by writing, must not be judged of by any ideas or any experience possessed by those who have only seen its exertions in ordinary life. Instances of such miraculous powers of memory, as they may appear to us, are known in most countries, where the want of writing, like the want of a sense, gives an almost supernatural force to those, by which that privation is supplied.*

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* See Appendix, No I.

† Report of the Society, App. p. 77.

But, in addition to these general circumstances, which are likely to take place in all countries similarly situated, there are various particulars, to which the preservation of the Poems of Ossian, by oral tradition, may be justly attributed. As, 1. The beauty of the poetry, of which it is impossible to form an adequate idea from any translation hitherto given; 2. The partiality, which the Highlanders naturally entertained for songs, which contained the traditional history, of the greatest heroes, in the ancient annals of their country;

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* Report of the Society, p. 147 and 148. Mr. Wood also, in his Essay on the original Writings and Genius of Homer, p. 260, very ably remarks, that we cannot in this age of dictionaries, and other technical aids to memory, judge what her use and powers were at a time, when all a man could know, was all he could remember, and when the memory was loaded with nothing either useless or unintelligible. The Arabs, who are in the habit of amusing their leisure by telling and listening to tales, will remember them though very long, and rehearse them with great fidelity after *one* hearing. Acerbi's Remarks on Lapland.

3. It is to be observed, that the bards were for a long time a distinct class or cast, whose whole business it was, either to compose verses themselves, or to recite the poetry of others; 4. Though the poems were not composed in rhyme, yet there was an emphasis laid upon particular syllables of a similar sound in every line, which greatly assisted the memory; 5. The verses were set to particular music, by which the remembrance of the words was greatly facilitated; And 6. The Highlanders, at their festivals and other public meetings, acted the poems of Ossian,* and, on such occasions, those who could repeat the greatest number of verses were liberally rewarded.

What stronger inducements could there be to preserve those poems, whilst these circumstances continued to operate with any force?

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* See Report of the Society, Appendix, p. 29. It is said, that the acting did not merely consist in repeating the speeches contained in the poems, but that there was actually a species of dramatic representation.

It also appears, that it was formerly the constant amusement or occupation of the Highlanders in the winter time, to go by turns to each other's houses in every village, to recite, or to hear recited, or sung, the poems of Ossian and other songs and poems. See Report of the Society, Appendix, p. 271.

§ VII.

That the existence of Swaran, and other Personages mentioned in the Poems of Ossian, is authenticated by Danish Historians.

The works of Ossian, are certainly to be considered, more in the light of the effusions of a poet, than the details of an historian. At the same time, if there were any real foundation for the circumstances therein mentioned, there was every reason to expect, that, however remote the period, yet that some traces might doubtless be found of those old transactions, in the historians of Denmark. With a view of ascertaining that point, I applied to the Rev. Mr. Rosing, pastor of the Danish church in London, from whom I received the following particulars, from a work of great authority, namely, Suhm's History of Denmark.

This author gives an account of *Gram*, a Norwegian prince, who had acquired a territory in the western parts of *Jutland*. He had espoused the cause of a princess, daughter of *Sygtrygg*, king of *East Gotha*, who was persecuted by a rude suitor, whom she greatly disliked, and who, it would appear, was the celebrated *Swaran*.

Gram took upon him her defence, gained her favour, but afterwards slew her father, who opposed him.* Suhm then states the following particulars:

" Gram had hardly disengaged himself from
" this contest, before he was obliged to begin
" another with *Swaran*, king of the *West Gothes*,
" who would revenge the insult and injury he
" had suffered from *Gram*, and besides laid claim
" to the *East Gothian* kingdom, which however
" none of them, it seems, obtained, as one *Humble*
" governed there not long after. *Swaran* was
" the son of *Starno;*† he had carried on many
" wars in Ireland, where he had vanquished
" most of the heroes that opposed him, except
" *Cuchullin*, who assisted by the *Gaelic* or *Caledonian*
" king, *Fingal*, in the present Scotland,
" not only defeated him, but even took him
" prisoner; but had the generosity to send him
" back again to his country,‡ and these exploits

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* Vol. I. p. 94, et seq.

† *Swaran,* no doubt, occurs by the name of *Searin,* in the very old poem *Voluspa,* which I believe to be from the 6th or 7th century, where a hill is denominated after him. Vol. X. p. 15, (with this quotation the author refers to his critical discussions on the ancient Northern History.)

‡ (Here the author has a long note concerning Ossian's poems, of which I shall only translate the following:)

In *Cathloda, Swaran* is called king of Lakes, which is very applicable to *West Gotha.* The gray haired Srivan sung

" can never be effaced from men's memory, as " they are celebrated in the most inimitable " manner by the Scotch poet *Ossian*, and *Swaran* " has thereby obtained an honour which has " been denied to so many heroes greater than " he. With such an enemy *Gram* was now to " contend. They met in single combat, and " *Swaran* lost his life; he left sixteen brothers, " seven born in wedlock, and nine by a concu- " bine. These *Gram* was obliged to meet at once, " and was fortunate enough to slay them all."*

around the circle of Loda, *and the stone of power heard his voice*. By this perhaps is meant the image of *Shor*, whom our ancestors perhaps still represented by a formless stone. Our *North* in general is constantly called *Lochlin* in these poems, which name is still given to it in the Welsh, Gaelic, and Irish languages. Many particular names of kings and countries in *Lochlin* also occur, of which none hardly can be explained from our language, as they are entirely transformed after the Gaelic. Læno, a lake, in *Inisthuma;* the latter I strongly believe means *Zealand*, at least *Inis* is an island, and it seems that Anniz and Erragon have governed in Zealand. The name *Lochlin* is no doubt derived from the Gaelic Loch. sc. Water, or Sea, in which I am confirmed by the circumstance that all the free-booters from the Baltic, and the North Sea, were called so by the Irish and Scots, only that the Danes were called the *Black*, and the Norwegians the *white Lochlynes*. See vol. ii. p. 134, vol. vi. p. 165—168, vol. vii. p. 503, where it is made probable, that the Danes used black sails, and the Norwegians white sails to their ships, and that from thence they had received those appellations.

* In such unequal contest, when it was previously agreed

Mr. Rosing observes, that the author gives no date to this event, but in p. 98, he places the death of *Gram* in the year 240, and from the context of the history, the transaction with *Swaran* cannot have happened many years before.*

The existence of Swaran, son of Starno, and his wars in Ireland, and his having been defeated by Fingal, as related by Ossian, are therefore authenticated by the historians of Denmark; and in their annals, a number of particulars are stated, regarding the manners of those times, which confirm many of the particulars mentioned by Ossian.†

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and determined on, the whole number did not attack at once, but one after the other, so that when one fell, or was disabled, a fresh one took his place.

* The author has the custom to set down his quotations only at the end of every reign, unless on particular occasions. At the conclusion of the history of *Gram*, he has the following authorities, but Mr. Rosing cannot point out which of them refer to Swaran in particular. Table 82, 83, 85, Vol. VII. p. 82, 98, 116. Vol. VIII. p. 10. Saxo. p. 6—9. Edda in codice Wormiano, p. 341, 342, where some verses are found concerning *Gram*, and his brothers, by the poet Ottar, who lived at the court of St. Oluf (Olave); Snorro in Ynglica Saga, c. 21. Schöning's Hist. of Norway, Vol. I. p. 162—169.

† See Appendix, No. II. where there is printed a letter from the Rev. Mr. Rosing, with several extracts from Suhm's History of Denmark, illustrative of the manners of those ancient times.

It is very satisfactory, to have been the means of bringing forward, a new, and at the same time so convincing a proof of the authenticity of these ancient poems: and hence indeed it appears, that the more the subject is investigated, the more clearly will that authenticity be established.

§ VIII.

That those who deny the Authenticity of Ossian, must, on the same grounds, disbelieve the Authenticity of Homer.

It is singular, that, in several respects, there should be a resemblance between the chief of the Grecian, and of the Celtic bards. They were the first who attempted epic poetry in their different countries. It was carried by each of them, at once, to the greatest perfection of which it was capable. Both of them were blind in their latter years; and in the periods when they respectively lived, owing to that ignorance which then existed of the art of writing, both were under the necessity of transmitting their compositions, *by oral tradition only*, to the admiration of posterity.

As to Homer, there is hardly a doubt that writing was either totally unknown, or at least very little practised indeed, when he lived. The Iliad and the Odyssey, are apparently addressed to an audience, as if they were to be recited, and not read. In that celebrated poet's comprehensive picture of civil society, there is nothing that conveys an idea of letters or of reading, nor can any of the various terms which belong to those arts be traced in his works.* Eustatius says, that Homer breathed nothing but verse; and was so possessed of the heroic muse, as to speak in numbers with more ease than others do in prose.† His most valuable works, however, he was under the necessity of committing to memory, that he might be enabled to recite them, when called upon, at the different places which he visited, in his prefessional capacity as a bard.

At their first appearance in Greece, the poems of Homer were not digested into a regular body, but remained in detached pieces, named, (according to Elian), from the subject on which they treated; as, *The Battle at the Ships*, *The Death of Dolon*, *The Valour of Agamemnon*, &c. and these poems were not called books, but

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* Essay on the original Writings and Genius of Homer, by Robert Wood, Esq. 1 vol. 4to. London, 1775, p. 248, 249, 250, 276.

† See Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, by Blackwell. 1 vol. 8vo. 1735. p. 119.

rhapsodies. They were first brought to Greece by Lycurgus, but it was at Athens where they were digested into regular order, by the anxious care of Solon, Pisistratus, and his son Hipparchus.* Nor was it an easy undertaking, to re-establish the text in its original purity. In order to obtain that important object, it was found necessary to consult the most able grammarians, and to promise rewards to those who could produce the most authentic fragments, either of the Iliad, or the Odyssey. After a long and troublesome investigation, however, the Athenians were at last enabled to display to the eyes of astonished Greece, those wonderful and splendid poems, in that state in which they have since been handed down to us.† A modern author has remarked, that the great names we have just mentioned, might claim the same merit in regard to Homer, that the editor of Fingal is entitled to from Ossian;‡ yet how different was the fate of the two bards? As to Homer, philosophers and statesmen united to collect the genuine effusions of his muse, and to expunge whatever was considered in any degree to be doubtful or exceptionable; whereas, in the case of the Celtic bard, his character and fame were abandoned, to the exertions of private zeal and industry, and from the beginning had a host of enemies to encounter.

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* See Pope's Essay on Homer, prefaced to the Iliad.

† Introduction au Voyage de la Greece, par le jeune Anacharsis, 4to. edit. vol. I. p. 52.

‡ Wood, p. 279. How different also was the conduct of the Grecian and the Celtic editors? In the case of the former, every step was taken, that could possibly do justice to his talents, or embellish his works; whereas, in regard to the latter, from the conduct which Macpherson pursued, his very existence in the opinions of some, was held to be problematical.

§ IX.

Whether the Objections which have been made to the Authenticity of Ossian, have any just foundation?

It may be proper in this place, briefly to consider some objections to the authenticity of Ossian, which have not been touched upon in the former part of this discussion. These are, 1. That the manners described in those poems, are too refined for a state of society supposed to be barbarous: 2. That the constant imitation of the scriptures, (with which Macpherson was familiarly acquainted), of the classics, and other well known publications, sufficiently prove, that it was a recent forgery: 3. That the poems are similar to those which Macpherson had written in his youth: 4. That the identity of the poems is not clearly proved; and 5. That Macpherson himself acknowledged his being the author, and consequently, that the whole was a fabrication.

1.

That refinement of manners so conspicuous in all the poems ascribed to Ossian, has rather a tendency to prove their authenticity than otherwise; for no forger would ever have thought of such a circumstance, but would naturally have given the personages he described, a character more suited to the modern ideas of a distant age. The fact, however, is, that whatever liberties might be taken by Roman historians, with the character of those whom they considered to be in a state of barbarism, and against whom they entertained the most hostile prejudices; yet those best acquainted with the country, namely, the historians and bards both of Ireland and Scotland, uniformly represent the Celtic tribes at that time, as distinguished by the most exalted sentiments. It is proper indeed here to observe, that the beautiful and manly sentiments which those poems contain, contributed much to their long preservation. A clergyman in the Highlands, in a letter to the author of this paper, gives a just idea of the feelings of the Highlanders upon this subject. " When I came to

" this country (Strathnaver), in the year 1766, " I conversed with several old intelligent men, " who talked much of Ossian's poems; who, " with facility repeated many of them, and regretted that the poetic fire was almost extinguished in the Highlands. After repeating " some of these poems with great emphasis, they " would exclaim, Who now-a-days is able to " compose such poems, *replete with such sentiments*, such tropes and images? But would add, " had you heard our fathers and grandfathers, " as we have heard them, repeat these sublime " lays, they would have charmed you. They " did more justice to their merit, than we can, " having the Gaelic purer, and having greater " delight in such compositions."*

This general objection has been so fully answered in various publications, that it is unnecessary here to dwell upon it.† The following observation, however, is so just in itself, and so happily stated in the Report of the Highland Society, that it cannot be too generally known. "In considering this matter, the Committee begs "leave to suggest, that some allowance ought "always to be made for the colouring of poetry, "on the manners and sentiments of the heroic "persons of whom it speaks. If Ossian, or who-"ever he was, who composed the poems in "question, had that humanity and tenderness "which are so generally the attendants on ge-"nius, he might, though he could not create "manners of which there was no archetype in "life, transfuse into his poetical narrative, a "portion of imaginary delicacy and gentleness, "which, while it flatters the feelings of the poet "himself, gives at the same time a dignity, a "grace, and an interest to his picture*."

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* Extracted from a letter written by the Rev. Mr. William Mackenzie, minister of Tongue in Strathnaver, to Sir John Sinclair, dated 8th Sept. 1805.

† See Report of the Highland Society, p. 148; Appendix to ditto, p. 72. A preliminary discourse to some of Ossian's lesser poems, rendered into verse, by Archd. M'Donald, 1 vol. 8vo. printed at Liverpool, anno 1805, p. 125, &c.; also the Literary Journal, vol. IV. No. 2, p. 121, written by John Macdiarmid, Esq. the ingenious author of " An Inquiry into the system of National Defence in Great Britain," and other useful publications.

2.

The variety of classical, and other similar allusions in Macpherson's translation, is another ground of objection. But it is idle to suppose, that the same idea, and nearly the same expressions, should not occur to different persons, in different countries, if they are similarly circumstanced *. It might as well be said, that the same trees and shrubs will not, even naturally, be produced by similar soils, in different countries. The following very satisfactory answer, however, has been made to this objection: " That " Macpherson, in the short space in which he " was employed in translating the works of Os" sian, should have scraped together such a " quantity of unconnected passages, as it is con" tended he has done, and that he should, by a " hint taken from one author, and a word from " another, have wrought up such uniform and " beautiful descriptions, as that of the desert " Balclutha for example, are facts utterly incre" dible †."

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* Report of the Highland Society, p. 150.

3.

The discovery of some poems, written by Macpherson in his youth, has given some handle to those who were anxious to disprove the authenticity of Ossian. It is almost sufficient to observe, that Macpherson's own poetry was so utterly contemptible, that nobody thought it worth while to read it; and that only two years had elapsed,

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* On this head it has been well observed, *" that resemblance " to other poetry, does not argue any thing inconsistent with ori" ginality, as the same ideas, in similar situations, must strike " every thinking mind."*

† See the Literary Journal already quoted, p. 123.

between the publication of a poem written by him, to which he gave the popular name, (at least one likely to be popular in his own part of the kingdom), of " *The Highlander*," and the time when he gave to the public the first specimen of his translations from the Gaelic, which were almost universally perused with pleasure. An ingenious author, who has written the history of poetry in Scotland, has taken the trouble of comparing extracts from the Highlander, with extracts from Macpherson's translation of the Gaelic poems; from which, the inferiority of Macpherson's own poetry so evidently appears, that it would be a waste of time to dwell upon it at more length.*

4.

It has also been contended, that the identity of these poems has not been sufficiently proved.

So satisfactory an answer to this objection, has been given by an author already alluded to, that it is proper to give it in his own words. He observes, that in the Appendix to Dr. Blair's Dissertation on Ossian, there is a respectable list of clergymen and of gentlemen, who declare, "that they had assisted Mr. Macpherson in col-"lecting the poems; that they had furnished "him with particular poems, which they men-"tion; that they had looked over his manu-"scripts in both languages, while he was occu-"pied in the translation; that they had been "accustomed to hear those poems repeated from "their infancy; that they themselves could "repeat several of them, and that they never "entertained the least suspicion of a forgery. "These are facts distinctly attested by one or "more respectable characters, who allow Dr. "Blair to give their names to the public. Nay "more, five clergymen attest, that they had "taken the printed copy of Macpherson's trans-"lation in their hands, while persons, whose "names and places of abode they mention, re-"peated, in the original, the poems they had "received from tradition; and that the trans-"lation and those agreed exactly, except in a "few variations, which must ever happen in "oral tradition."*

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* See Campbell's History of poetry in Scotland, 2 vols. 4to. printed at Edinburgh, anno 1798, vol. I. p. 37. By comparing extracts, and, more especially, by examining Macpherson's own compositions, and the works of Ossian, it evidently appeared to this intelligent author, that the former was not possessed of that superlative genius, or that spirit of pathos, which distinguish the works of Ossian; and, consequently, that Macpherson cannot justly be considered the Homer of the Celtic tongue.

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* See the Literary Journal. Vol. IV. p. 120.

Besides this evidence from Blair's Dissertation, a variety of satisfactory proofs regarding the authenticity of particular parts, will be found in the Report of the Highland Society. About fifteen hundred verses, in words almost the same with the poem of Fingal, were transmitted to that Society.* The identity of Carthon, which has been much disputed, receives additional confirmation from the testimony of an Irish lady already alluded to. See p. 39. That Fingal returned to Ireland after the death of Oscar, and consequently that there was a foundation for the epic poem of Temora, is also confirmed by evidence from Ireland;† and the authenticity of a large portion of Temora, the existence of which in the original is so much disputed, is proved in the most convincing manner, by Lieutenant Duncan Macnicol, who in the year 1764, had made particular enquiries regarding that subject in *Glenorchy*, and who distinctly pointed out the particular parts which he had discovered in the course of that research; insomuch that, as far as his inquiries went, nothing can be more satisfactory.‡

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* See Report, Appendix, No. 15. Can any circumstance be a stronger proof of the authenticity? It is thus proved, that a large portion of Fingal, existed in oral tradition.

† See Relicts of Irish Poetry by Miss Brooks, p. 155 and 156. Note.

‡ See Report of the Society, Appendix, p. 24. Macpherson

5.

It is in the last place contended, that Macpherson acknowledged himself to be the author, and consequently that the poems must have been fabricated by him.

The conduct of Macpherson, in suffering the least doubt or mystery to remain regarding the authenticity of Ossian, cannot possibly be justified.* Some have thought, that he was not averse to be thought the author of poems which had become so much celebrated and admired

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would never have published so early, an entire book of Temora, in the original Gaelic, had there been any question regarding the originality of that work.

It is hardly necessary here to take notice of a work, published at Dusseldorf, in one volume octavo, in 1787, entitled "Poems "of Ossian lately discovered by Edmond Baron de Harold," for in the preface to that collection, the author states, "that by "the help of his friends, he had collected several fragments "of old traditionary songs, and from these fragments he had "composed the poems: That they were all founded on tradition, "but that the dress they appeared in were his own." Poems of that description must evidently be ascribed to Baron Harold, and not to Ossian.

[*] It has been ingeniously suggested, that Mr. Macpherson threw a mystery over the authenticity of Ossian, on purpose to make the works of that great poet more the subject of discussion, and it must be acknowledged, that his conduct, in some measure, had that effect.

throughout Europe.* When the reputation however of so many respectable persons became implicated in the controversy, and, in some degree, the honour of the country to which he belonged, he ought to have sacrificed his own personal ambition to justice and to truth. But the peculiar temper and character of the man, naturally account for the extraordinary line of conduct he pursued. Dr. Blair, who knew him well, says, that of all men Mr. Macpherson was the most unlikely and unfit, to contrive and carry on such an imposture, as some people in England ascribed to him. He had none of the versatility, the art and dissimulation, which such a character, and such an undertaking, would have required. He was proud, high-spirited, and disdainful; irritable to a degree, when his honour and veracity were impeached; not very apt, on any occasion, to listen to advice; *and when unjust censures were thrown out against him, obstinate in his purpose of disregarding and contemning them, without the least concern of giving any satisfaction to those, who opposed or cavilled at him.*† The celebrated David Hume very justly condemns the absurd pride and caprice of Macpherson, who scorned, as he pretends, to satisfy any body that doubted his veracity; and he observes in another letter, that Macpherson was a strange and heteroclite mortal, and that he never knew any man more perverse and unamiable.* What could be expected from such a character, but the conduct he identically pursued?

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* See Dr. Adam Fergusson's letter to Mr. Mackenzie, Report of the Highland Society, Appendix, p. 65.

† See Report of the Highland Society, Appendix, p. 60.

The evidence of that respectable clergyman, Dr. Carlyle, is, regarding this point, extremely important. He says, that during his intimacy with Macpherson, for two winters in London, in 1769 and 1770, when he saw him daily, and lived in intimacy with him for four months in each of those seasons, he never was able to discover, in his most unguarded moments, that he was any other than the collector and translator of the works of Ossian; nor did he assume any other merit, than what might be derived from thence. He adds, "But I have heard him express "the greatest contempt and disdain for those who "thought him the fabricator of them. If there "was any person who asserted that Macpherson "had owned it to himself, even that would not "shake my faith, for I know him to be of a temper, "when he was teased and fretted, to carry "his indignation that far."†

THE PRIVATE MEMORANDUMS written by

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* See David Hume's letter to Dr. Blair, Report of the Highland Society, p. 4 and 9.

† Report of the Highland Society, Appendix, p. 68.

Macpherson, which are stated in the Report of the Highland Society, must satisfy every candid mind. On the margin of his copy of the first edition of his translation of Ossian, he marked with his own hand, the time when the Gaelic original was delivered to Mr. John Mackenzie, secretary to the Highland Society, by whom the original was to be printed. What are the expressions he makes use of on those occasions? " *De-*
" *livered the three duans of Cathloda, AS COM-*
" *PLETE AS THE TRANSLATION.—Deli-*
" *vered all that could be found of Carthon.*" (By the bye, if Carthon had been written by himself, could he not have found the whole?)—" *THE ORIGINAL of Calthon and Colmal given to Mr. John Mackenzie.—THE ORIGINAL of the poem of Fingal given to Mr. John Mackenzie.*" &c.*

These originals now accompany this Dissertation, for it was in the repositories of Mr. John Mackenzie that they were found. How far they tend to justify an idea, that these poems were originally composed by Macpherson, will afterwards be discussed.

Above all, THE WRITTEN, DELIBERATE, AND PUBLIC DECLARATION OF MR. MACPHERSON HIMSELF, addressed to the Highland

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* Report of the Highland Society, p. 83. Here we have it under his own hand, expressly declared, that the Gaelic was the original, and the English only a translation.

Society of London, when applied to a second time by a Committee of that public-spirited Society, to print the originals, seems to put the question of authenticity beyond all possible doubt; his answer to the Secretary of the Committee, on that occasion, is couched in the following terms:—

Norfolk-street, 4*th July*, 1784.

" I received the favour of your letter dated yes-" terday, and I am sorry the gentlemen should " think of giving themselves the trouble of waiting " upon me, as a ceremony of that kind is altogether " superfluous and unnecessary. I shall adhere to " the promise I made several years ago to a depu-" tation of the same kind; *that is*, to employ my " first leisure time, and a considerable portion of " time *it must be* to do it accurately, in arranging " and printing *the originals of the poems of Ossian*, " AS THEY HAVE COME TO MY HANDS.* " Funds having been established for the expense, " there can be no excuse but want of leisure, for " not commencing the work in a very few months.

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* It is striking the resemblance between this expression, and Macpherson's letter to Mr. Maclagan, dated 16th January, 1761, when he first had discovered the poem of Fingal. " I " have been lucky enough *to lay my hands* on a pretty com-" plete poem, and truly epic, concerning Fingal." Report o the Highland Society, Appendix, p. 155.

" I am, with best respects to the Gentlemen of
" the Committee," &c.*

Such a declaration, from Mr. Macpherson himself, when applied to in the manner which suited his peculiar temper and turn of mind, must put an end to all doubts regarding the authenticity of the poems collected by him, the originals of which he had pledged himself to prepare for the press, *as they came to his hands*, and which he actually left behind him for that purpose.

Having thus travelled over the grounds of this curious and important controversy, it is full time to bring this chapter to a conclusion; and for that purpose it is only necessary to add, that, if these poems were fabricated, Macpherson could not have effected it, without the knowledge and participation of the Rev. Mr. Gallie, of Macpherson of Strathmashie, and of Morison; all of whom give their positive testimony in favour of the authenticity. Mr. Gallie, the friend of his youth, declares, when on the brink of the grave, that at the most early stage of the business he was convinced that Fingal was no imposition, and that he continued to be so.* Mr. Macpherson of Strathmashie, who accompanied him to the Highlands; who assisted him in collecting the poems; who took down from oral tradition, and transcribed from old manuscripts, by far the greater part of the pieces he has published, makes a similar declaration.† Captain Alexander Morison, who saw the several manuscripts, and who assisted in translating them, has lately declared, that he as firmly believed in the authenticity of Ossian's poems, as in the existence of soul and body; and that, at the advanced period of 86 years of age, when he made that declaration, he would not deliberately make such an averment, were it not perfectly consistent with the conviction of his own mind.‡

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* See Appendix, No. 3, where there is a *fac simile* of this important document, fully authenticated to be the hand writing of Mr. Macpherson; and where the circumstances which led to its transmission are detailed. For the production of this most decisive evidence, we are much indebted to Sir John Macgregor Murray, who first furnished a copy of it, by means of which the original was traced among the papers of the Highland Society of London, and is now deposited in the British Museum.

We shall conclude this chapter, with the solemn declaration of that truly respectable character, the late Dr. Blair, which ought to satisfy every impartial reader: " That, from his perfect knowledge of all the circumstances connected with " the discovery, and the translation of those poems, " *it was impossible for him to entertain any doubts* " *on the subject of their authenticity*".*

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* Report of the Highland Society, p. 34.

† Report of the Highland Society, Appendix, p. 8. See also the declaration of Ewan Macpherson, Appendix, p. 96, who states, that he was for three or four weeks with Mr. Macpherson, taking down the poems of Ossian, from the recitation of several individuals, at different places.

‡ See Appendix, No. IV.

He adds this important observation, " that he " could not avoid considering the discovery of " the works of Ossian, as an important æra in the " annals of taste and literature; and the share, " which he had in contributing towards it, as a " part of his life, by which he had deserved well, " both of his own age, and of posterity."

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* Dr. Blair's letter to Henry Mackenzie, Esq. dated 20th December, 1797, Report of the Highland Society, Appendix, p. 60.

CHAPTER II.

ACCOUNT OF THE GAELIC EDITION HEREWITH PRINTED, AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH HAVE HITHERTO PREVENTED THE PUBLICATION THEREOF; TOGETHER WITH SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE BEAUTIES OF THE POEMS OF OSSIAN, AS ORIGINALLY COMPOSED.

THE particulars, to which I now propose to call the attention of the reader, are the following: 1. The causes which have hitherto prevented the publication of the original Gaelic, and the circumstances owing to which some of the originals have been lost. 2. To ascertain, whether Mr. Macpherson, in his translation, does justice to the original. And 3. To consider, whether the Poems of Ossian are entitled to those praises, which have been bestowed upon them, both at home and in foreign countries.

§ 1.

The circumstances which have hitherto prevented the Publication of Ossian in the original,

ABOVE forty years having now elapsed, since the poems of Ossian, as translated by Mr. Macpherson, were printed;[*] and as, ever since their first appearance, the publication of the original Gaelic has been promised, the reader will naturally expect some account of the circumstances which have occasioned so long a delay.

It appears from an advertisement prefixed to the first edition of Macpherson's translation, that he had published proposals for printing, by subscription, the whole originals, which some men of genius, whom he numbered among his friends, advised him, was a better way of satisfying the public, concerning the authenticity of the poems, than another plan which had been thought of, that of depositing manuscript copies in a public library. He asserts in that preface, that no subscribers had appeared, and hence infers, that in the judgment of the public, neither the one plan nor the other was necessary. He intimates however a design to print the originals, as soon as he, (the translator), shall have had time to transcribe them for the press. If such a publication should not take place, he then pledges himself, that copies shall be deposited in one of the public libraries, to prevent *so ancient a monument of genius from being lost.*

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[*] The original fragments of Gaelic poetry, translated by Macpherson, were printed in the year 1760; the poem of Fingal, and some other pieces, in the year 1761; and Temora, and the remaining pieces of Ossian, in the year 1762. Is there an instance of such a mass *of valuable original poetry,* having been composed and published, in so short a period of time, by any author, who, neither before nor after, wrote a single line of tolerable versification?

Soon after this publication, Macpherson was led to give up poetical pursuits, and actually accompanied the late Governor George Johnstone to Florida. After remaining about three years abroad, he returned to England in the year 1766.

It would appear, by an extract from Mr. John Mackenzie's diary, to be afterwards inserted, that Mr. Macpherson took with him to Florida, the Gaelic originals of Ossian; by means of which, some of the smaller poems, either in whole, or in part, were lost.

From the connection he had formed with political men, he seems to have abandoned for some time any important literary employment, till the year 1771, when he published a work, entitled, "An Introduction to the History of Great Britain "and Ireland."

In consequence of the fame he had acquired by his translation of Ossian, however, he was prevailed upon to undertake a translation of the Iliad, in the same style of measured prose. This attempt was so extremely unsuccessful, that it seems greatly to have estranged him from poetry; and it is a singular circumstance, that the same author, whose literary fame had been founded on his translation of Ossian, should have so completely failed, when he exercised the same talents on the Grecian bard.

From the year 1773, till his death in February 1796, his time was much occupied either in political discussions, or in managing the interests of the Nabob of Arcot, who had appointed him his agent in England, and in whose service he acquired a considerable fortune. In the interim, he was not totally inattentive to the Gaelic original of Ossian's poems. His pride was roused by the severe sarcasms of Johnson; and any apprehensions, regarding the expense of printing the Gaelic original, were entirely removed, by a very liberal subscription made for that purpose in India, by a respectable body of Scotch gentlemen, who were anxious to see those poems, which they had so often heard recited in their youth, printed in the language of their ancestors.*

Between the years 1780 and 1790, the author of this Dissertation was frequently in company with Mr. Macpherson, both in his house in

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* In the course of the year 1784, a considerable sum, to the amount of about 1000*l.* was remitted to Mr. Macpherson from India, by Sir John Macgregor Murray, Baronet, being the amount of a subscription made by some gentlemen in the East Indies, for the purpose of printing the poems of Ossian in the original Gaelic. As Mr. Macpherson had never carried into effect the purpose for which the money was confided to him, it has become the subject of a law suit on the part of Sir John and his friends, against the heirs of the late Mr. Macpherson.

London, and at his villa in the neighbourhood, and he embraced various opportunities of urging him strongly to complete the publication. But though some progress was made in preparing the work for the press, nothing complete or effectual was accomplished. With the assistance of Capt. Morison, who was a much better Gaelic scholar than himself, a copy of the poems, in the original Gaelic, had been written out. He had also procured a translation of part of the poem of Ossian into Latin, by the late Mr. Macfarlan, a scholar perfectly skilled in both languages. Mr. Macpherson still, however, declined sending any considerable part of the original to the press. During the latter part of his life he had become, (as is usually the case when age advances), less active than formerly; and he had taken a conceit, that it would be better to print the Gaelic originals, in the Grecian, rather than the Roman characters. * A specimen in Greek was actually

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An account of this transaction will be found in Appendix, No. III. The light this transaction throws on the subject of the authenticity, is in the highest degree important; and the declaration which it was the means of procuring from Mr. Macpherson, (see the engraved letter, Appendix, No. III.), is even decisive in regard to that question.

* Mr. Macpherson was led to think of the Greek character, from finding it mentioned in Cæsar's Commentaries,t hat the muster-roll of the Helvetians, a Celtic tribe, was written in Greek. " In castris Helvetiorum tabulæ reportæ sunt litteris

printed, and though that plan might certainly have been carried on, yet the difficulty of converting above ten thousand lines into the Greek character, joined to the circumstance, that in that state the work would be intelligible only to scholars, rendered the Roman character preferable.

It was about this time that a circumstance took place, which tends strongly to prove the authenticity of the Gaelic originals.

The late Mr. John Mackenzie, was accustomed to keep a regular diary of any important occurrences, and on the 22d of July, there is the following entry in that diary:

" Went at one o'clock to Putney Common, to " Mr. Macpherson; he said he had been search" ing in an old trunk up stairs, which he had " with him in East Florida, for the original of " Berrathon. That he feared it was in an im" perfect condition, and that part of it was want" ing, as of Carthon, that he had only put toge" ther a few lines of it, and those not to his " own liking; that he had tired of it after a " short sitting.

Græcis confectæ." Comm. de Bell. Gallic. lib. 1. c. 29. He also attempted to simplify the Gaelic orthography, and proposed to have the original printed in that style; but, after trial, that plan was found too arduous to be accomplished, and it was in consequence abandoned.

“ He took notice of the fine simile, which is “ a separate fragment, and not a part of any “ poem, and which is in my possession, where he “ thinks there is a proof contained of the existence “ of the aurora borealis, in the days of Ossian. “ In fact, however, the simile contains no such “ proof. I concluded from thence, that the simile “ was not of his composition, because he would “ hardly introduce in it a striking circumstance, “ that every one knows could not apply to those “ early times, as every one knows the aurora “ borealis has appeared in the sky in latter times “ only.

“ I made the same conclusion, from his ascrib- “ ing the same striking circumstance to the simile, “ which circumstance in truth, does in fact exist “ in it. Mr. Macpherson has on several occa- “ sions, in the most careless off-hand manner, in “ the course of conversation, thought the know- “ ledge of navigation among the Gael, in those “ early days, was evidently proved, by the names “ they had given to certain stars, as appears in a “ poem of Temora.

“ Came to town in Mr. Macpherson's carriage “ in the evening.”

The circumstances above detailed, are interesting in various points of view, but more especially as they account for the loss of some of the Gaelic originals, which have never since been discovered.

Mr. Macpherson died in February 1796, leaving John Mackenzie, Esq. of the Temple, one of his executors, together with a legacy of a thousand pounds, to defray the expense of preparing for the press, and publishing the original poems. Mr. Mackenzie was an excellent scholar, and a worthy man; but was so scrupulously anxious to execute the trust reposed in him, in such a manner as to do credit to so valuable a work, that he was led to put off, from time to time, determining on the plan to be adopted. After such poems were collected as could be discovered in Mr. Macpherson's repositories, it was found necessary to have the translation into Latin by Mr. Macfarlan completed, and the Gaelic orthography settled. For the latter purpose, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Ross of Edinburgh was employed to transcribe the whole work over again, agreeably to the orthography of the Gaelic Bible,* with which the generality of Gaelic readers are necessarily best acquainted. Next, the character was to be determined upon; and it was thought advisable to have printed specimens in the Roman and Greek characters, as well as in the simplified orthography attempted by Mr. Macpherson, circulated, in order to procure the remarks of persons intelligent in Gaelic literature. It became also necessary to get paper manufactured of a proper quality for such a work, and to settle with a respectable printer and publisher. All these operations, however, which occupied a very considerable portion of the time which had elapsed, after the poems had come into the possession of Mr. Mackenzie, were completed; he had made the necessary arrangements with Messrs. Nicol and Bulmer, and a proof of the first sixteen pages was actually printed, and sent to him, when he unfortunately died.

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* From various gentlemen having been employed to revise the proof sheets, some deviations may occasionally have happened with regard to the orthography.

Mr. Mackenzie left several executors to his will, of whom Mr. George Mackenzie, assistant surgeon to the 42d regiment of foot, alone administered. As the publication of such a work, was not consistent with his professional avocations, he resolved to put the manuscripts into the hands of the secretary of the Highland Society of London, for the purpose of their being published under the patronage of that Society; and at a general meeting held on the 17th day of May 1804, the following gentlemen were appointed a committee to superintend the execution of the work; namely, Sir John Sinclair, Bart. M. P. Sir John Macpherson, Bart. Sir John Macgregor Murray, Bart. John M'Arthur, Esq. of York Place, Portman Square; Alexander Fraser, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, the secretary; and Mr. Colin Macrae of the Temple, the deputy secretary.

As soon as circumstances would admit of it, the Committee met to consider what measures could be pursued, for carrying on the publication with as much dispatch as possible. They examined the manuscripts, and found that though some of the smaller poems were wanting, yet that the principal ones were extant. They resolved, therefore, to print those which were in their possession, and to endeavour, by every means in their power, to recover such as were missing. They next proceeded to make a new arrangement with Messrs. Nicol and Bulmer, for the printing and publication of the work; but still, all the difficulties attending this undertaking were not surmounted. It was necessary, in consequence of Mr. Mackenzie's death, to get the proofs revised by as eminent a Gaelic scholar as he was considered to be, and after some deliberation, the Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Moulin in Perthshire, was preferred, on account of the excellence of his Gaelic Grammar. Transmitting the proofs to such a distance occasioned much delay, which was encreased when that respectable clergyman was removed to the living of Dingwall in Rossshire. In the interim, Mr. Macfarlan, the Latin translator, was accidentally killed, leaving many of the arguments prefixed to each book or poem untranslated, the want of which it was absolutely necessary to supply. This occasioned some additional delay. In short, the Committee were resolved, to spare no personal trouble, and to run any risk of responsibility, for the expence attending such a publication, in order to prevent, (in the words of Mr. Macpherson), *so ancient a monument of genius from being lost.*

It is hoped that this plain narration, will account for the delay that has taken place in printing the original Gaelic. Let us next consider, what new evidence can be adduced in favour of the authenticity of these poems, in consequence of that publication.

§ II.

Whether Mr. Macpherson, in his Translation, did justice to the original Gaelic.

It is ingeniously observed in the Report of the Highland Society, (p. 137,) "that the publication of the original Gaelic, will afford an opportunity to those who question its authenticity, to examine narrowly the intrinsic evidence arising from the nature and construction of the language. This is a point of the first importance in the dispute: for not an instance can be recollected of a fabrication in a foreign language, or in a language supposed to be that of an ancient period, where, upon an accurate

" examination, internal proofs of the forgery " have not been discovered, in the very language " alone in which the forgery was attempted to be " conveyed."

It is decidedly the opinion of such Gaelic scholars, as have hitherto had an opportunity of examining the whole, or any part of the original, that the language in which Ossian's poems are written, is of great antiquity, and could not be imitated in modern times. They assert, that it would be as difficult for any modern scholar, to pass his compositions in Greek or Latin, for those of Homer or Virgil, as it would be for Macpherson to have composed Gaelic poems, which could not at once be distinguished from those of so ancient a date.* It is hardly possible for those who are not conversant in the Gaelic language, to judge of the validity of this argument; but the unanimous, or even the general testimony, of respectable and intelligent Gaelic scholars, to that fact, must necessarily have great weight in such a controversy.

There is another mode, however, by which the publication of the Gaelic, will furnish the most satisfactory evidence of its own originality; namely, by comparing it, or a new and literal translation of it, with Macpherson's translation, in order to ascertain the following particulars: 1. Whether Macpherson did not in many instances misconceive the meaning of the original, and consequently gave an erroneous translation? 2. Whether he did not frequently add many words or expressions not to be found in the original, which additions have been adduced as plagiarisms from other authors; and consequently as arguments against the authenticity of the poems? 3. Whether he did not leave out many beautiful words and passages to be found in the original? 4. Whether he did not pass over any words or phrases which he found it difficult to translate? and 5. Whether on the whole, he did sufficient justice to the nervous simplicity and genuine beauties of the Celtic bard? All these circumstances will appear beyond question, by a fair comparison between Macpherson's and a new translation.

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* Report of the Highland Society, p. 189.

As it is impossible to undertake a new translation either of the whole, or of any considerable portion of Ossian's poems, in time sufficient to accompany this publication, (though it is to be hoped that so desirable a work will speedily be set about), yet the circumstances above alluded to, are so generally to be found in the whole of Macpherson's translation, that the examination of a few pages of the poems will be sufficient to produce conviction; and the first book of Fingal is selected for that purpose, being part of a poem, in the translation of which, it was supposed, that Macpherson had taken particular pains, and in which, some of the finest passages in Ossian are to be met with. Those who may wish to compare the English translation, with the original Gaelic, and with the Latin translation by Macfarlan, will find that book of Fingal at the commencement of the second volume. It is only necessary, therefore, in this place, to print opposite to each other, 1. Macpherson's translation; and 2. A new translation, done as literally from the original as is consistent with the language of poetry; after which, some observations will follow, for the purpose of ascertaining, how far the particulars above alluded to, regarding the inferiority of Macpherson's translation, can be proved, by a critical examination of this book of Fingal.

The new translation is executed by the Rev. Thomas Ross, now one of the ministers of the Scotch church in Rotterdam, by whom the original poems were transcribed for this publication.

It may be proper here to observe, that in the notes will be found a more literal translation of what has been already differently expressed in the text. The words inclosed in parentheses (thus) ought always to be read, as they are necessary either to complete the sense, or to add to the perspicuity of the English version, though they are not to be found in the original Gaelic.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

FROM THE CORRECTED EDITION OF 1773.

FINGAL.

BOOK I.

Cuthullin sat by Tura's wall:
By the tree of the rustling sound.
His spear leaned against a rock.
His shield lay on grass, by his side.
Amid his thoughts of mighty Cairbar,
A hero slain by the chief in war;
The scout of ocean comes,
Moran, the son of Fithil!
"Arise," says the youth, "Cuthullin, arise.
"I see the ships of the north!
"Many, chief of men, are the foe;
"Many the heroes of the sea-borne Swaran!"
"Moran," replied the blue-eyed chief,
"Thou ever tremblest, son of Fithil!
"Thy fears have increased the foe.
"It is Fingal, king of desarts,
"With aid to green Erin of streams."

A NEW TRANSLATION FROM THE ORIGINAL GAELIC,

BY THE REV. THOMAS ROSS.

[*The attention of the reader is particularly requested, to those passages in this translation which are printed in Italics, as clearly proving the superiority of the new translation.*]

FINGAL.

BOOK I.

CUCHULLIN sat by the wall of Tura,
In the shade of a rustling tree ;
His spear leaned against the rock of caves ;
His great shield by his side on the grass.
The thoughts of the chief dwelt on Cairbar,*
A hero he had slain in war,
When the scout of the ocean came,
The swift, high-bounding son of Fithil.
" *Rise ! Cuchullin, rise !*
" *I see a mighty fleet from the north !*
" *Haste, haste, thou chief of the feast ;*†
" *Great is Swaran, numerous his host.*"
" Moran," replied the blue-eyed chief,
" Feeble thou art, and ever trembling :
" In thy fear the foe is numerous. ‡
" Son of Fithil, it is Fingal,
" High chief of the dusky hills." §

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* Were of Cairbar.

† Chief of the generous.

‡ To thy fears the foe is numerous.

§ The champion of the dusky hills.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

" I beheld their chief," says Moran,
" Tall as a glittering rock.
" His spear is a blasted pine.
" His shield the rising moon !
" He sat on the shore !
" Like a cloud of mist on the silent hill !
" Many, chief of heroes ! I said,
" Many are our hands of war.
" Well art thou named the Mighty Man :
" But many mighty men are seen
" From Tura's windy walls."

He spoke, like a wave on a rock,
" Who in this land appears like me ?
" Heroes stand not in my presence :
" They fall to earth from my hand.
" Who can meet Swaran in fight ?
" Who but Fingal, king of Selma of storms ?
" Once we wrestled on Malmor ;
" Our heels overturned the woods.
" Rocks fell from their place ;
" Rivulets, changing their course,
" Fled murmuring from our side.
" Three days we renewed the strife ;
" Heroes stood at a distance, and trembled.
" On the fourth, Fingal says,
" That the king of the ocean fell !
" But Swaran says, he stood !
" Let dark Cuthullin yield to him,
" That is strong as the storms of his land !"

NEW TRANSLATION.

“ *I beheld their chief,” said Moran ;*
“ *The hero is like a rock,*
“ *His spear like a fir on the mountain cliff,*
“ *Like the rising moon his shield.*
“ *He sat upon a rock on the shore,*
“ *Like the mist on yonder hill.”*
“ *Leader of strangers, numerous*
“ *Are the impetuous hosts*[*] *which rise with thee,*
“ *Fierce warriors of most desperate strokes,*
“ *Whose swords are sharp in the strife of heroes ;*
“ *But more numerous, and mighty chiefs,*
“ *Surround the windy Tura.”*
“ The chief replied, as a surge on a rock,
“ Who in this land can be compared to me?
“ Thy heroes cannot stand in my presence,
“ But will fall to the ground by my hand.
“ Who shall dare to meet me in the field,[†]
“ But Fingal, king of stormy Selma?
“ Once we encountered in hostile grasp
“ On Malmor, and fierce was the fray :
“ Woods fell in the unyielding conflict ;
“ Streams were turned in their course ;
“ Three successive days was the strife renewed :
“ The greatest heroes trembled.
“ On the fourth, said Fingal the king,
“ The chief of the ocean has fallen in the vale.
“ He is not fallen, my answer was.
“ *Let Cuchullin yield to the chief*
“ *Who is stronger than*[‡] *the mountain storm.*

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[*] The combatants who.

[†] My sword.

[‡] Whose strength surpasses.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

"No!" replied the blue-eyed chief,
"I never yield to mortal man!
"Dark Cuthullin shall be great, or dead!
"Go, son of Fithil, take my spear, 50
"Strike the sounding shield of Semo.
"It hangs at Tura's rustling gate.
"The sound of peace is not its voice!
"My heroes shall hear and obey."

He went. He struck the bossy shield. 55
The hills, the rocks reply.
The sound spreads along the wood:
Deer start by the lake of roes.
Curach leaps from the sounding rock;
And Connal of the bloody spear! 60
Crugal's breast of snow beats high.
The son of Favi leaves the dark-brown hind.
It is the shield of war, said Ronnar!
The spear of Cuthullin, said Lugar!
Son of the sea, put on thy arms! 65
Calmar, lift thy sounding steel!
Puno! dreadful hero, arise!
Cairbar, from thy red tree of Cromla!
Bend thy knee, O Eth;
Descend from the streams of Lena. 70
Ca-olt, stretch thy side as thou movest
Along the whistling heath of Mora:

NEW TRANSLATION.

" Is it I (to yield) ?" said the blue-eyed hero;
" I shall never yield to man :*
" Cuchullin, as undaunted as he,
" Shall conquer in the field, or nobly die.
" Son of Fithil, grasp thou my spear;
" Strike the dark gloomy shield of Semo;
" It is high on the wall of spears;
" Its sound is not the whisper of peace.
" Strike, son of Fithil, the shield of Semo with speed;
" Call in our heroes from the copses and woods."
He strikes with speed the spotted shield.
Each copse and wood re-echoes;
The alarm spreads speedily through the grove;
The deer and roes start up among the heath.
Curtha leaps from the sounding rock,
And Connal advances with trusty spear;
Favi gives up the chase of the hind,
And Crugal returns to generous Tura.†
Hark! Ronan, the shield of war;
The call of Cuchullin, Cluthar.
Advance from the sea, O Calmar,
In arms advance O Luthar.
Son of Puno, mighty champion arise,
And Cairbar from the responsive Cromleac.‡
Bend thy knee, O hospitable Fithi,
And Cormac from Lena of streams.
Stretch thy fair limbs, O Ca-olt,
Whilst moving with speed from Mora;

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* To a man that lives. † Tura of feasts. ‡ Bent flag.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

Thy side that is white as the foam of the troubled sea,
When the dark winds pour it on rocky Cuthon.
Now I behold the chiefs,
In the pride of their former deeds!
Their souls are kindled at the battles of old;
At the actions of other times.
Their eyes are flames of fire.
They roll in search of the foes of the land.
Their mighty hands are on their swords.
Lightning pours from their sides of steel.
They come like streams from the mountains;
Each rushes roaring from his hill.
Bright are the chiefs of battle,
In the armour of their fathers.
Gloomy and dark their heroes follow,
Like the gathering of the rainy clouds
Behind the red meteors of heaven.
The sound of crashing arms ascend.
The grey dogs howl between.
Unequal bursts the song of battle.
Rocking Cromla echoes round.
On Lena's dusky heath they stand,
Like mist that shades the hills of autumn;
When broken and dark it settles high,
And lifts its head to heaven.

"Hail," said Cuthullin, "sons of the narrow vales!
"Hail, hunters of the deer!

NEW TRANSLATION.

Fairer than the drifted foam
On the face of a stormy sea.
Behold[*] *the chiefs of renown*
Descending from their winding vales,
Their souls burning to renew
The deeds of former times;
Their flaming eyes roll fiercely around
For the dark foe of Innis-fail.
Their mighty hands are on their swords;
Swift lightning flashes from their arms.
As a torrent pouring down a steep craggy bed,
So rush the youths from their rocky mountains;
Each chieftain in the arms of his mighty father,
His heroes stern and gloomy behind him,
Like the thickening clouds of rain
Around the lightning of heaven.
At every step is heard the crash of arms;
High-bounding grey-dogs howl between.
Half-muttering a song as they move,
The heroes advance to battle.[†]
Cromleac shook on the face of the mountains
As they scoured along through the heath.
They stood on the sides of the hills,
Like the gray mist of autumn,
Which closes round the mountain ridge,
And binds its summit to the skies.
"All hail," said the chief of heroes,
"To the manly sons of the narrow vales:
"All hail to the hunters of the deer;

---

[*] Seen are.

[†] The heroes' breasts beat high for the battle.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

" Another sport is drawing near:
" It is like the dark rolling of that wave on the coast!
" Or shall we fight, ye sons of war!
" Or yield green Erin to Lochlin!
" O Connal, speak, thou first of men!
" Thou breaker of the shields!
" Thou hast often fought with Lochlin:
" Wilt thou lift thy father's spear?"

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

" Cuthullin!" calm the chief replied,
" The spear of Connal is keen.
" It delights to shine in battle;
" To mix with the blood of thousands.
" But though my hand is bent on fight,
" My heart is for the peace of Erin.
" Behold, thou first in Cormac's war,
" The sable fleet of Swaran.
" His masts are many on our coast,
" Like reeds in the lake of Lego.
" His ships are forests clothed with mist,
" When the trees yield by turns to the squally wind.
" Many are his chiefs in battle.
" Connal is for peace!
" Fingal would shun his arm,
" The first of mortal men!
" Fingal, who scatters the mighty,
" As stormy winds the heath;

NEW TRANSLATION.

" Another sport awaits us now :
" The foe is off that projecting point,[*]
" And bends full sail around the shore.
" Shall we fight the sons of billowy Lochlin?
" Or leave we Erin to the invading foe?[†]
" Connal, thou first of men,
" Illustrious breaker of the shields,
" Oft hast thou fought with men of the east;
" O chief, wilt thou lift thy father's shield !"
  " Cuchullin," he mildly replied,
" The spear of Connal is keen in war;
" I delight, as I have ever done,
" To slay my thousands[‡] in the field.
" Though my hand would seek the battle,
" My heart desires the peace of Erin.
" *Bravest chief of the illustrious Cormac,*
" *Behold the hostile fleet as it rises,*
" *As it mounts aloft on the distant wave;*[§]
" *As a wood on Lego of the brave,*
" *As a wood is the fleet of strangers,*
" *Bending alternate to the breeze.*
" Cuchullin, Connal is for peace.
" Give tribute to Swaran of ships.
" Fingal himself would shun the contest,
" High chief of the sons of Alba :
" *Fingal, who disperses the brave,*
" *As the whirlwind scatters the grass,*

---

[*] Is about the bending of the sea.

[†] The invader.

[‡] Hundreds.

[§] On the edge of the shore.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

" When streams roar though echoing Cona;
" And night settles with all her clouds on the hill!"
" Fly, thou man of peace," said Calmar,
" Fly," said the son of Matha:
" Go, Connal, to thy silent hills,
" Where the spear never brightens in war!
" Pursue the dark-brown deer of Cromla:
" Stop with thine arrows the bounding roes of Lena.
" But, blue-eyed son of Semo,
" Cuthullin, ruler of the field,
" Scatter thou the sons of Lochlin;
" Roar through the ranks of their pride.
" Let no vessel of the kingdom of Snow
" Bound on the dark-rolling waves of Inistore.
" Rise, ye dark winds of Erin, rise!
" Roar, whirlwinds of Lara of hinds!
" Amid the tempest let me die,
" Torn, in a cloud, by angry ghosts of men:
" Amid the tempest let Calmar die,
" If ever chase was sport to him,
" So much as the battle of shields!"
" Calmar!" Connal slow replied,
" I never fled, young son of Matha!
" I was swift with my friends in fight;
" But small is the fame of Connal!
" The battle was won in my presence;
" The valiant overcame!

NEW TRANSLATION.

" *When the torrent roars through the rocky Cona,*
" *And Morven is wrapt in the robe of heaven.*"
Said Calmar, " Away with peace ! *
" Let Connal fly to his gloomy hill ;
" Let his spear contend with the hind,
" And not rise in the strife of heroes.
" Pursue the spotted deer on Cromla !
" Pierce with thine arrow the roes of Lena.
" *Thou, son of generous Semo,*
" *High chief of our numerous bands,* †
" *Disperse and rout the sons of Lochlin of ships,*
" *Scatter the host of sea-borne strangers,*
" *Till not a skiff shall rise upon the wave,*
" *With sail or plying oar.*
" On the raging sea of Innis-tore
" Let the wind of Erin rise with strength ;
" Let the black tempest descend from on high—
" *May I perish by a blast from heaven,* ‡
" *If I prefer not to the chase of the deer,*
" *The hottest conflicts of embattled hosts.*"

" Young son of Mathas, I ne'er yet declined
" The strife of shields ; and I was nigh
" My friends in battle with the lifted spear :
" *But though I was, renown I courted not.*
" In my presence victory was obtained :
" The valiant overcame and pursued.

---

* Out of my sight the peace ! † Of natives and auxiliaries.

‡ May I fall by the breath of a ghost.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

" But, son of Semo, hear my voice,
" Regard the ancient throne of Cormac.
" Give wealth, and half the land for peace,
" Till Fingal shall arrive on our coast.
" Or, if war be thy choice,
" I lift the sword and spear.
" My joy shall be in the midst of thousands;
" My soul shall lighten through the gloom of the fight!*"
" To me," Cuthullin replies,
" Pleasant is the noise of arms!
" Pleasant as the thunder of heaven,
" Before the shower of spring!
" But gather all the shining tribes,
" That I may view the sons of war!
" Let them pass along the heath,
" Bright as the sunshine before a storm;
" When the west wind collects the clouds,
" And Morven echoes over all her oaks!
" But where are my friends in battle?
" The supporters of my arm in danger!
" Where art thou, white-bosom'd Cathbar?
" Where is that cloud in war, Duchomar?
" Hast thou left me, O Fergus!
" In the day of the storm?
" Fergus, first in our joy at the feast!
" Son of Rossa! arm of death!
" Comest thou like a roe from Malmor?

---

* A turgid and unnecessary addition to the beautiful and sublime original.

NEW TRANSLATION.

"Thou son of generous Semo,
"Regard Cormac and his ancient throne.*
"Give tribute and land to Swaran,
"Till Fingal shall arrive on our coast.
"*If war delights thy soul,*
"*This (arm) shall lift the sword and the spear.*"

"Pleasant to me," said the chief of heroes,
"Is the hard crash of contending arms;†
"Pleasant as the thunder on the hills,
"When the soft rain of spring descends.
"*Let the mighty sons of Erin arise;*
"*Let each band form itself in shining arms:*
"*With speed let them sweep along the heath,*
"*As a sun-beam on the mountain top,*
"*When the west wind blows from the sea,*
"*And collects the thickening clouds:*
"A sound is heard from the tufted Morven,
"And from the leafless oak on the plain.
"Where are my mighty friends,
"The constant strength of my arm in danger?
"Where is Cathbat of fairest form?
"Renowned Duchomar, the chief?
"Hast thou left me, excellent Fergus,
"While this torrent swells by my side?
"Chief who wast joyous at the feast, and great
"In the time of distress? Son of conquering Rosa,
"Dost thou come as a roe from Galmar,

---

* Place.

† Of shields and swords.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

“ Like a hart from thy echoing hills ?
“ Hail, thou son of Rossa !
“ What shades the soul of war ?”
  “ Four stones,” replied the chief,
“ Rise on the grave of Cathba.
“ These hands have laid in earth Duchomar,
“ That cloud in war !
“ Cathba, son of Torman !
“ Thou wert a sun-beam in Erin.
“ And thou, O valiant Duchomar,
“ A mist of the marshy Lano ;
“ When it moves on the plains of autumn,
“ Bearing the death of thousands along.
“ Morna ! fairest of maids !
“ Calm is thy sleep in the cave of the rock !
“ Thou hast fallen in darkness, like a star,
“ That shoots across the desart ;
“ When the traveller is alone,
“ And mourns the transient beam !”
  “ Say,” said Semo's blue-eyed son,
“ Say, how fell the chiefs of Erin ?
“ Fell they by the sons of Lochlin,
“ Striving in the battle of heroes ?
“ Or what confines the strong in arms
“ To the dark and narrow house ?
  “ Cathba,” replied the hero,
“ Fell by the sword of Duchomar,
“ At the oak of the noisy streams.
“ Duchomar came to Tura's cave ;
“ He spoke to the lovely Morna.

NEW TRANSLATION.

" As a hind from the sides of the hills.
" All hail to the vigorous son of Rosa!
" What sorrow now darkens thy soul?"
  " Cuchullin, (alas!) four stones
" Encompass Cathbat lodged in the grave;
" My hands laid low in the dust
" Duchomar of fiercest aspect.
" Thou wast, O Cathbat, son of Armin,
" Like the sun beaming on the hill;
" And thou, O mighty Duchomar,
" Like the thickening cloud of heaven.
" *Morna! fairest of maids!*
" *Calm is thy sleep in the cave of the rock:*[*]
" *The delight of the people is fallen,*
" *As a nightly star sparkling in the vale:*
" *The lonely traveller is sad*
" *When the light begins to fail.*"[†]

  " Tell," said the blue-eyed hero,
" How fell the mighty chiefs.
" Fell they by (the sons of) Lochlin on the hill,
" Fighting bravely in the field?
" Or what can detain the heroes
" In the dark and narrow house?
  " Cathbat fell by the sword of Duchomar,
" By the oak on the noisy stream.
" He came to the grove of caves,
" And spoke to the gentle maid.

[*] Of cairns.

[†] The scanty light is set.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

“ Morna, fairest among women,
“ Lovely daughter of strong-armed Cormac !
“ Why in the circle of stones ?
“ In the cave of the rock alone ?
“ The stream murmurs along.
“ The old tree groans in the wind.
“ The lake is troubled before thee ;
“ Dark are the clouds of the sky !
“ But thou art snow on the heath ;
“ Thy hair is the mist of Cromla ;
“ When it curls on the hill ;
“ When it shines to the beam of the west !
“ Thy breasts are two smooth rocks,
“ Seen from Branno of streams.
“ Thy arms like two white pillars,
“ In the halls of the great Fingal.”
“ From whence,” the fair-haired maid replied,
“ From whence, Duchomar, most gloomy of men ?
“ Dark are thy brows, and terrible !
“ Red are thy rolling eyes !
“ Does Swaran appear on the sea ?
“ What of the foe, Duchomar ?”
“ From the hill I return, O Morna,
“ From the hill of the dark-brown hinds.
“ Three have I slain with my bended yew.
“ Three with my long bounding dogs of the chase.
“ Lovely daughter of Cormac,

NEW TRANSLATION.

“ Morna, fairest among women,
“ Lovely daughter of illustrious Cormac,
“ Why alone in the circle of stones?
“ In the cave of a rock by thyself in the hill?
“ A stream murmurs by thy side; *
“ An aged tree whistles in the wind;
“ Yonder lake is troubled by the gale;
“ Black clouds surround the tops of the hills.
“ *But thou art like snow on the heath;*
“ *Thy ringlets are like the mist of Cromla*
“ *When it climbs the side of the hill,*
“ *In the beams of the western sun:*
“ *Thy soft breast like a white rock,*
“ *On the side of fair-streaming Branno.*”†

Then said the maid of the graceful locks,
“ Whence, thou sternest of men?
“ Thy brow was always dark:
“ Thine eye is now red and terrible.
“ Does Swaran appear on the sea?
“ What hast thou heard of the foe?”
“ *From the hill, O Morna, I come;*
“ *From the grove of the bounding roe:*
“ *Of the foe, nought have I heard,*
“ *Three deer have fallen by my hand,*
“ *O lovely daughter of Cormac.*

---

[*] Beside thee.

[†] Nothing can be more absurd than the two pillars added to this beautiful description in Macpherson's translation.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

" I love thee as my soul !
" I have slain one stately deer for thee.
" High was his branchy head ;
" And fleet his feet of wind."
  " Duchomar !" calm the maid replied,
" I love thee not, thou gloomy man !
" Hard is thy heart of rock ;
" Dark is thy terrible brow.
" But Cathba, young son of Torman,
" Thou art the love of Morna.
" Thou art a sun-beam,
" In the day of the gloomy storm.
" Sawest thou the son of Torman,
" Lovely on the hill of his hinds ?
" Here the daughter of Cormac
" Waits the coming of Cathba !"
  " Long shall Morna wait," Duchomar said,
" Long shall Morna wait for Cathba !
" Behold this sword unsheathed !
" Here wanders the blood of Cathba.
" Long shall Morna wait
" He fell by the stream of Branno !
" On Cromla I will raise his tomb,
" Daughter of blue-shielded Cormac !
" Turn on Duchomar thine eyes ;
" His arm is strong as a storm."

NEW TRANSLATION.

" *(As my soul I love the maid).*
" *One fell for thee, white-handed damsel;*
" *Fair mistress of the hearts of men.*"

" Duchomar," said the gentle maid,
" No love have I for thee.
" Dark is thy brow; darker is thy mind;
" Thy heart is as a mountain rock:
" But thou, O dear son of Armin,
" Brave Cathbat, art Morna's love.
" Like the brightness of the sun thy flowing hair,
" When the mist ascends from the hill.
" Sawest thou Cathbat the chief,
" The young hero,* in thy course thro' the hill?
" The daughter of Cormac the great
" Waits the return of her love from the chase."
" Long shalt thou wait, O Morna,"
Sullen and fierce, Duchomar said.
" *Long shalt thou wait, O Morna,*
" *For the boisterous son of Armin.*
" *Lo, on this sharp-edged sword,*
" *To its very back is the blood of Cathbat.*
" *Thy hero was slain by me.*
" *Long shalt thou wait, O Morna.*
" *I shall raise a stone o'er thy love,*
" *Daughter of blue-shielded Cormac.*
" *Turn to Duchomar thine eye;*
" *His hand is like thunder on the hills.*"

---

* Shoot.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

"Is the son of Torman fallen?"
Said the wildly bursting voice of the maid.
"Is he fallen on his echoing hills,
"The youth with the breast of snow?
"The first in the chase of hinds?
"The foe of the strangers of ocean?
"Thou art dark to me, Duchomar;
"Cruel is thine arm to Morna!
"Give me that sword, my foe!
"I love the wandering blood of Cathba!"
He gave the sword to her tears.
She pierced his manly breast!
He fell, like the bank of a mountain-stream,
And stretching forth his hand, he spoke.
"Daughter of blue-shielded Cormac!
"Thou hast slain me in youth:
"The sword is cold in my breast:
"Morna, I feel it cold.
"Give me to Moina, the maid.
"Duchomar was the dream of her night!
"She will raise my tomb;
"The hunter shall raise my fame.
"But draw the sword from my breast.
"Morna, the steel is cold!"
She came, in all her tears she came;
She drew the sword from his breast.
He pierced her white side!

NEW TRANSLATION.

" Has the son of Armin fallen in death ?"
Exclaimed the maid, with her voice of love ;
" Has he fallen on the lofty hill,
" The loveliest youth among the host ?
" The first of heroes in the chase ;
" The mighty foe of sea-borne strangers ?
" Dark is Duchomar in wrath ;
" Bloody to me is his hand.
" A foe to me.—But reach me the sword.
" I love (both) Cathbat and his blood."
He gave the bright sword to her tears.
She run the sharp blade through his side.
He fell by his mighty streams.
He stretch'd his hand ; his cry was heard.
" Daughter of blue-shielded Cormac,[*]
" Thou hast cut off my youth from renown ;
" Cold is the sword, delight of heroes,
" It is cold in my breast, O Morna.
" Give me to Moina the maid ;
" (I am her dream in the darkness of night ;)
" To raise my tomb [†] among the host ;
" The hunter will see the brightness of my fame. [‡]
" But draw the sword from my side,
" O Morna ! the blade is cold."
Tearful and slow she came,
To draw the sword from his side.
He pierc'd the fair breast of the maid.

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[*] Cormac of the blue-spotted shield.

[†] Cairn.

[‡] My praise in light.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

He spread her fair locks on the ground ! 290
Her bursting blood sounds from her side :
Her white arm is stained with red.
Rolling in death she lay.
The cave re-echoed to her sighs.
  " Peace, said Cuthullin, 295
" To the souls of the heroes !
" Their deeds were great in fight.
" Let them ride around me on clouds.
" Let them shew their features of war.
" My soul shall then be firm in danger; 300
" Mine arm like the thunder of heaven !
" But be thou on a moon-beam, O Morna !
" Near the window of my rest ;
" When my thoughts are of peace ;
" When the din of arms is past. 305
" Gather the strength of the tribes !
" Move to the wars of Erin !
" Attend the car of my battles !
" Rejoice in the noise of my course !
" Place three spears by my side : 310
" Follow the bounding of my steeds !
" That my soul may be strong in my friends,
" When battle darkens round the beams of my steel !"

  As rushes a stream of foam
From the dark shady steep of Cromla; 315
When the thunder is travelling above,

NEW TRANSLATION.

She fell; her locks were spread on the ground;
The blood ran purling down;
It was red on her arm of snow.[*]

"Let me hear no more of the maid,"
Said the chief of Erin's war.
"Peace to the souls of the heroes,
"Whose strength was great in the strife of swords.
"Let them move round my chariot in war;
"Let me see their ghosts in the clouds of the vales.
"My soul shall be fearless in battle;
"My arm like the thunder of heaven.
"Be thou as a moon-beam, Morna,
"When my sight begins to fail;
"When my soul reposes in peace,
"And the noise of war subsides.
"Advance each band; advance the host;[†]
"Equip the great chariot of heroes;
"Place two spears by my side at once;
"Raise nobly the shield before me;
"Attend the bounding steeds on the plain;
"They move with ease and with speed.
"Let my soul be strong with joy,
"When the battle rages around."
As pours a grey foaming stream
From the iron summit of lofty Cromla,
While thunder moves along the hills,

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[*] White hand.

[†] The battle.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

And dark brown night sits on half the hill.
Through the breaches of the tempest
Look forth the dim faces of ghosts.
So fierce, so vast, so terrible,
Rushed on the sons of Erin.
The chief, like a whale of ocean,
Whom all his billows pursue,
Poured valour forth, as a stream,
Rolling his might along the shore.
The sons of Lochlin heard the noise,
As the sound of a winter storm.
Swaran struck the bossy shield:
He called the son of Arno.
" What murmur rolls along the hill,
" Like the gathered flies of the eve?
" The sons of Erin descend,
" Or rustling winds roar through the distant wood!
" Such is the noise of Gormal,
" Before the white tops of my waves arise.
" O son of Arno, ascend the hill;
" View the dark face of the heath!"
He went. He trembling, swift returned.
His eyes rolled wildly round.
His heart beat high against his side.
His words were faultering, broken, slow.
" Arise, son of ocean, arise,
" Chief of the dark-brown shields!
" I see the dark, the mountain stream of battle!

NEW TRANSLATION.

And dusky night o'er-hangs the land;
And cold and pale-faced ghosts
Look forth from the edge of the showers;
So fierce, so vast, so terrible, so swift,
Rushed on the mighty sons of Erin:
The chief like a whale of the sea,
Which draws the billows behind him,
And pours forth his valour like a stream;
While the shore trembles beneath him.*
The sons of Lochlin heard the noise,
Like the loud roar of a winter torrent.
Swaran quickly struck his shield.
He said to the son of Arno,
"I hear a noise on the sides of the hills,
"As of evening flies in their sportive dance.
"It must be the warlike sons of Erin,
"Or the rattling of storms in the wood.
"The noise is like that of Gormal
"Before the waves of ocean mount on high.
"*Ascend the hill, son of Arno, with speed;*
"*Survey each wood and heath.*"
He went, and trembling, swift returned.
His eyes rolled wildly round.
His heart beat high against his side.
His words were faultering, broken, slow.
"Rise, lord of the sea,
"Great chief of dark-brown shields;
"I see the black torrent of the hills:

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* The shore trembles beneath his going.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

“ The deep-moving strength of the sons of Erin !
“ The car, the car of war comes on,
“ Like the flame of death !
“ The rapid car of Cuthullin,
“ The noble son of Semo !
“ It bends behind, like a wave near a rock ;
“ Like the sun-streaked mist of the heath.
“ Its sides are embossed stones,
“ And sparkle like the sea round the boat of night.
“ Of polished yew is its beam ;
“ Its seat of the smoothest bone.
“ The sides are replenished with spears ;
“ The bottom is the foot-stool of heroes !
“ Before the right side of the car
“ Is seen the snorting horse !
“ The high-maned, broad-breasted, proud,
“ Wide-leaping, strong steed of the hill.
“ Loud and resounding is his hoof ;
“ The spreading of his mane above,
“ Is like a stream of smoke on a ridge of rocks.
“ Bright are the sides of the steed !
“ His name is Sulin-Sifadda !
“ Before the left side of the car
“ Is seen the snorting horse ;
“ The thin-maned, high-headed, strong-hoofed,
“ Fleet, bounding son of the hill :
“ His name is Dusronnal,
“ Among the stormy sons of the sword !

NEW TRANSLATION.

" I see the sons of Erin and their chief.
" A car! a strong car of battle
" Moves over the plain with death;
" The polished, rapid car of Cuchullin,
" The noble son of mighty Semo.
" *Behind it bends down like a wave,*
" *Or mist round the cliff of a rugged rock;*
" *Around it, is the glare of gems,*
" *Like the sea round the vessel at night.*
" *Its beam is of shining yew.*
" *Its seat of polished bone.*
" *It is filled with spears,*[*]
" *With shields, with swords, with heroes.*
" On the right side of the noble car.
" Is seen the high-blooded snorting steed;
" The high-maned, broad-chested, proud,
" High-bounding, strong son of the hill.
" Loud and resounding is his step;[†]
" The spreading of his fore-lock above
" Like mist on the dwelling of the deer.
" Bright is his hue, and swift
" His gait: Sithfada[‡] is his name,
" On the opposite side of the car
" Stands the curve-necked, snorting,
" Thin-maned, spirited, strong-hoofed,
" Swift-footed, white-nosed, son of the hills:
" Dusronnal is the name of the steed.
" A full thousand small thongs

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[*] It is the receptacle of, &c. [†] Foot. [‡] Long-pace.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

" A thousand thongs bind the car on high.
" Hard polished bits shine in a wreath of foam.
" Thin thongs, bright studded with gems,
" Bend on the stately necks of the steeds.
" The steeds, that like wreaths of mist,
" Fly over the streamy vales !
" The wildness of deer is in their course,
" The strength of eagles descending on the prey.
" Their noise is like the blast of winter,
" On the sides of the snow-headed Gormal.

" Within the car is seen the chief;
" The-strong-armed son of the sword.
" The hero's name is Cuthullin,
" Son of Semo, king of shells.
" His red cheek is like my polished yew.
" The look of his blue-rolling eye is wide,
" Beneath the dark arch of his brow.
" His hair flies from his head like a flame,
" As bending forward he wields the spear.
" Fly, king of ocean, fly !
" He comes, like a storm,
" Along the streamy vale !"

" When did I fly," replied the king ?
" When fled Swaran from the battle of spears ?
" When did I shrink from danger,

NEW TRANSLATION.

" Bind the chariot on high.
" The hard polished bits of their bridles
" In their mouths are covered with foam.
" Transparent stones, with taste,
" Bend aloft on the manes of the steeds;
" The steeds which, like mist on a hill,
" Convey the chief to renown.
" The wildness of deer is in their course;
" As the strength of eagles their strength;
" Their noise is like the raging of winter,
" On Gormal when covered with* snow.
" In the chariot is seen the chief;
" The noble son of arms; †
" Cuchullin of bossy ‡ shield,
" The son of illustrious Semo. §
" His cheek is like the polished yew;
" His manly eye spreads far around,
" Beneath a brow, arched, bold, and small.
" His yellow hair streams from his head,
" Or spreads on his graceful face,
" While he grasps the spear from behind.
" Fly, thou great chief of ships;
" Fly from the hero, who comes
" Like a storm along a vale of streams."
" When did I fly, said the king of ships?
" When fled Swaran of dark-brown shield?
" When did I shrink from danger!

---

* Suffocated by.
† High and valiant son of sharp weapons.
‡ Blue-spotted.
§ Of poetic fame.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

" Chief of the little soul?
" I met the storm of Gormal,
" When the foam of my waves beat high.
" I met the storm of the clouds;
" Shall Swaran fly from a hero?
" Were Fingal himself before me,
" My soul should not darken with fear.
" Arise to battle, my thousands,
" Pour round me like the echoing main.
" Gather round the bright steel of your king;
" Strong as the rocks of my land,
" That meet the storm with joy,
" And stretch their dark pines to the wind!"

Like autumn's dark storms,
Pouring from two echoing hills,
Toward each other approached the heroes.
Like two deep streams from high rocks meeting,
Mixing, roaring, on the plain;
Loud, rough, and dark in battle,
Meet Lochlin and Innisfail.
Chief mixes his strokes with chief,
And man with man;
Steel, clanging, sounds on steel.
Helmets are cleft on high.
Blood bursts and smokes around.
Strings murmur on the polished yews.
Darts rush along the sky.
Spears fall like the circles of light,
Which gild the face of night.

NEW TRANSLATION.

" O paltry son of Arno.
" I have suffered the storms of heaven,
" Tossed on a tempestuous sea.
" I have sustained the shock of the brave.
" Wherefore should I shun the fight,
" O feeble-handed son of Arno?
" Arise my thousands in the field;
" Pour forth as the raging sea,
" When the breeze bends down from the cloud.
" Let brave Lochlin rise round my sword.
" *Be as a rock on the shore,*
" *In my native land of woods,*
" *Which raises the pine on high*
" *To contend with the storms of heaven.*"
Like the thunder of autumn from two (opposing) mountains,
The heroes advanced to the charge;
Like torrents from two (opposing) rocks,
Rushing and pouring on the plain;
Loud, dark, and rough in battle.
Met Innisfail and Lochlin.
Chief mixed his strokes with chief,
And man with man:
Steel grated on steel:
Helmets on high were cleft,
Blood pouring thick around.
The bow-string sounded to the polished yew;
Darts rushed along the sky;
Spears fell in splinters on every side.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

As the noise of the troubled ocean,
When roll the waves on high.
As the last peal of thunder in heaven,
Such is the din of war!
Though Cormac's hundred bards were there,
To give the fight to song;
Feeble was the voice of a hundred bards,
To send the deaths to future times!
For many were the deaths of heroes;
Wide poured the blood of the brave!

Mourn, ye sons of song,
Mourn the death of the noble Sithallan.
Let the sighs of Fiona rise,
On the lone plains of her lovely Ardan.
They fell like two hinds of the desart,
By the hands of the mighty Swaran:
When in the midst of thousands he roared;
Like the shrill spirit of a storm.
He sits dim on the clouds of the north,
And enjoys the death of the mariner.

Nor slept thy hand by thy side,
Chief of the isle of mist!
Many were the deaths of thine arm,
Cuthullin, thou son of Semo!
His sword was like the beam of heaven
When it pierces the sons of the vale,

NEW TRANSLATION.

As the lightning of night on the hill:
As the loud roar of the sea,
When rolls the wave on high;
As thunder behind the rocks;
Were the fury and noise of the battle.
Though Cormac's hundred bards had been there,
To describe the scene in song;
Feeble had been their voice to relate
The countless numbers of the slain.
Many were the deaths of heroes;
Wide poured their blood on the ground.
Mourn, ye sons of song,
For Sithallin of mighty heroes.
Heave thy white breast, O Eiver,
For the noble and warlike Ardan:
They fell, like two hinds from the hill,
By the hand of Swaran of dark-brown shields,
When he moved through thousands with might,
Like a ghost in the clouds of heaven;—
A ghost which dimly sits,
Half made of the mist from the north.
When bends the shipwrecked mariner
*A look of woe o'er the face of the deep.**
Nor slept thy hand by thy side,
Chief of the showery isle;
Thy sword (was) in the path of conquest
Like lightning flashing with speed,

---

* Billows.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

When the people are blasted and fall,
And all the hills are burning around,
Dusronnal snorted over the bodies of heroes.
Sifadda bathed his hoof in blood.
The battle lay behind him,
As groves overturned on the desart of Cromla;
When the blast has passed the heath,
Laden with the spirits of night!
  Weep on the rocks of roaring winds,
O maid of Inistore!
Bend thy fair head over the waves,
Thou lovelier than the ghost of the hills;
When it moves in a sun-beam at noon,
Over the silence of Morven!
He is fallen! thy youth is low!
Pale beneath the sword of Cuthullin!
No more shall valour raise thy love,
To match the blood of kings.
Trenar, graceful Trenar died,
O maid of Inistore!
His grey dogs are howling at home;
They see his passing ghost.
His bow is in the hall unstrung.
No sound is in the hill of his hinds!

  As roll a thousand waves to the rocks,
So Swaran's host came on.
As meets a rock a thousand waves,

NEW TRANSLATION.

When the people fall in the vale,
And the hills are wrapt in flames.
Dusronnal snorted over heroes;
Sithfada bathed his hoof in blood.
Many heroes lay behind him,
Like trees along the torrents of Cromla,
When a blast passes through the heath
With the airy ghost of night.
Weep on the echoing rock,
Noble maid of the isle of ships;
Bend thy fair face over the ocean,
Purer than the ghost on the height,*
Which rises majestic and slow,
As a sun-beam on the silent hill.
He fell, he quickly fell in the battle,
Lifeless is thy lovely youth
Beneath the sword of noble Cuchullin.—
Why art thou so pale and so cold?
No more shall he engage in war;
No more shed the blood of the mighty.
Trenar, young Trenar is fallen.
No more, O maid, shalt thou see thy love.
His grey-hounds mournfully howl,
While, at home, they behold his ghost.
His bow is bare and unstrung;
His death-shriek is heard on the hill.
As roll a thousand waves to the shore,
The troops of Swaran advanced;
As meets the shore a thousand waves,

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* On a small hillock.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

So Erin met Swaran of spears.
Death raises all his voices around,
And mixes with the sounds of shields.
Each hero is a pillar of darkness;
The sword a beam of fire in his hand.
The field echoes from wing to wing,
As a hundred hammers that rise,
By turns, on the red son of the furnace.
Who are these on Lena's heath,
These so gloomy and dark?
Who are these like two clouds,
And their swords like lightning above them!
The little hills are troubled around;
The rocks tremble with all their moss.
Who is it but Ocean's son
And the car-borne chief of Erin?
Many are the anxious eyes of their friends
As they see them dim on the heath.
But night conceals the chiefs in clouds,
And ends the dreadful fight!

It was on Cromla's shaggy side
That Dorglas had placed the deer;
The early fortune of the chase,
Before the heroes left the hill.
A hundred youths collect the heath;
Ten warriors wake the fire;
Three hundred chuse the polish'd stones.

NEW TRANSLATION.

So Erin met Swaran of ships.
There were the groans of death,
The hard crash of contending arms,
Shields and mails in shivers on the ground,
Swords in all hands like lightning in the air,[*]
The cry of battle from wing to wing,
The roaring, bloody, hot encounter,[†]
Like a hundred hammers wildly beating
Successive sparks from the red (son of the) furnace.
Who are these on the hilly Lena?
Who, dark and gloomy in aspect?
Who, like two black clounds?
Each hero's sword like lightning on the waves?
The face of the hill is moved,
The rocks of the ocean tremble.
Who are these, but Swaran of ships,
And the illustrious chief of Erin?
Oblique look the eyes of the hosts,
As the chiefs approach in their strength.
Night falls on the combat of heroes,
And conceals the doubtful fight.
Along the heath, on the mountain side,
Was heaped by Dorglass the game,
Which the heroes had killed in the chase,
Before they left the hill of the deer.
A hundred youths collect the heath;
Ten raise the blazing flame;
Three hundred gather the smooth stones;

---

[*] Above.

[†] Attack.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

The feast is smoaking wide!

Cuthullin, chief of Erin's war,
Resumed his mighty soul.
He stood upon his beamy spear,
And spoke to the son of songs;
To Carril of other times,
The grey-haired son of Kinfena.
" Is this feast spread for me alone,
" And the king of Lochlin on Erin's shore;
" Far from the deer of his hills,
" And sounding halls of his feasts?
" Rise, Carril of other times;
" Carry my words to Swaran.
" Tell him from the roaring of waters,
" That Cuthullin gives his feast.
" Here let him listen to the sound of my groves,
" Amidst the clouds of night.
" For cold and bleak the blustering winds
" Rush over the foam of his seas.
" Here let him praise the trembling harp,
" And hear the songs of heroes!"
Old Carril went, with softest voice.
He called the king of dark-brown shields!
" Rise from the skins of thy chase,
" Rise, Swaran, king of groves!
" Cuthullin gives the joy of shells.
" Partake the feast of Erin's blue-eyed chief!"

NEW TRANSLATION.

A hundred dress the meat in haste:
Wide spread the smoke and the feast.
  Then said the generous chief,
The magnanimous Prince of Erin,
(While, leaning on his spear, he rose,) 515
To Fena's son, the first of bards;
" Carril of ancient times,
" Why spread the feast alone for me,
" While the warlike king of Lochlin,
" On Erin's shore, has no repast from the hill? 520
" The Chief is far from the deer of Lochlin;
" His hall is remote and void.
" Bear my word in peace to the hero;
" Call hither the chief of ships;
" Let him come from the roaring * of the waves, 525
" To the feast of generous Erin.
" Let him hear the soft sound †
" Of the grove, while night is under a cloud:
" Loud and boisterous is the wind
" Which blows ‡ from his native sea. 530
" Let him praise the soft-sounding harp,
" And the song of heroes on the hill."
  The mild speaking Carril went;
He called the chief of the dark-brown shields.
" From the skins of great boars, arise; 535
" Let Swaran, king of mountains, arise;
" The joy of the shell of feasts
" Is round the blue-eyed chief of Erin."

---

* Agitation. † The sound of tufts in the wood. ‡ Pours.

MACPHERSON’S TRANSLATION.

He answered like the sullen sound
Of Cromla before a storm.
“ Though all thy daughters, Inis-fail !
“ Should stretch their arms of snow ;
“ Should raise the heavings of their breasts,
‘ And softly roll their eyes of love ;
“ Yet, fixed as Lochlin’s thousand rocks,
“ Here Swaran should remain ;
“ Till morn, with the young beams of the east,
“ Shall light me to the death of Cuthullin.
“ Pleasant to my ear is Lochlin’s wind !
“ It rushes over my seas !
“ It speaks aloft in all my shrouds,
“ And brings my green forests to my mind :
“ The green forests of Gormal,
“ Which often echoed to my winds,
“ When my spear was red in the chase of the boar.
“ Let dark Cuthullin yield to me
“ The ancient throne of Cormac ;
“ Or Erin’s torrents shall shew from their hills,
“ The red foam of the blood of his pride !”

“ Sad is the sound of Swaran’s voice,”
Said Carril of other times !
“ Sad to himself alone,”
Said the blue-eyed son of Semo.
“ But, Carril, raise the voice on high ;

NEW TRANSLATION.

He answered sullen and slow,[*]
Like the rising storm on Cromla;[†]
" Though all the maids of Innis-fail should come,
" With their polished arms of snow,
" Their white breasts heaving high,
" Their eyes soft-rolling in love;
" Here shall Swaran remain,
" Like the thousand rocks of Lochlin,
" Here, till the sun-beam rise in the east,
" To light Cuchullin to death.
" Pleasant to me is the wind of Lochlin,
" Which raises the loud roar of the sea;
" Which, in the lofty shrouds, recals
" The remembrance of my matchless woods;
" Of the green-hued woods of Gormal,
" Which bent alternate to the breeze,
" When foaming blood was on my spear;
" The blood of the dark furious boar.
" Let Cuchullin give tribute to me;
" (Let him yield) the throne of blue-shielded Cormac.
" If not; when the fight is renewed,
" Both land and stream of Fal [‡] are mine."
" Sad are the words," said the bard,
" Which proceeded from brown-shielded Swaran."
" Sad to himself alone,"
Replied the noble son of Semo.
" Carril, raise thy voice on high;

---

[*] He answered like a hollow, dull noise. [†] On Cromla when the wind awakes. [‡] Innis-fail.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

" Tell the deeds of other times.
" Send thou the night away in song ;
" And give the joy of grief.
" For many heroes and maids of love
" Have moved on Inis-fail :
" And lovely are the songs of woe,
" That are heard in Albion's rocks ;
" When the noise of the chase is past,
" And the streams of Cona
" Answer to the voice of Ossian."

" In other days," Carril replies,
" Came the sons of ocean to Erin !
" A thousand vessels bounded on waves,
" To Ullin's lovely plains.
" The sons of Inis-fail arose,
" To meet the race of dark-brown shields.
" Cairbar, first of men, was there,
" And Grudar, stately youth !
" Long had they strove for the spotted bull,
" That lowed on Golbun's echoing heath.
" Each claimed him as his own.
" Death was often at the point of their steel !
" Side by side the heroes fought ;
" The strangers of ocean fled.
" Whose name was fairer on the hill,
" Than the name of Cairbar and Grudar !
" But ah ! why ever lowed the bull,

NEW TRANSLATION.

" *Speak of the ages that are past ;*
" *Let the night be spent in song :*[*]
" *In grief, let us taste of joy.*
" Many brave youths and comely maids
" Have lived ere-while in Innis-fail.
" Pleasant are the songs of the brave,
" From the coasts of the high-sounding Alba,
" (When the noise of the chase subsides)
" As sung by the tuneful Ossian,
" While the hills of the deer reply
" To the soft murmur of Cona's stream."
  " In the times that are past," said Carril,
" The strength of the Ocean came,
" A thousand ships on the eastern waves,
" To green Ullin[†] of streams.
" The sons[‡] of Innis-fail arose
" To repel the northern foe.
" There was Cairbar, the mighty chief,
" And Crimor, the stateliest of the host.
" Often had they fought for the white bull,
" Which grazed[§] on yonder hill of Golbun.
" Strenuous did each assert his claim ;
" Death hovered around their swords.
  " Side by side they now engage,
" And the strangers of Ocean fled.
" Who are more attached than the heroes :
" Than Crimor and noble Cairbar ?
" But ah ! why ever lowed the bull

---

[*] Soft verses. [†] Ulster. [‡] Ancestors. [§] Was seen.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

" On Golbun's echoing heath !
" They saw him leaping like snow.
" The wrath of the chiefs returned !
" On Lubar's grassy banks they fought;
" Grudar fell in his blood.
" Fierce Cairbar came to the vale,
" Where Brassolis, fairest of his sisters,
" All alone, raised the song of grief.
" She sung of the actions of Grudar,
" The youth of her secret soul !
" She mourned him in the field of blood ;
" But still she hoped for his return.
" Her white bosom is seen from her robe,
" As the moon from the clouds of night,
" When its edge heaves white on the view,
" From the darkness, which covers its orb.
" Her voice was softer than the harp,
" To raise the song of grief.
" Her soul was fixed on Grudar.
" The secret look of her eye was his.
" ' When shalt thou come in thine arms,
" Thou mighty in the war ?'
" 'Take, Brassolis,' Cairbar came and said,
" Take, Brassolis, this shield of blood.
" Fix it on high within my hall,
" The armour of my foe !'
" Her soft heart beat against her side.

NEW TRANSLATION.

" On the dark heathy Golbun!
" They saw him on the mountain side,
" And the wrath of the heroes returned.
" They fought on the banks of Lubar;
" Crimor fell on the grass in his blood.
" Cairbar came to the hall of feasts; *
" To Brasolis of sweetest voice,
" His dear and the fairest of his sisters.
" Of Crimor was the song of the maid,
" The youth of her secret love.
" She wept that he mingled in the host;
" While waiting his return from the field.
" From her light robe appeared
" Her heaving breast, like the full moon of night,
" When its disk begins to emerge
" From the darkness of its shade to light.
" *Her voice † was soft as the harp,*
" *While she raised the song of grief;*
" *(Her eye was like a star.)*
' *When wilt thou come, in thine arms, O youth of renown?*'

' Take thou, Brasolis,' said Cairbar,
' Take the bossy ‡ shield of war;
' Hang it up on the wall with care. §
' It is of the armour of my foe.'
" Her soft heart beat against her side.

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* The generous hall.
† Mouth.
‡ Spotted.
§ Where it may not rust.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

" Distracted, pale, she flew.
" She found her youth in all his blood ;
" She died on Cromla's heath.
" Here rests their dust, Cuthullin,
" These lonely yews sprung from their tombs,
" And shade them from the storm.
" Fair was Brassolis on the plain !
" Stately was Grudar on the hill !
" The bard shall preserve their names,
" And send them down to future times !"
" Pleasant is thy voice, O Carril,"
Said the blue-eyed chief of Erin.
" Pleasant are the words of other times !
" They are like the calm shower of spring ;
" When the sun looks on the field,
" And the light cloud flies over the hills.
" O strike the harp in praise of my love !
" The lonely sun-beam of Dunscaith.
" Strike the harp in the praise of Bragela ;
" She that I left in the Isle of Mist,
" The spouse of Semo's son !
" Dost thou raise thy fair face from the rock,
" To find the sails of Cuthullin ?
" The sea is rolling distant far ;
" Its white foam deceives thee for my sails.

NEW TRANSLATION.

" Distracted, pale, to the heath she flew.
" She found him dead. She died on the hill. 620
" Here rests their dust, Cuchullin.
" A slender yew shoots up from their grave.
" *Fair wast thou, Brasolis, from the sea :*
" *Stately was Crimor from the sides of the hills.*
" *The bards shall preserve your fame,* 625
" *While the tide of the ocean flows.*"

" Pleasant is thy voice, O Carril, to me,"
Said the blue-eyed chief of Erin :
" Pleasant are thy words, O bard, on the hill,
" Which recal the times of renown. 630
" They are like the gentle rain,
" When the sun shines on the field,
" (When) a slight shadow travels along the hill,
" And the breeze is gentle and soft.
" Strike the harp, son of Fena, strike ; 635
Extol, O Carril, my distant love,
" The sun-beam of sea-bound Dunscaich ;
" Bragela * of the soft-rolling eye,
" Whom I left in the isle of hosts,
" The young, the modest, matchless spouse of Semo's [son.
" Dost thou raise thy lovely face 641
" From the rock, to behold my sails ?
" Nought but the void sea canst thou behold.
" The foam of the waves is not (the ship of) thy hero.

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* White-bosomed girl.

MACPHERSON'S TRANSLATION.

" Retire, for it is night, my love;
" The dark winds sing in thy hair.
" Retire to the halls of my feasts;
" Think of the times that are past.
" I will not return till the storm of war is ceased.
" O Connal! speak of war and arms,
" And send her from my mind.
" Lovely, with her flowing hair,
" Is the white-bosomed daughter of Sorglan."
Connal, slow to speak, replied,
" Guard against the race of ocean.
" Send thy troop of night abroad,
" And watch the strength of Swaran.
" Cuthullin! I am for peace,
" Till the race of Selma come;
" Till Fingal come, the first of men,
" And beam, let the sun, on our fields!"
The hero struck the shield of alarms,
The warriors of the night moved on!
The rest lay in the heath of the deer,
And slept beneath the dusky wind.
The ghosts of the lately dead were near,
And swam on the gloomy clouds;
And far distant, in the dark silence of Lena,
The feeble voices of death were faintly heard.

NEW TRANSLATION.

" Retire from the rock ; it is night (my love) ;
" The blast of the hills is round thy head :
" From the doubtful field I shall not return,
" While the rout continues in the plain.
" O Connal, by the tale of war, *
" Banish from my mind the daughter of heroes,
" Whose face is fair, with her locks of gold,
" The daughter of illustrious Sorglan."

The soft-speaking Connal replied ;
" Set a watch over the strangers of ocean ;
" Place a troop in yonder grove,
" To observe the motions of Swaran.
" Cuchullin, my soul is for peace,
" Till, from lofty Alba, they come,
" The brave warriors, with Fingal, the king,
" The chief of heroes in the strife of the field."
He struck, as a signal, his shield.
The watch moved along on the hills.
The troops reposed on the bending heath,
Beneath the stars and the wind of night ;
The ghosts of heroes slain in war,
(In) dusky clouds high float around :
Afar, on the silence of Lena,
Was heard the shriek of death.

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* Account of the battle.

NOTES

BY

THE TRANSLATOR.

In a literal translation of almost seven hundred lines of epic poetry, executed in the vacant intervals of a few days, amidst a variety of important avocations, little choice of expression, or elegance of style can be expected. All that could be attempted or proposed was, to convey to the mind of the English reader, in plain and perspicuous language, the great and leading ideas of the Gaelic Bard. But nothing can be more unfair than to form an estimate of the beauty and sublimity of the original poem, from the present imperfect imitation. Nothing, indeed, could have induced the translator of this specimen, to intrude himself upon the public, in a situation in which he must be exposed to much criticism and censure from a variety of quarters, and in circumstances so unfavourable, but considerations which, he trusts, will plead for him in the mind of every candid reader. The preceding sheets of the accompanying Dissertation, were in the hands of the printer, and nearly printed off, before he was applied to for the present translation; and some days more elapsed before he could engage (on account of previous arrangements) to furnish it. For this reason, he wished to decline the undertaking. But no other person, at hand, was thought of, who could do it in so short a time; and the writer being urged to the performance, could not deny any assistance which he was thought capable of rendering to the gentlemen, who, with much personal trouble, were engaged in publishing the following edition of the poems of Ossian; nor appear wanting in any exertions in his power, to throw light on a subject which has so long and so keenly agitated the literary world.

The foregoing translation is faithful, as far as the translator understood the meaning of the words in the two languages; and literal, as far as he was capable of rendering the words of the one language literally into the other. Of this, not only the Gaelic, but also the Latin scholar, will be able to form a judgment.

The lines of each translation are numbered on the margin, and are referred to in the Notes, as follows, viz. M. T. Macpherson's Translation; and N. T. New Translation.

[1] N. T. line 1. *Cuchullin.*] Sometimes it is written Cuthullin. Let it here be observed, that in reading the poems of Ossian, the letters *th* in proper names, ought always to be pronounced as a gentle aspirate, or like *h* only. The letters *c* and *g*, ought always in the same circumstances, to be pronounced hard.

[2] N. T. line 2. *In the shade of a RUSTLING TREE.*] "Literally, "Under the shadow of the tree of the sounding (not rustling) leaf." But as the sound of the leaves of a tree is a rustling sound, the translation is perfectly good, and abundantly literal.

[3] N. T. line 3. *His spear leaned against the ROCK OF CAVES.*] It is well known to those who are in any degree acquainted with Gaelic composition and discourse, that in poetical language, and particularly in descriptive poetry, it is very common for the speaker, when describing any natural object, instead of using epithets expressive of the circumstances or qualities of that object, to use the genitive plural of the corresponding noun; as in the instance before us, of the *rock of caves or caverns*, instead of the *caverned* or *clefted rock.* It is equally well known to all who have attended to the subject, that this form of speech in Gaelic, is peculiar, or nearly so, to poetical language; and that the frequent use of it in common conversation, or in prose composition, would be laughed at by the most illiterate Highlander, as the effect of the grossest ignorance or affectation. The omission of these circumstances or qualities by a translator, when no appropriate epithets occur in his own language, is a manifest injustice to the original poet. Of this injustice, Mr. Macpherson is often guilty; an example of which occurs in this same line, which he translates, *His spear leaned against a rock.* This translation is the more faulty, as it is probable that the poet meant, not merely to say that Cuchullin's spear leaned against *a* rock in general; but that it leaned against *some particular rock*, near Tura, well known to those to whom the poem might have been recited,

and distinguished from all other rocks in the neighbourhood of that place, by its containing several caves or caverns.

The writer of the foregoing new translation, has retained the original form of expression, as often as it was possible consistently with the idiom of the English language. When this could not be done, he adopted the most appropriate epithets which occurred to him. Thus, in line 8, the description of the son of Fithil, who, in the original is said to be swift, and *of high steps*, is translated, " *The swift high-bounding son of Fithil.*" Both these epithets, so happily descriptive of a frightened scout, are omitted by Mr. Macpherson, who was not sparing of epithets, in many cases, where they could be used with much less propriety than the above.

It may be proper to observe, that the frequent occurrence of the form of expression above alluded to, shews that the original work has at least high *pretensions* to poetical distinction.

[4] N. T. line 6. *A hero he had slain in WAR.*] The word *garbh-chòmhrag*, here translated *war*, literally signifies *fierce conflict*, and its meaning does not necessarily require that war should be here understood in the general acceptation of that word. The circumstance, indeed, of Cuchullin's thoughts having dwelt so much on the death of this particular hero, seems to imply that the death of Cairbar was the consequence of a personal encounter with him. But as war, in those days, was generally carried on, and battles were fought by a species of multiplied single combat, in which man grappled with man, and chief with chief; and as the original does not positively bear that this event happened in single combat, as now understood, the word *war* has been retained in this translation as sufficiently literal.

[5] N. T. line 11. *Chief of the FEAST.*] The word *féill*, here translated *feast*, does signify a feast, but it is a feast of a particular kind, for which the translator knows no name in the English vocabulary. The proper Gaelic of an English feast or entertainment is *cuirm*, or *fleagh*. The word *féill* signifies that entertainment which the chief gave to his vassals, and at which he himself presided; and it includes the company present, as well as the feast by which the company was entertained. Hence, in modern language, *féill* signifies a *fair* or *market*, which certainly includes the idea of the people, who in fact constitute the fair, as well as of the goods exposed for sale, and the amusements there expected or enjoyed. From these remarks may be seen the

inimitable beauty and propriety of the phrase, *ceann-uidhe na féille*, as applied by the scout to Cuchullin. The beauty of the rest of the sentence is equally striking to the most superficial reader, and will bear the nicest criticism. "Haste, haste, thou chief of the feast. Great is "Swaran: numerous is his host." In Mr. Macpherson's translation, it is mere tautology. "Many, chief of men, are the *foe*; many the "*heroes* of the sea-borne Swaran."

[6] M. T. line 19. *Tall as a GLITTERING rock.*] In the first editions, this was translated, *tall as a rock of ICE*. But the idea of feebleness connected with that simile, appeared so incongruous to the author of it, that he soon changed it into the epithet *glittering*. Both, however, are equally unwarranted by the original. The new translation, "like a rock is the hero," or, "the hero is like a rock," though as nearly literal as possible, does not do justice to the Gaelic expression. The word *coimeas*, here used, is not synonymous with *mar*, (like, or as), in the two following lines; or with *cos'lach*, which signifies *like* in external appearance; but seems rather to imply resemblance in some internal quality; and might in this instance perhaps be better translated by some such epithet as *strong*, *firm*, *bold;* thus, firm as a rock, or strong as a rock, is the hero. If this conjecture be well founded, it is evident that Mr. Macpherson mistook the meaning of his original. At any rate, he had no more authority from the Gaelic poem, to make Swaran shine like a *glittering rock*, than he had to constitute him a *rock of ice*.

[7] M. T. line 20. *His spear is a BLASTED PINE.*] In the former editions, "His spear is like that blasted fir." The first edition is very bad; because no poet of real genius would compare the spear of a hero to a *blasted* tree, which conveys the idea of weakness, not of strength. The last edition is ridiculously absurd; for it absolutely constitutes the spear a blasted pine. Yet it is easy to see how an ignorant translator might fall into this blunder. The Gaelic words, *giubhas air scorr-bheinn*, signify *a fir on the rocky projection of a great mountain*. Our translator, supposing that a tree could not live in such a situation, instantly condemned it to death, and told his readers that the spear of Swaran *resembled* a blasted fir. But having afterwards probably read Milton's description of Satan, in which his spear is compared to a Norwegian pine, and conceiving *pine* to be a better sounding word than *fir*, he substituted, without ceremony, the one for the other; and with equal facility made the frightened Moran pronounce the spear of Swaran *to*

be a blasted pine, though the man had probably never seen a pine in his life.

The true poet of nature knew better things; and the image which he presents to the mind is one of the most picturesque, sublime, and beautiful, in the whole compass of nature.

[8] N. T. line 24. *Leader of STRANGERS.*] The Gaelic word *dàimh*, which in this place, and throughout the whole poems of Ossian, evidently signifies strangers, foreigners, or invaders, is now, so far as the translator knows, quite obsolete in that sense; nor is there any compound of the word, which seems to have the smallest reference to that meaning. The word *dàimh*, in modern Gaelic, signifies blood, relation, affection, or attachment; and its compound, *dàimhal*, signifies kind, affectionate, attached. The frequent occurrence of this word in these poems, in a sense totally different from that in which it is now universally understood, is a proof that the poems are not of yesterday.

[9] M. T. line 26. *Well art thou named the Mighty Man.*] There is not in the original the smallest perceivable foundation for this line. Indeed the whole paragraph seems to have been completely misunderstood by Mr. Macpherson. This will appear, by comparing his imitation, either to the Latin, or to the new English translation. A good Gaelic scholar, on reading the original attentively, will easily account for this mistake of the translator, from a certain apparent indistinctness which the poet very artfully admits into the woeful narrative of this trembling herald; but which entirely escaped the original translator.

[10] M. T. line 32. *They FALL to earth by my hand.*] There is here an evident corruption of the original; arising, probably, from the ignorance or inaccuracy of the first writer. Every Gaelic scholar will see, that the true reading must be, either,

" Cha sheasadh do ghaisgich 'nam fhianuis,
" Ach *thuiteadh* gu h-ìosal fo m' làimh;"

or,

" Cha sheas do ghaisgich nam fhianuis,
" Ach *tuitidh* gu h-ìosal fo m' làimh."

The literal English of the Gaelic in the text is,

" Thy heroes would not stand in my presence;
" But *fulling* low beneath my hand."

[11] M. T. line 41. *Heroes stood AT A DISTANCE, and trembled.*] Here there is another evident misconception of the original. The Gaelic words are, "Chrith laoich, bu treun, air cùl lann." Literally, heroes trembled, who were brave, at the back of their weapons. Mr. Macpherson, taking the words in their literal sense, conceived, from the heroes being behind their weapons, that they must have retired, perhaps, behind the baggage, and stood at a considerable distance; and translated accordingly. Whereas, the words *laoch treun air cùl lann;* or, *duine treun air cùl claidheimh*, merely express, in a phrase well known in all parts of the Highlands, a brave man, or a man who handles his sword well.

[12] N. T. line 53. *It is high on the WALL OF SPEARS.*] What induced Mr. Macpherson to convert this wall on which the armour of Tura was disposed, into *Tura's rustling gate*, it is impossible to conjecture.

[13] M. T. line 54. *My heroes shall hear and obey.*] Here is an unaccountable and glaring deviation from the original, to the manifest injury of this paragraph, and of the following one. See the new translation.

[14] M. T. line 74. *When the dark winds pour it on rocky Cuthon.*] This line is wanting in the original.

[15] M. T. line 101. *It is like the dark rolling of that wave on the coast!*] This high-sounding, but dark and unmeaning line, has no foundation in the original; and its insertion completely destroys the beauty and coherence of the whole paragraph. Mr. Macpherson, after telling us that another sport besides that of hunters of the deer, is drawing near, informs us that this new sport is like the dark rolling of a sea wave; and then abruptly asks us, whether we shall fight this dark-rolling sport, or *yield green Erin to Lochlin!* Is this the language of a great and wise commander, addressing his associates in arms, in a grand council of war, assembled on the most pressing emergency? Or does it not rather resemble the incoherent ravings of a maniac?

In the original, all is clear, natural and impressive. There we are informed that the enemy has already arrived off our coast, and is advancing with rapid progress along the shore, to the place of landing. In these circumstances, the question is most appropriate; for the alternative is inevitable. We *must* encounter the foe, or yield our country to his power.

[16] M. T. line 112. *Wilt thou lift thy father's SPEAR?*] Here the translator attempts to improve upon his original; but the attempt serves only to expose his own want of judgment and taste, and to demonstrate the great superiority of the true poet of nature. Cuchullin, on the approach of the enemy, calls a council of the great chiefs of Erin, to deliberate about the public safety. He lays before them the real state of things, and asks them what is to be done. He desires Connal to deliver his sentiments first, on account of his wisdom, his experience, and tried bravery; but knowing him to be a man of uncommon prudence and caution, peculiarly anxious for the ultimate success of his country, and the safety of the royal infant, and therefore likely to recommend conciliatory measures, he does not endeavour to inflame his calm mind with passion; he does not instigate him to rage against the presumptuous foe; he does not ask him, whether he will advise a bold attack upon the enemy, that with sword in hand they may rush forth upon him, and with one blow destroy his forces, or drive them back into the sea. No: but with that wisdom and perspicacity which so eminently became his situation, he asks the prudent Connal, whether he will join the other chiefs of Erin *to repel the attack* of the enemy; whether he is content, on this trying emergency, to be the bulwark of his country, the protector of the royal house of Cormac, and the defender of the cause of liberty. In the beautiful language of Ossian, he says,

"O chief, wilt thou lift thy father's SHIELD?"

Mr. Macpherson, overlooking all these circumstances, conceiving that it was a much bolder figure, to represent a man going forward with lifted arms to battle, than standing coolly behind his shield; and regardless both of propriety, and of the original which he was bound to translate, says, in the name of Cuchullin,

"Wilt thou lift thy father's SPEAR?"

Can any candid reader, can any reader of taste, hesitate for a moment in regard to the real author, and the injudicious imitator of this speech?

[17] N. T. line 121. *As it mounts aloft ON THE DISTANT WAVE.*] This verse, though perfectly intelligible, and exceedingly beautiful and picturesque in the original, requires some explanation to the mere English reader. Literally rendered, it is "Rising up on the "edge or border of the shore." To see the propriety of this phraseology,

it is necessary to observe, that the army of Cuchullin seems to have been stationed in a place from which they could see that part of the ocean in which the enemy's fleet was sailing along the coast; the part nearest the land being hid by a small eminence, just bordering upon the shore. In this situation, the swelling of the waves from time to time elevated the ships, which were as close in to the land as possible, and brought them full into the view of the Irish army, to which they appeared at that distance, as if rising up on the edge of the shore. With this explanation the new translation will appear sufficiently literal.

[18] M. T. line 117, 118. *Like REEDS in the LAKE of Lego, his ships are forests CLOTHED WITH MIST.*] In the original, the *masts* are not compared to *reeds*: but the ships are compared to a wood. Lego is not said to be a *lake;* but may as probably have been a bay of the sea; or possibly a mountain, or a woody district of country, inhabited by brave men. The forests are not said to be *clothed with mist.*

[19] M. T. line 125. *As STORMY WINDS the HEATH.*] In the original it is a poetical phrase for the whirlwind: literally the contest of storms. It is not heath, but grass; perhaps cut grass, but that is not said. In this line the Gaelic scholar will perceive another corruption of the original. No man acquainted with the grammatical and correct construction of the language would say, Fionnghal a sgapadh na seoid, Mar charraid nan sian *ri* feur; but, Fionnghal a sgapadh na seoid mar charraid (*i. e.* mar a sgapadh carraid) nan sian *am* feur. Such a corruption must have arisen either from the carelessness of the rehearser, or from the ignorance of the recorder.

[20] M. T. line 127. *And night settles with all her clouds on the hill.*] The beauty of the original is absolutely inimitable. Every one who is capable of estimating true poetry aright, will say so. Macpherson has not even preserved the idea. The new translation is literal; but it is tame in comparison with the Gaelic.

"And Morven is wrapt in the robe of heaven."

[21] N. T. line 138. *Pierce with thine ARROW the roes of Lena.*] The word *iui*, or *fiui*, here used in the Gaelic for arrow, is now unknown, the translator believes, in the Highlands, and is nowhere to be met with but in the poems of Ossian, where it frequently occurs.

[22] M. T. line 140—146. *Rise, ye dark winds of Erin, rise! &c.*]—It is hardly possible to suppose that Mr. Macpherson could have consi-

dered these lines as a translation, or even as a paraphrase of the corresponding lines in the original poem. If he did, his knowledge of either, or of both the languages, must have been slender indeed. It is more probable that he was reading the history of Pandemonium, about the same time that he was employed in translating Ossian's poems, and wished to embellish the rude effusions of the Irish chieftains, with some shining ornaments from the speeches of the fallen angels. Hence, perhaps, the introduction of this rhapsody, which seems to be a clumsy imitation of a part of the speech of Belial; but which has no more connection with the speech of Calmar, than the ravings of Sancho Panza with the sublimity of the Paradise Lost. The speech of Calmar is a model of its kind; and is clear, forcible, animated, and consistent throughout. He begins with reprobating, in the strongest terms, the peaceful council of Connal; he upbraids that chief with cowardice or disaffection; tells him to depart from the army, and engage in a species of warfare more congenial to his pusillanimous mind; he counsels Cuchullin instantly to attack, to scatter, and destroy the enemy, so that not a soul of them should ever return to sea; and then by one of the boldest and happiest figures that ever entered into the mind even of a great poet, he advises him to follow up his anticipated victory, and to avenge the insult offered to his native island, by carrying the war into the enemy's country. "On the raging sea of Innistore," he says, "let the "wind of Erin rise with strength; let the black tempest descend from "on high." He concludes his speech with the animated declaration which follows. See the N. T.

[23] N. T. line 140. *High chief of our numerous bands.*] In Gaelic, *Chinn-fheadhna nam fear's nan DA`IMH.* Literally, *Chief of heroes (i. e. native warriors) and of foreigners.* It has been already observed (note 8) that the Gaelic word *dàimh*, which, in the poems of Ossian, always signifies strangers, foreigners, or invaders, is now unknown in that sense, and on the contrary signifies blood, relation, affection, or attachment; and that its compound *dàimhal*, signifies kind, affectionate, attached. So remarkable a change in the meaning of a word of very common occurrence in the intercourse of society, is a circumstance of considerable importance in the history of language, and ought not to be passed over in silence. Perhaps the line just quoted may throw some light upon the subject. There the word *dàimh*, is evidently used to express strangers, in contradistinction to the native troops. But, being strangers

associated with the natives, under the command of one common chief, and having one common object in view, they were strangers with whom the natives were connected by the ties of gratitude and friendship; consequently, the word *dàimh*, when used with reference to them, would gradually change its original meaning; and instead of suggesting the idea of an enemy or invader, would, in progress of time, represent an auxiliary or friend; and in the natural vicissitude of language, would at last lose its original signification altogether, and come to express the most intimate connection, or the strongest attachment in the ordinary relations of life.

The above hint was communicated by an ingenious friend.

[24] M. T. lines 159, 160. *My joy shall be*, &c.] These two lines are wanting in the Gaelic original.

[25] M. T. line 174. *Where is that CLOUD IN WAR, Duchomar?*] The expression, *cloud in war*, seems to have been borrowed by Mr. Macpherson from Homer; and is used in this line, and in line 186. The Gaelic, literally translated, is, in the former, *Duchomar of virtues, the chief;* and in the latter, *Duchomar of gloomy aspect.*

[26] M. T. lines 190—192. *A mist of the marshy Leno*; *when it moves on the plains of autumn*, *bearing the death of thousands along.*] These three lines are inserted by the translator, and are probably borrowed from the twenty-second book of the Iliad; where Achilles, rushing along the plain, is compared to the dog-star, which rises in autumn, and spreads destruction among the people.

[27] M. T. lines 195, 196. *Like a star, that SHOOTS across the desert.*] Shooting stars, and red meteors, are favourite images of Mr. Macpherson's, which he employs, on many occasions, without the least propriety or taste. No clearer proof of this can be conceived, than the passage which is just before us; where, without the smallest authority from his original, he compares the premature death of a young woman to a star shooting across a desart, when the traveller is alone, and mourns the transient beam.

The image which the Gaelic bard presents, is that of a lonely traveller passing through a dark valley, under the silence of night, guided in his progress by the light of a single star, and lamenting its absence, when it sets behind the hill. The propriety of this figure must strike every reflecting reader; who knows, that to a person in such a situation, the light of a single star is of incomparably more importance, and yet of much shorter continuance, than if the same person were travelling on an eminence, or in an open country.

[28] N. T. line 206. *In the dark and narrow house.*] In Gaelic, *Anns an talla chaol gun leus:* Literally, *In the narrow hall without a torch,* [fir candle.] The word *talla*, here translated *hall*, in its primary and original translation, is a cleft or opening in a rock,* and hence, *mac-talla*, the son of the hall, is the Gaelic word to express an *echo*. *Leus* signifies a *torch* made of small slips of dried fir roots, which are chiefly used for light in the houses of the lower classes in the Highlands to the present day. The expression is exceedingly poetical, beautiful, and appropriate. It is proper indeed to observe, that as *the Gael*, or old Caledonians, buried their dead *in stone coffins*, nothing can describe a grave more properly than "the dark and narrow house."

[29] M. T. line 210. *Morna, fairest among women.*] This line, in the original, is evidently corrupted. No Gaelic scholar would say, *A Mhuirne, a's glaine measg nam MNA`;* the word *mnà* being the genitive singular, instead of the genitive plural, *ban*, which the sense requires. Probably the original poet said *mnaoi*, a word well known to signify a woman; but now obsolete in the gen. plur.; which case is the same in Gaelic as the nom. sing. As the line stands at present, the literal English is, *O Morna, fairest among the women.* Dr. Stuart, than whom no man is a better judge, in translating a similar passage in the book of Canticles, makes it, "O thusa a's àillidh am measg bhan." [Faic Dàn Sholaimh, Caib. I. v. 8.]

[30] N. T. lines 219, 220, 221.

Thy ringlets are like the mist of Cromla,
When it climbs the side of the hill,
In the beams of the western sun.

This simile is one of the most elegant and beautiful, to be met with in the works of any poet. In the original, it is inimitably fine. The translation of Mr. Macpherson is a mass of absolute confusion, unlike to any thing in the compass of nature. The *hair* is *mist;* that *mist* one while *curls* on a hill, and again *shines* to a *beam of the west.*

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* Perhaps *talla* originally meant those clefts or caves in which men, in a savage state, at first took shelter, and the same word came afterwards to be applied to other sorts of habitations. J. S.

[31] M. T. lines 224, 225.

> Thy arms like two white pillars,
> In the halls of the great Fingal.

These two lines have not the smallest foundation in the original.

[32] N. T. line 230—237. *From the hill*, &c.] Of this short paragraph, consisting of eight lines, two lines are wanting in Macpherson's translation, and other three lines are introduced, which are not in the original. The superiority of the passage, as it stands in the Gaelic poem, to that which Macpherson gives as the translation, must strike the most superficial reader. See the new translation.

[33] N. T. line 255.

> Lo, on this sharp-edged sword
> *To its very back*, is the blood of Cathbat.

The superiority of the original, and of the new translation, is very conspicuous in these two lines.

[34] M. T. line 258. *He fell by the STREAM of Branno.*] A few lines before, Branno was mentioned as a rocky mountain, the sides of which were washed by many foaming streams. The absurdity of introducing it here as a *stream*, is therefore very remarkable. The absurdity, however, is chargeable on the translator, not on the original poet.

[35] M. T. line 275. *He fell like the bank of a mountain stream.*] In the original, He fell by the side of his great streams; i. e. on the bank of a great river. For this the poet had prepared his readers, by informing them a little before (line 215), that when Duchomar met with Morna on the hill, a stream murmured by her side.

[36] M. T. line 287—290.

> " *She came, in all her tears she came;*
> " *She DREW the sword from his breast.*
> " *He PIERCED her white side!*
> " *HE SPREAD her fair locks on the ground!*"

Here the translator, hardly ever faithful to his original, departs entirely from the sense of the Gaelic poem, and disgusts his readers with the undigested and absurd extravagancies of his own confused imagination. *He* tells us, that Morna, who stabbed Duchomar, came afterwards, at his request, and *drew* the sword from his breast; upon which, though the sword was in the hands of Morna, he adds, that Duchomar pierced her white side without a weapon, and then took the trouble to spread her fair locks on the ground. What a contrast to the simple tale of the poet of nature! It tells us, that Morna approached Duchomar *to draw* the sword from his side; but that, as soon as she came within the reach of his arm, he seized her by the breast, and, by a last desperate effort of expiring nature, drew the sword from his own side, and plunged it into her heart. He adds, in all the simplicity of nature, "She fell; her locks "*were spread* on the ground." See the new translation.

[37] M. T. line 302, 303.

> "*But be thou ON a moon-beam, O Morna!*
> "*NEAR THE WINDOW OF MY REST.*"

The idea of the moon shining in upon him through a window, was probably suggested to Macpherson by the vision of Æneas, recorded in the third book of the Æneid. Ossian too might have availed himself of this incident: But it is probable that he had never seen that celebrated poem; and though he had, it is most likely he could not have read the language in which it was composed.

[38] M. T. line 346. *The car, the car of war comes on.*] Of all the objections, which have ever been brought forward against the authenticity of Ossian's poems, the objection arising from the description of Cuchullin's chariot is allowed on all hands to be the most formidable. The idea of a chariot existing in the Highlands of Scotland, or in Ireland, above fourteen hundred years ago, of a magnificence corresponding to the description given of the car of Cuchullin in the first book of Fingal, is represented by the objectors, as a conceit so extravagant, as not to merit a serious refutation; and even by those who believe that the poems of Ossian are authentic, is considered as not easily defensible on any known grounds. But the claims of such a work ought not to be rashly given up, on account of an objection which may perhaps be found to derive all its force from the ignorance or misconception of modern times.

Without entering at large into this controversy, which the writer of this translation has neither leisure nor inclination to do, it may not be improper to state a few facts, not hitherto noticed, which will have considerable weight with every unprejudiced reader.

1. It will be allowed by every competent judge, that the disputed

passage, as it stands in the original Gaelic, contains one of the most exquisite pieces of descriptive poetry to be found in any language; that it cannot possibly be the production of an ordinary genius, or of a person not perfectly master of the language in which it was composed; and that it is impossible to conceive it to be translated from any other language, by any effort of human genius.

2. It will be seen, by comparing the original Gaelic with Macpherson's translation, that Macpherson has introduced a variety of thoughts and circumstances into his version, which have been manifestly borrowed from other authors, and which throw over the whole an appearance of clumsy patch-work, from which the original is completely free. Thus, where Macpherson represents the car as coming on *like the flame of death*, a figure borrowed probably from some old superstitious ballad, of which there are many in the Highlands of Scotland, the original poet says, "That the strong car of battle moves over the plain *with death.*" The absurdity of comparing the curvature behind the car, first to a wave near a rock, and next to the sun-streaked mist of the heath, is not vindicated by the original, where it is compared to a wave, or to mist round the cliff of a rock. The sides being replenished with spears, and the bottom being the foot-stool of heroes, are ideas borrowed perhaps from the description of Solomon's chariot, in the book of Canticles; but are not suggested by the original, where the car is said merely to be the vehicle of spears, of shields, of swords, and of heroes. The incongruous and fantastic figure of a *stream* of *smoke* on a *ridge* of rocks, is not in the Gaelic poem; but the horse's forelock is said to be like a small cloud of mist on the top of a hill. There is no mention of eagles *descending on their prey*, a simile borrowed by Macpherson probably from sacred Scripture. The name of either of the horses is not *Sulinsifadda*, but *Sithfada*, or Longpace; a name beautifully descriptive of the last property of swiftness ascribed to him by the poet, but omitted entirely by the translator.

3. Every one, who knows the Highlands of Scotland, must know that *clocha-buadh*, precious stones or gems (literally stones of virtue), are very common in these districts, and are used for purposes of superstition by many old women to the present day.

4. It ought to be remarked, that the speaker on the present occasion is a native of Scandinavia, a country famous, from the earliest ages, for producing great quantities of the most beautiful amber; to whom, of

consequence, the appearance of this gem must have been familiar; that his distance from the chariot of Cuchullin, and his haste to report its approach to Swaran, did not admit of his examining accurately whether it was studded with gems or not; that his terror would lead him to magnify all the objects connected with the impending danger of his countrymen; and that the poet may have received an account of the substance of his speech from deserters, or by a variety of other means.

5. The minuteness of the description can be considered as no objection whatever, as the whole speech may have been delivered in the space of one minute and a half of time.

[39] M. T. lines 365, 366.

> Bright are the sides of the steed!
> His name is Sulin-Sifadda!

In Gaelic,

> Bu shoilleir dhreach, 's bu luath
> 'Shiubhal; Sithfada b'e 'ainm.

Literally,

> Bright was his colour; and swift was
> His motion; Long-pace was his name.

In this passage Mr. Macpherson evidently mistook the meaning of the original, and his mistake may be fairly ascribed to his ignorance of the Gaelic language. For, having supposed that *siubhal sifada* was something equivalent to *suilean chifada*, i. e. eyes which see afar, he gave the horse this latter name; thus separating the last line from the first, with which the sense indissolubly connects it: but perceiving the absurdity of rendering the whole of the first line in this detached form by itself, (which would run thus, Bright was his colour, and swift,) he left out the last epithet altogether, and so omitted an important quality of the animal, which the original poet distinctly pointed out; and gave him a name extremely different, both in orthography and in meaning, from the true name, and to which we find nothing corresponding in any previous part of the description.

[40] M. T. lines 403, 404.]

> *Were Fingal himself before me,*
> *My soul should not darken with fear.*

These two lines are wanting in the original.

[41] M. T. line 411—417. *Like autumn's DARK STORMS*, &c.] In Gaelic, Mar *thoirm* fhoghair o dhă bheinn. Here the Gaelic is again corrupted or misunderstood, and one of the most sublime passages in the whole poem is, by mistaking a single word, reduced in the translation to a dull and unmeaning, though pompous tautology. Thus the approach of the hostile armies is first compared to the *storms* of autumn, *pouring* from two echoing hills, and in the same breath, to two deep streams from high rocks meeting. Whereas in the original, the shout of battle, before the engagement, is compared to the thunder (*torman*, or *torrunn*, not *thoirm*) of autumn, reverberating from two mountains; and the encounter is then described as resembling two torrents meeting each other from two opposing rocks, &c. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of these comparisons.

Even allowing that *thoirm* is the true reading in the original, it must still be translated *thunder*, and can never be understood to signify storm, the proper meaning of the word being a *rumbling noise.*

[42] M. T. line 425—430.

Spears fall like the circles of light,
Which gild the face of night.

Here Mr. Macpherson crowds two lines into one sentence, which in the original belong to two different paragraphs, and so destroys one of the finest climaxes in the poem. The original poet having endeavoured to describe the engagement by the enumeration of a variety of minute and particular circumstances, such as, the fierce encounter of chief with chief, and man with man, the crash of arms, the copious effusion of human blood, the hollow twang of bow-strings, the flight of arrows, and the fall of broken spears; and conceiving that this minute detail came short of the horrors of the awful scene, proceeds to depict them in more general and impressive terms; and for this purpose, summons the most sublime images in nature to his aid, and disposes them with exquisite taste and skill:

" As the lightning of night on the hill;
" As the loud roar of the sea,
" When rolls the wave on high;
" As thunder behind the rocks;
" Were the fury and noise of the battle."

In the new translation, the proper pointing and division of sentences are restored.

[43] M. T. line 443—446. *When in the midst of thousands he ROARED.*] Of this paragraph, which ought to consist of six lines, two lines are inserted by Macpherson, probably from Thomson's Winter; two are mistranslated; and two are wanting. There is nothing in the original corresponding to Swaran's *roaring like the shrill spirit of a storm.* It is not, of consequence, the shrill spirit of a storm which is said to sit on the cloud, and enjoy the death of the mariner: it is the ghost of the mariner, which, agreeably to the well known mythology of Ossian, sits on the cloud, after his death, and looks down on the face of the sea, the recent scene of his distress and shipwreck.

[44] M. T. line 447—460. *Nor slept thy hand by thy side, &c.*] The deviations from the original in this paragraph, are very numerous and striking. The isle of Cuchullin is in Gaelic called the *isle of gentle showers.* It was perhaps by way of being witty, that the translator denominated these *showers* a Scotch *mist.* The third and fourth lines are inserted by Macpherson. The *beam* of heaven *piercing* the sons of the vale, and the *blasting* of the people, are conceits of the same authority. Dusronnal is not said by Ossian to snort over the *bodies* or the *souls* of heroes. It is not said that the *battle* lay behind the other steed, as *groves* overturned on the *desart* of Cromla; but that many heroes lay behind him, as trees along the banks of a torrent, on the side of the rainy Cromla: a simile, than which none can be conceived more appropriate or striking. The blast is not said to be *laden* with *spirits;* an absurdity too gross for any reflecting mind; but merely to pass through the heath with the airy ghost of night.

[45] M. T. lines 475, 476.

" His bow is *in the hall* unstrung.
" *No sound* is in the hill of his hinds."

Literally, from the Gaelic,

" His bow is bare and unstrung;
" His *death-shriek is heard* on the hill."

The other deviations in this paragraph are numerous, but unimportant, and may be seen by comparing the two translations.

[46] M. T. lines 483, 484.

> *Each hero is a PILLAR OF DARKNESS ;*
> *The sword a BEAM OF FIRE in his hand.*

No doubt these figures may have been borrowed from the book of Exodus, but not by the original poet ; who tells us, in the beautiful simplicity of real observation, or of chaste and correct fancy,—" There " were the groans of death, the hard crash of contending arms ; shields " and mails in shivers on the ground ; swords in all hands [or waving] " like lightning in the air."

[47] M. T. line 492. *The LITTLE HILLS are troubled around.*] This is another Scripture quotation, borrowed from the book of Psalms. The following line contains a conceit equally stupid, and absurd :—the idea of rocks trembling under the enormous weight of *all their moss*, was worthy of the sublime genius of the author of the HIGHLANDER and the HUNTER. Ossian could conceive nothing half so noble or so grand. He merely says, with all the tameness of indolence,

> " The face of the hill is moved,
> " The rocks of the ocean tremble."

This is the language of a man who does not take the trouble to borrow his descriptions from books, but who presumes that he can think and compose with equal facility.

The whole of the remaining part of the paragraph is translated with as little regard to the original as the former part. But it would be endless to point out particular instances of deviation.

[48] M. T. line 524. *For COLD and BLEAK the blustering winds.*] In the original, there are only two epithets employed in this line, and neither of these signifies either *cold* or *bleak*. One of them may perhaps be translated *blustering*, without impropriety ; but *boisterous* and *noisy* seem to be the two English words which correspond most nearly to the words *forumach* and *fuaimear* in the Gaelic.

[49] M. T. lines 553, 554.

> *Or Erin's torrents shall shew from their hills,*
> *The red foam of the blood of his pride.*

It is no wonder that the correct and elegant taste of Dr. Johnson was disgusted at such wretched conceits as the above, and many others which have been already pointed out in the translations of Macpherson. But he ought, in candour, to have done equal justice to the inimitable touches of nature, which, in spite of all these rhapsodies, have obtained for the poems the universal admiration of the world. In the original, there is nothing of that foolish pomposity of words, without any conceivable meaning, which so often occurs in the translation. The above passage, which is literally rendered in the new translation, is a beautiful poetical phrase for a man's being in full possession of a country; and is equivalent to the English phrase, of being infefted by earth and stone.

[50] M. T. line 588. *They saw him leaping LIKE SNOW.*] The stupidity of this conceit appears the more glaring, as the translator had told us, only a very few moments before (line 578), that the bull was a *spotted bull.* To account for this inconsistency, it is necessary only to suppose that Mr. Macpherson, when engaged in translating this line, had accidentally cast his eye upon the former line of the original, where the colour of the animal is represented as *white;* and determined to make him caper, if possible, declared that the young men saw him leaping *like snow;* forgetting, that in translating the former line, he had said, " Long had they strove for the *spotted bull.*" It may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that no original composer could have committed such a blunder.

[51] M. T. line 597. *She mourned him in the FIELD OF BLOOD.*] Literally, She tearful, and he being in the conflict of the hosts.

[52] M. T. line 600. *As the moon from the CLOUDS of night.*] There is nothing of clouds in the original. The figure unquestionably is, that of the moon beginning to emerge from a total eclipse. Whether Ossian has succeeded in the description which he has given of this phenomenon, remains to be decided by those who are competent judges of the matter.

[53] M. T. line 653. *Till the race of SELMA come.*] In the first editions, Till the race of the desart come. Neither of these lines is vindicated by the original, but appear to have been inserted at random by the translator.

These Notes might be extended to an indefinite length. Hardly a line occurs, which does not furnish matter for criticism or for censure. But it is not necessary to follow the translator into all his deviations from the original. The hints which have been here hastily thrown out, may be prosecuted with great advantage, by those who have leisure and inclination for such pursuits. If they shall appear to be well founded, and if the new translation shall appear to be faithful, they will go far to convince every candid mind, that if these poems were not originally composed by Ossian, some other author must be found for them, different from the English translator; and also to shew, that, if a translator shall be found, worthy of the Gaelic bard, he will present to the literary world a performance, interesting in no common degree, and to which nothing similar is to be found in THE WORKS OF JAMES MACPHERSON, ESQ.

Whoever has carefully examined the two translations above printed in opposition to each other, I flatter myself must be convinced, that Mr. Ross's new translation, furnishes *the strongest possible internal proofs*, that the Gaelic was the original, and Macpherson's prose, a loose, and in many parts, a turgid translation from that original;* and it will appear, from any accurate examination of the works in question, that the plagiarisms in Macpherson's translation, exist in the English, and not in the Gaelic, and are to be ascribed to the translator, and not to the original poet.

The language also of the new translation, as an ingenious critic † has well remarked, " appears " less pompous, more simple, and more appro- " priate than that of Macpherson: and besides " being free from those particular images and " forms of expression, which, in his, seem to be " borrowed from other sources; it presents us " with the story, and the images and sentiments " that enrich the story, in a more distinct and " defined manner; avoiding the great repetition " of general epithets, which give to the other,

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* See Appendix, No. 5, where the author has given some observations on the first thirty lines of the two translations. It would have extended this work to too great a length, had the whole first book of Fingal been examined in the same manner.

† Miss Baillie, the dramatic authoress.

" notwithstanding all its beauties, a fatiguing " sameness of which many readers have complained. This, I should think, must impress " the public at large with a belief, that the Gaelic " copy is the original, and Macpherson's a translation:—a translation too, by a writer of a " different character from the elder poet. In " confirmation of this opinion, I am sure that a " poem, in imitation of Macpherson's translation, " would be a much easier task to compose, than " one in imitation of the new translation."

But though Macpherson's translation is evidently inferior to the new translation, (to the original it must be infinitely more so), and though his conduct in regard to Ossian is doubtless in many particulars reprehensible, yet he is certainly not without some claims to merit. The same ingenious critic has remarked, " that whatever marks of false taste, or of having misunderstood the original, may be found in his " translation of Ossian, we are indebted to him " for having first introduced it to the world, in " a more attractive garb, than perhaps any other " man could at that time have given to it. He has " not always translated it as he ought, but he has " at least pointed out to those who shall follow " him, a way of doing it, which, without his " aid, might not perhaps have been discovered. " To him also we owe this Gaelic copy, which " he might so easily have burnt, assuming to

" himself the honours of an original poet; and for " these good deeds, whatever his demerits may be " in regard to other things, he ought not to be mentioned but with respect." These observations are just; at the same time, even his admirers and friends must acknowledge, that Mr. Macpherson might have acted a part, more creditable to himself, and less likely to prove injurious to the fame of one of the greatest poets recorded in history.*

§. III.

Whether the Poems of Ossian are entitled to those praises which have been bestowed upon them.

There are few literary works, whose reputation does not arise from the beauties discovered in them, by those who understand the original language in which they are written; and in general a translation conveys but a very imperfect idea indeed, of the beauties of the original. It is the most singular circumstance therefore, that perhaps ever attended any publication, that a translation evidently defective, should be considered so truly valuable, as to be transferred into all the civilized languages in Europe, and in all of them should be accounted a work of the greatest possible merit, and entitled to the highest praise.

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* Among the various beauties by which the works of Ossian are distinguished, his being a great dramatic author, is not generally known. I have therefore sketched out a scene from Ossian, (see Appendix, No. 6,) which will fully prove the merits of the Celtic bard in that respect.

In Great Britain, the Dissertation of the celebrated Dr. Blair, upon this subject, is justly considered to be one of the finest pieces of criticism, that ever was written. If this great judge could discover such beauties in Macpherson's translation, what would he not have done, had he enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing his favourite work, in a garb more resembling the original?

The sentiments of Cesarotti, whose translation of Ossian into the Italian, is so much prized by those who understand that language, will be found in the third volume of this publication, from which it will appear, that that ingenious author, ranks Ossian among the greatest of poets, and justly places him on the same shelf with Virgil and Homer.*

Besides the translation of Ossian into French, which was executed in prose by M. Le Tourneur, an. 1777, at the desire of the celebrated Turgot, a modern author, Baour-Lormian, has translated the greater part of those poems into French verse.* In his Preliminary Discourse he observes, " that though he does not wish to go " beyond just bounds, in the eulogiums which " he bestows, yet he does not hesitate to declare, " that Ossian astonishes his readers, by the splendour of his imagery, by the grandeur of his " sentiments, and the charms of his inventions. " When we examine attentively the scenes he " draws, we forget ourselves, and are in a manner " transported into the countries which he inhabited. We behold the steep mountain, the " solitary pine, the gloomy forest; we hear the " howling of high-bounding dogs, the eagles " screaming in their flight; we hear the tumultuous roaring of the torrent, and behold the " awful grandeur of the tempest; and when the " illusion fades away with the description, we " do not believe we were reading, we seem to " have awakened from a dream.

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* I feel much indebted to my ingenious coadjutor, John Macarthur, Esq. for his assistance in translating Cesarotti's notes to the first Book of Fingal; also the same author's valuable dissertation, and the interesting observations he has annexed to it, as printed at the end of the third volume.

" What can be purer than the morality of " Ossian? What hero of antiquity surpasses the " Celtic bard in feeling, or in magnanimity? " What was his conduct when a king, preserved " by his arms, offered him in marriage his daughter, who had a secret attachment for another " warrior. He discovers the circumstance, re-

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* Ossian, Poésies Galliques, en vers Français par Baour-Lormian. 1 vol. octavo, printed at Paris, anno 9.

" nounces his right to her, and though sensible " of her charms, unites her to the gallant soldier " whom she loved. Is the enemy whom he defies, is the proud stranger destroyed? Instead " of putting him to death, he offers him his hand. " Does Mathos enter Selma after violating hospitality with the wife he had ravished?— " No! He prevails on Fingal to appear with an " angry brow; he induces him to utter terrifying expressions; he accuses the ravisher of " the crime; he overwhelms him with his reproaches.

" The murderer of his son, the assassin of his " beloved Oscar, petitions him, through the intervention of Cathmor, to be admitted into the " palace of the winds. At the sighs of his plaintive spirit, he forgets his villainy, and assists " in chaunting his funeral hymn. He never admits that vengeance should be carried beyond " the tomb. He prizes humanity, good faith, " and piety, as highly as courage. Though his " life is spent in combat, though he delights in " peril, and though his greatest ambition is glory, " he always commences war with propositions " of peace. He prevents the effusion of blood, " by every means compatible with the fierceness " of his character, and the manners of the " times; his hymns, at the æra he composed " them, ought to have inspired virtue, and in

" our times, it must be felt by those, who take a " delight in their perusal."[*]

But there is no part of the European continent, where the poems of Ossian have been more the object of admiration, or where they have had such an influence on literature, as in Germany.

I regret much, that my acquaintance with German literature, is too limited, to enable me, from my own resources, to give any material information regarding this branch of the subject; but that deficiency is most amply recompensed, by the following extract of a letter from a near relation,[†] in which the progress that the works of Ossian have made in Germany, is explained with much clearness and ability:

> " Goethe was the first, it is said, who introduced the works of Ossian to the notice of the German public. In his celebrated novel, "The Sorrows of Werther," he gives a fine description of Ossianic scenery, and the effects it is calculated to produce upon a young and enthusiastic mind. In the same work we find a well executed translation of the poem, intituled " The " Songs of Selma," which Werther is made to read over to Charlotte at his last interview with her. It is to be regretted, that this author did not undertake a translation of the whole poems of Ossian. His eminent talents, and his thorough knowledge of the force and adaptation of the German language, would undoubtedly have enabled him to execute the task in the most satisfactory manner. It is a thought, which must often have occurred to those who have perused this production of Goethe's.

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[*] See Discours Préliminaire par Baour-Lormian, p. 12.

[†] John Colquhoun, Esq.

that the author, when engaged in the composition of this novel, had his mind filled with the characteristic imagery of Ossianic scenery; and the general cast of the work, and colour of his descriptions, seems to justify this idea. The following sentence, in the writings of another celebrated German author, tends to corroborate the above notion: "It is interesting," says Schiller, "to observe, with what happy instinct, all that can afford nou-"rishment to the sentimental character, is compressed in Wer-"ther. The enthusiasm of disappointed love, susceptibility "of impressions from external nature, religious feelings, the "spirit of philosophical contemplation,—last of all, that no-"thing may be omitted,—the dark and melancholy world of "Ossian." The last mentioned author makes the following remarks upon the character of the poetry of Ossian: "Ossian's "animated world," says he, "was scanty and uniform; the "inanimate world around him was great, colossal, majestic; "the latter therefore pressed itself upon him, and asserted a "better claim to the attention of the poet. For this reason, "inanimate nature, in contradistinction to man, is always pre-"dominant as an object, which calls forth the feelings. At "the same time, Ossian too complains already of the degene-"neracy of mankind; and however limited the sphere of civi-"lization and its corruptions among his countrymen, the "experience of it was sufficiently lively and impressive, to "force back the moral poet to the inanimate world, and to "diffuse over his poems, that elegiac spirit, which renders them "so affecting and attractive." The name of Ossian, indeed, has become almost proverbial in Germany for every thing that is wild, romantic, melancholy, pathetic, and sublime. Hence the frequency of the expressions, "The Muse of Ossian," "The "Harp of Ossian," "The World of Ossian," "The great Na-"ture of Ossian," &c. in the works of German authors. Schiller, in his enquiry into the causes of the pleasure we derive from the contemplation of the sublime in nature, puts the following questions: "Who would not rather tarry amidst the lively dis-"order of a natural landscape, than amidst the tame regularity

" of a French garden? Who would not rather be astonished at " the wonderful conflict between fertility and devastation on " the plains of Sicily? Or rather feast his eye on the wild cata- " racts, and cloud-topped mountains of Scotland,—the great " nature of Ossian, than admire, in artificial Holland, the la- " borious victory of perseverance, over the proudest of the " elements."

" I have seen three different German translations of Ossian; the first composed in German hexameters; the second in measured prose, like Macpherson's; and the third, which was published only a few years ago, in a species of rythmic versification, not dissimilar (as far as I can judge from the specimens I have seen) to the species of verse in which the original Gaelic is composed. Besides these entire versions, there are several partial translations to be met with in the works of Bürger and others; and in a late publication intituled " Caledonia," by the ingenious Madame Berlepsch, some specimens are given, of an attempt to translate the poems of Ossian, in a different species of versification. I regret that these translations are not in my possession, as the prefaces and notes with which they are accompanied, would probably enable us to form, a more adequate judgment, of the degree of estimation in which these poems are held in Germany. At the same time, we may reasonably conclude, from the number of translations above mentioned, and the frequency of allusion to Ossian in the works of German authors, that his poems are very generally admired, and his fame universally acknowledged.

" But it is not merely in translations, or in scattered observations, that we find a tribute of deserved applause paid to the merits of the Celtic Homer; his poems have likewise had a very considerable influence upon the literature of Germany. I have already taken notice of the effect which they seem to have produced upon the author of Werther. This influence, I think, may be clearly traced also, throughout many of the odes of Klopstock. There is an epic poem now before me, intituled " Alphonso," by the author of Richard Coeur de Lion, who has obtained no inconsiderable reputation in his own country, in which the imitation of Ossian is so striking, that I am induced to translate two or three passages.

One of the heroes, before going forth to battle, comes to request the blessing of an aged warrior: " My father," says he, " give me thy blessing, that I may appear worthy of my name " in the combat of heroes, and that the songs of the bards of " future times, may not pass over in silence the fame of Gor-" mallan," &c. And again; " The undaunted army stood pre-" pared for the conflict; the four friends parted from each " other, and the ocean bore a thousand barks to the shore of " the unwary foe." You will perceive, that the simile at the beginning of the following description of a battle, is entirely borrowed from Ossian: " The battle commences. As two " streams tumble from a lofty rock, and meet, and roar in the " narrow cavern, and mingling their waters, o'erwhelm the " plain below; so host meets host, and death groans through " the ranks." " The haughty chiefs, with threatening mien, " hasten to meet the rival chiefs; man engages with man, and " the noise of arms is re-echoed by the distant rocks," &c. " At length the day appears; the song of victory is heard, and " the foes of Mala retire." The following imitation, or rather translation, is still more close and pointed. The author is describing the happiness of two lovers, which he compares to a dream; " Alas!" says he, " your dream shall end; it will end " like the dream of the hunter upon the heath,—he falls asleep " in joy upon the hill, under the mild beams of the setting " sun,—but he awakes in a storm." There is also a collection of German lyric poems under the title, " The Songs of Sined " and Ringulph the Bard," which are composed entirely in the spirit of Ossian, and are possessed of considerable merit. The person designed by the appellation of Sined, is Mr. Dennis, who, I believe, is likewise author of one of the translations of Ossian. Ringulph the bard, is Mr. Kretschmann, author of several odes in the style of Ossian's poetry. It were an endless task, to endeavour to trace this influence, through the whole mass of German poetry: enough has been said to shew you, in some measure, the astonishing sensation produced by the poems of Ossian, throughout the literary public of Germany.

"I have never heard the name of Ossian mentioned in that country, without the most decisive marks of applause, approaching sometimes even to enthusiasm; and the interest which is there taken in the contest, with regard to the authenticity of Ossian, is inconceivable, when we consider how remote the Germans are from the scene of action, and that consequently their passions are not so liable to be brought into play, as the result might appear to them an object of complete indifference. With regard to his merits, there is but one voice in Germany. I have often heard it regretted, that more labour had not been employed in collecting the originals, and bringing forward the proofs of their authenticity, in order finally to put the question at rest; which, as a learned professor remarked in a conversation upon the subject, *would go to establish, a most important, and most interesting fact, in the history of man.*" *

Is it not a fit subject of astonishment, that, whilst in foreign countries such zeal and enthusiasm are displayed in the cause of Ossian, at home, persons should be found, who question the beauties of the poems ascribed to him,—or who give to others the merit of his works,—or who are ready even to dispute that such a bard ever existed?

* Extract of a letter from John Colquhoun, Esq. who has been lately called to the Scotch bar, where I have no doubt he will be a credit to his profession. Having been educated for some time at the University of Gottingen, he became acquainted with German literature, which has enabled him to give so much satisfactory information on this branch of the subject.

CONCLUSION

I HAVE thus completed the laborious task, of explaining to the public, the grounds of my firm conviction and belief, that James Macpherson was merely the translator of the poems ascribed to Ossian, and that the Gaelic originals herewith printed, contain authentic ancient poetry. Had the printing of this Dissertation been postponed for some months longer, it might certainly have been rendered more perfect; above forty years however having elapsed, since the publication of the originals was first promised, any delay, that could possibly be avoided, seemed to me not only reprehensible, but even hazardous; for it was impossible to foresee, to what accidents the work might, in the interval, be exposed, and whether one delay, might not have justified another, until at last the expectations of the literary world, *of seeing the Gaelic originals at all*, might have been completely frustrated.

Among the various circumstances connected with the transactions of the year in which this paper is written, which I trust I shall be enabled to recollect with some degree of pleasure, there is none that, on the whole, can be more satisfactory to me, than my having contributed to rescue the originals of so great a work, from any risk of being irrevocably lost; and having made, what I hope will be considered by the impartial public, a successful exertion to prove, that the ancient poems herewith printed, are not only authentic, but that they merit a much better translation than any that has hitherto appeared.

Nor is that an unimportant circumstance. For if a great genius, such as Ossian, throws a lustre about every thing with which he is connected, if the language in which his ideas are conveyed, the places which he has celebrated, and the very ground on which he has trod, become interesting on his account; if the perusal of his works yields the most delightful sensations, animates to the practice of virtue, inspires the most generous and manly sentiments, and impels the elevated mind to the performance of actions, of a nature the greatest and most noble; and, if such are the effects of the sublime effusions of a poet, that a modern author has declared, " If he knew a hero " who loved Ossian, as Alexander loved Homer, he " could answer for the goodness of his heart;"* is it not a boon to human nature, to have rescued such a poet, and the country where he was produced, from the foul and disgraceful charges of imposture and falsehood?

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* Si je savois un heros, qui aimât Ossian comme Alessandre aimoit Homere, je repondrois par cela même de la bonté de son cœur. See Baour-Lormian, Discours Préliminaire, p. 14.

Impelled by these considerations, I was induced to undertake a task, little compatible with other interesting and laborious pursuits, and which necessarily occasioned much trouble and exertion; but these will be most amply recompensed, since they have established, I trust, two important propositions, which I hope can no longer be questioned:

1. THAT THE POEMS OF OSSIAN ARE AUTHENTIC ANCIENT POETRY;

And 2. THAT, IN A REMOTE PERIOD OF OUR HISTORY, THE MOUNTAINS OF SCOTLAND PRODUCED A BARD,* WHOSE WORKS MUST RENDER HIS NAME IMMORTAL, AND WHOSE GENIUS HAS NOT BEEN SURPASSED, BY THE EFFORTS OF ANY MODERN, OR EVEN ANCIENT COMPETITOR.

JOHN SINCLAIR.

London, 15*th July*, 1806.

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* At the end of Vol. III. there is a particular account of the situation of the ancient Selma, which contains additional evidence of the authenticity of the poems, and proves that Ossian was a Scottish bard, and wrote his poems in Scotland. Indeed the Irish never claimed the poems which were translated by Macpherson, but contend that they are a fabrication; ascribing to their Ossian, works of much inferior merit, and composed at a period much later than those of the Caledonian Bard.

The Abbé MELCHIOR CESAROTTI's *critical Observations on the first Book of* FINGAL, *annexed to the fourth Edition of his Translation of* OSSIAN's POEMS, *printed at Pisa in* 1801. *Translated from the Italian,*

BY JOHN M'ARTHUR, L. L. D.

[N. B. The English lines refer to the foregoing translation by Mr. Macpherson, and the Italian lines to Cesarotti's, and the notes are numbered as in the original.*]

(1) Line 1. *Cuthullin sat by Tura's wall:*
Di Tura accanto alla muraglia assiso.

THE poet (Ossian) soon shews himself such as he is in all his works. He boldly enters into his subject, without losing time in circumlocution. Exordium, it is true, tends to clear and fix the idea and unity of an action; yet it is not absolutely necessary. A thousand stories and novels are daily related without any introduction to them.

The Muse was a goddess unknown to Ossian: and therefore he could not implore her assistance. But, supposing he had been acquainted with her, I think he might dispense with this ceremony. Invocation, critics say, gives faith to things, justifies what is

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* At the end of the third volume of this work, Mr. M'Arthur has also given a translation from the Italian of the Abbé Cesarotti's Historical and Critical Dissertation, respecting the controversy on the Authenticity of Ossian's Poems; together with copious notes and observations.

marvellous, and confers dignity on the poet, by making him appear inspired. As to the first, it may be said, that it rather creates disbelief. "We know, (say the Muses in Hesiod), how to relate many falsehoods which have the semblance of truth."

With regard to the *marvellous*, if it ill accord with *probability* and *fitness*, invocation discredits the Muse instead of justifying the poet. Ossian, whose *wonderful* imagery is not repugnant to good sense, had no need of auxiliary aids. Moreover, it is better that inspiration should arise out of the style than from any indication of the author. Ossian does not proclaim himself a poet; he leads us to imagine we are listening to an ordinary man who relates a fact. But the divinity that agitates his mind is felt from that very circumstance, with greater force:

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Postulat.————

(2) Line 24, &c. *Many chiefs of heroes! I said,*
Many are our hands of war.

———— O primo, io dissi,
Tra' mortali, che fai? son molte in guerra.

Narrations, by way of dialogue, are very frequent in the works of ancient poets. They impart to their subject great energy, and give it the force of truth, and therefore are well adapted to poetry. But it ought to be observed, that this poetic beauty owes its origin to the mental roughness of primitive ages. To collect the substance of a discourse, and to make it one's own in relating it, is the prerogative only of a reflecting and cultivated mind. Hence we perceive that the narrations of the vulgar are almost always dramatic.

(3) Line 33, &c. *Who can meet Swaran in fight?*
Who but Fingal king of Selma of storms.
——— Il sol Fingallo, il forte
Re di Morven nembosa, affrontar puote
La possa di Svaran.

One of the rules to be observed in forming the character of the hero of a poem is, that the first idea which is given of him should make a favourable impression on our minds.

Some poets delineate the qualities of their heroes. But the simplest, and at the same time most skilful method, is that of making them indirectly appear to advantage: no one knew this mode of management better than Ossian. Fingal does not appear till in the third book, whilst Cuthullin seems to be the principal personage; but the name of the former is announced at once in such a manner, that the hero of the poem is very soon perceived. Swaran, his enemy and the invader of Ireland, amidst his boasts, fears only the encounter of Fingal. What grand ideas ought we not to conceive of him! We shall see many other specimens of equal ingenuity. Homer was not equally happy, or so delicate in this respect: with him the principal heroes of the same party, during their private quarrels, but more especially in public with respect to their enemies, called each other cowards, and vile fellows. How can the reader admire men who evidently despise each other?

(4) Line 49. *Dark Cuthullin shall be great or dead!*
O Cucullino sarà grande, o morrà.

Fingal is the first hero of the poem, Cuthullin the second. The character of both is great, generous, and interesting. But what more particularly distinguishes Cuthullin in this poem, is a most delicate sense of honour. Ossian, with an exquisite judgment, assigned particular parts to these two great personages, without prejudice to the splendour of either. Cuthullin is the hero of the first act; Fingal completes the action.

(5) Lines 55, &c. *He went. He struck the bossy shield.*
The hills, the rocksr eply.
The sound spreads along the wood:
Deer start by the lake of roes.
Curach leaps from the sounding rock:

——— Ei va; più volte
Batte il concavo scudo: e colli, e rupi
Ne rimbombaro, e si diffuse il suono
Per tutto il bosco. Slanciassi d'un salto
Dalla roccia Curac:———

Can we see a picture more vivid, animated, or more diversified in action than this? "The poet's "art, merely considered as descriptive (says a celebrated modern author), is to exhibit objects in "motion, and even to strike, if possible, many senses "at once." If so, Ossian deserves the name of Poet by way of pre-eminence.

(6) Lines 73, 74. *Thy side that is white as the foam of the troubled sea,*
When the dark winds pour it on rocky Cuthon.

Il tuo fianco ch' è candido come la spuma del turbato mare,
Quando gli oscuri venti lo spingono contro la mormorante
Roccia di Cuton.———

This is a similar picture in a different point of view: The former excited a more lively emotion, the latter makes a stronger and deeper impression.

(7) Line 87, &c. *Gloomy and dark their heroes follow,*
Like the gathering of the rainy clouds
Behind the red meteors of heaven.

——————— Seguono questi
Folti, foschi, terribile a vedersi,
Siccome gruppo di piovose nubi
Dietro a rosse del ciel meteore ardenti.

Ossian abounds very much in comparisons, a qualification that is common to the most ancient poets of all nations. The imperfection of language introduced them, and the great effect they produce gave them importance in poetry. A too frequent use of them may be disapproved by rigid critics in their frigid meditations; but wherever this splendid defect presents itself to us, it dazzles and wins the mind at the very instant when we are inclined to condemn it; and our sensation, which is direct, gets the better of reflection. It may be useful here to observe, that the spirit of comparison is perhaps the most essential qualification for poetry. The business of a poet, as a fanciful representer, consists in assembling all things in nature that bear a similitude; the body of poetic language is composed, in a great degree, of compressed similes. Moreover, frequent comparisons are peculiar to Ossian, as well as to all ancient poets; but few participate his glory, in the extraordinary beauty of his imagery.

(8) Line 108, &c. *Cuthullin! calm the chief replied,*
The spear of Connal is keen;
It delights to shine in battle, &c.

Cucullino, ci parlò placido in volto,
Acuta è l' asta di Conallo, ed ama
Di brillar nella pugna, &c.

The character of Connal is also of that peculiar nature, of which no example can be found in Homer. He is a wise and moderate hero; although a great warrior, he is always an advocate for peace. He is prudent, but his prudence is not loquacious as that of Nestor. He is neither provoked by the little success of his counsels, nor by the unjust reproaches of others; but he calmly continues to perform the duty of a wise chief and of a faithful friend.

(9) Lines 114, 115. *Behold, thou first in Cormac's war,*
The sable fleet of Swaran.

Tu, che alle guerre di Cormac sei duce,
Guarda la flotta di Svaran:——

Mark this trait. To have dissuaded Cuthullin from giving battle by any apprehension of danger, would have offended that hero's greatness of soul. Connal, by the expressions in the text, points out to Cuthullin that the principal question is not about his glory, but that it concerns the safety of his ward; and he insinuates this excellent maxim, that private honour ought to give way to public duty.

(10) Line 121, &c. *Connal is for peace.*
Fingal would shun his arm,
The first of mortal men!

Per la pace son io. Fingal non ch' altri,
L' incontro scanceria, Fingallo il primo!

This sentiment, though apparently derogatory to the heroism of Fingal, yet it tends to raise him in our estimation.

He is here represented as the model of valour; and saying that he would have avoided the battle, is for no other purpose than that Cuthullin, too delicate upon this subject, might not think it dishonourable to do the same. Thus Agamemnon, in the seventh book of the Iliad, in order to dissuade Menelaus from fighting with Hector, tells him that even Achilles himself trembled at the thoughts of encountering that warrior; though he knew that Hector, on the contrary, dared not expose himself out of the walls for fear of meeting Achilles.

Hence we may observe, that Agamemnon in this place roughly says to Menelaus, that Hector is far more powerful than him.

Connal here does not compare the valour of Swaran with that of Cuthullin, but only speaks of the superiority of the forces of the former, and of the comparative small number of the Irish troops.

(11) Line 145, &c. *Calmar! Connal slow replied,*
I never fled, young son of Matha!
I was swift with my friends in fight.
Furibondo Calmar, Connal represe
Posatamente, è a me la fugia ignota,
Misi l'ale al pugnar: &c.

The heroic steadiness of Connal is here admirably contrasted with the impetuous ferocity of Calmar, just a little before depicted with the liveliest colours. This speech, in its kind, is a model of perfection. Connal retorts with dignity, and with a modesty full of magnanimity, Calmar's insults; then, treating him with neglect, gravely addresses himself to Cuthullin, advises him to sacrifice his glory to the safety of his ward, and concludes with a respectful and at the same time heroic resolution.

(12) Lines 183, 184. *Four stones, replied the chief,*
Rise on the grave of Cathba.

——————— In su la tomba
Di Catbarre, ei rispose, in questo punto
S'alzana quatro pietre.——

Ossian abounds with episodes. The most rigid rules seem to require that they should be subservient or obstructive to the principal action. But no poet submitted always to this excessive, and unnecessary rigour. One half of the Æneid is composed of episodes, which might be omitted without injury to the main action. It is therefore sufficient that the episodes be naturally introduced by some circumstance connected with the subject, and be opportunely placed.*

This episode, and many others, have both these

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* The translator is indebted to Francis Sastres, Esq. his Sicilian Majesty's consul-general in London, for this and the three subsequent notes, having his name subjoined, in which he has made some critical remarks, and given explanations of one or two obscure passages in Cesarotti's observations on the first book of Fingal.

Cesarotti is right, and this seems a fit opportunity of justifying Tasso against the witty Voltaire, and some other pert French criticks. The beautiful and interesting episode, in c. ii. of the Gerusalemme Liberata, of Sofronia and Olinto, is not only opportunely placed, and justifiable by the above judicious observations, but is more subservient to the principal subject of that poem, than Voltaire seems to have been aware of; inasmuch as it places in a luminous point of view, in opposition to the ferocious character of the Turks, the pious and virtuous dispositions of the Christians in general at Jerusalem (represented by Sofronia and Olinto), who were about to be delivered from the tyranny of the former; justifying and strengthening thereby the principal scope of

——————— "*Il Capitano*
"*Che il gran sepolcro liberò di Cristo.*" SASTRES

requisites. In some it however appears that the first requisite is rather wanted. See hereafter the observation (27).

(13) Line 219, &c. *Thy hair is the mist of Cromla*
When it curls on the hill;
When it shines to the beam of the west.
——————— e i tuoi capelli
Fiocchi di nebbia, che serpeggia, e sale
In tortuosi vortici, e s' indora
Al raggio occidental.————

Who could ever have imagined that mist could afford such an elegant comparison? It is a pity that it should in some measure be disgraced, by coming from the mouth of such a brutal character, as Duchomar. Ossian could not certainly have pitched upon any thing more beautiful, refined, and appropriate to represent with a single object a head of hair, smooth, flaxen, curled, and flowing, all at the same instant. Here then is one of those singular beauties which in vain we may look for in Homer.*

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* How much more would Cesarotti have admired the simile before us, had Mr. Macpherson done justice to the original.—The Rev. Mr. Ross has, however, in the foregoing translation, rendered the passage thus more correct, chaste, and beautiful:

Thy ringlets are like the mist of Cromla,
When it climbs the side of the hill,
In the beams of the western sun.

Ossian was peculiarly happy in his choice of similes drawn from familiar objects in nature. His lively images strike the mind with irresistible force, and the combination of harmonious and appropriate sounds in the Gaelic, charm the ear, and make a strong impression on the memory. Hence, the facility of preserving for ages, Ossian's poetry by oral tradition, and the difficulty of transfusing the grandeur and spirit of his comparisons into a translation. TRANS.

The author of the *Typographical Annals*, speaking of the difference between Homer and Ossian, discovers an advantage in favour of the former from the nature of the climate. "It is (says he) smiling in Greece, "and in Asia Minor, whereas our poet had no other "scenes but immense forests, vast barren heaths, "mountains covered with snow, perpetual mists, "and tempestuous seas surrounded by tremendous "rocks." This is absolutely the case. Nevertheless, we cannot perceive that the gay climate of Greece inspired Homer with an elegant and particularly distinguished imagination. Whereas Ossian's discerning eye, brightened by the acumen of his mind, discovers in those dismal scenes beauties that are invisible to others; and his fancy sometimes forces nature to change her aspect.*

(14) Line 226, &c. *From whence, the fair haired maid replied,*
From whence, Duchomar, most gloomy of men?
E donde viene? l' interruppe allora
La Donzelletta dalle bianche braccia.
Donde ne vieni, o Ducomar fra tutti,
I viventi il più tetro?———

Morna's character is that of a woman combining caution with resolution. She avoids a declaration, and endeavours to divert Duchomar by an enquiry which ought to interest him. When she finds herself pressed, she throws off all reserve, and rejects him in the most cold and disdainful manner.

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* Similar to this praise is, in some respect, that of Dr. Johnson on the genius of Shakspeare:

"Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
"Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new."

And we may with equal justice and propriety apply what follows to the immortal Caledonian bard:

"His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
"And unresisted passion storm'd the breast." SASTRES.

(15) Line 192, &c. *Her white arm is stained with red.*
Rolling in death she lay.

——————— il suo candido braccio
Striscian note virmiglie: ella prostesa
Rotolò nella morte.———

Moriensque suo in pectore versat. VIRG.

Virgil's expression is more natural, Ossian's more energetic. *Death* is far more expressive. A *wound* presents a single lively image; *death* a comprehensive one, and the reader's mind has the pleasure of developing it.

(16) Line 295. *The cave re-echoed to her sighs*

——————— e a' suoi sospiri
L' antro di Tura con pietà rispose.

No poet can be compared to Ossian in tragical narrations. He possesses all the requisites to surprise and awaken the mind.

The fierce character of Duchomar, the sanguinary indifference with which he relates the death of his rival; the feminine circumspection, and masculine boldness of Morna; the rapid and concise style; in short, those two great flashes, though similar, and both of them unexpected, strike and move the soul, leaving a deep mixt impression, which afterwards is changed into calm sadness. I shall notice an artifice that Ossian constantly employs in similar narrations, and which shews him to be a great master.

He at first interests the heart by the most moving strains:—as soon as he is in possession of it, he vehemently hurries our feelings towards the catastrophe, without giving us time to perceive how or in what manner it is effected.

Moreover, he often omits some circumstance that might develope the fact, but which in so doing would diminish its force. For in the present instance, one cannot conceive clearly the manner in which Duchomar wounds Morna. But Ossian appears to be too well acquainted with the secret strokes of art to care much about such nice discriminations. The thunderbolt bursts, stuns, dazzles, and leaves behind it a gloom that completes the horror of the scene.

(17) Line 344, &c. *The deep moving strength of the sons of Erin!*
The car, the car of war comes on,
Like the flame of death!
The rapid car of Cuthullin,
The noble son of Semo!

——————— l' affollata possa
Della stirpe d' Erina: il carro, il carro
Della guerra ne vien, fiamma di morte
Il carro rapidissimo sonante
Di Cucullin figlio di Semo.

This is the richest, most magnificent, and most ample description of any in Ossian's poems, and resembles more than any other Homer's abundant style. If this car be considered abstractedly, it blazes with vivid beauties. But the impartial accuracy of criticism obliges us to confess that the description is somewhat overcharged, and that, moreover, it does not agree with the relations between persons and time. The scout comes back too soon, and he is too much terrified to have observed all the particulars he so distinctly reported, even with an almost idle and officious complacency. Was Swaran, after all, a man capable of quietly listening to these details, which tended to magnify the pomp of his enemy, and to exhort him to fly? It seems that the brightness of this car dazzled even Ossian himself, so as to prevent him from sufficiently perceiving the person who spoke, and the character to whom he did speak. Fitness and proportion are the two rules of taste, and there can be no poetic beauty without them.

(18) Line 402, &c. *Shall Swaran fly from a hero?*
Were Fingal himself before me,
My soul should not darken with fear.

Fuggirò da un guerrier? Foss' ei Fingallo,
Non mi si abbujeria l'alma di tema.

The poet has suffered us to forget his hero. All our attention was fixed on Cuthullin, and on his tremendous preparation. Fingal now shews himself sideways, and attracts our attention. There is no danger that his absence will be of prejudice to him. His image follows us every where.

(19) Line 424, &c. *Darts rush along the sky,*
Spears fall like the circles of light,
Which gild the face of night.

——— E per lo ciel volano, cadono
Nembi di dardi, e tronchi d'aste, e schegge,
Quai circoli di luce, onde s'indora
Di tempestosa notte il fosco aspetto.

This appropriate and beautiful comparison darts an unexpected ray of light on the terrible scene before us, and makes an affecting impression on the mind of the reader, entirely corresponding to what it represents.

(20) Line 447. *The battle lay behind him,*
As groves overturned on the desarts of Cromla.
——————— Sta raso il campo
Addietro lor, quai rovesciati boschi
Nel deserto di Cromla.———

We cannot sufficiently admire the force, the aptitude, and the delicacy of these comparisons.

Nor can it be denied that Homer has many such, full of sublimity and conviction; but it must at the same time be granted, that he has perhaps as many that are low and unsuitable; and those which are most admirable seldom embrace at once all the necessary qualifications. Moreover, we do not perceive in his comparisons a certain rare nicety of discrimination, nor any very great effort of genius.

Homer mostly makes use of objects as they present themselves to his mind; Ossian in general makes a choice selection, and at times he in a certain degree creates them.

(21) Line 461, &c. *Weep on the rocks of roaring winds,*
O maid of Inistore!
Vergine d'Inistore, allente il freno
Alle lagrime tue,————

Mark this artful vicissitude of strong and pathetic affections. It is not enough for Ossian to be great and admirable, his chief study is to touch the heart.

These precious traits of sentiment are rare in Homer, or they are feebly sketched. He at times touches upon some interesting incident, but he does it in a manner so slight and uniform, that it makes but little impression. The tone of his narrations resembles much the singing of his crickets;* it is long and monotonous. Ossian's tender apostrophe breaks the monotony of style, and softens the ferocity which martial scenes inspire. It would only have been desirable, that the amiable warrior, alluded to in the text, had fallen rather by the hand of the fierce Swaran, than by that of the virtuous Cuthullin. But he at least does not vilely insult him, as the brutal Idomeneus does the generous youth Otrioneus, in the 13th book of the Iliad.

(22) Line 485, &c. *The field echoes from wing to wing,*
As a hundred hammers that rise
By turns on the red son of the furnace.

Monti echeggiano e piagge, al par di cento
Ben pesanti martelli alternamente
Alzantisi, abbassantisi, sul rosso
Figlio della fornace.———

The noise of a hundred hammers would appear trifling after so much havoc. But the poet does not mean to express the grandeur of the crash, but only the frequent and reverberating sound of the echo;

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* Palm cricket, Lat. *cicada*, Gr. τεττιξ. It is a pretty large winged insect, living upon trees, and making in summer a loud chirping noise, nearly similar to that of the chimney cricket, but far louder and shriller, so that it may be heard at a great distance around in the country. It is unknown in Britain, but is very common in Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, &c. SASTRES.

in which sense the comparison has all its strength and propriety.

(23) Line 498, &c. *But night conceals the chiefs in clouds,*
And ends the dreadful fight.

——— Ma già già la notte
Scende, e tra nubi i due campioni involve;
E all' orribil conflitto omai dà posa.

After having raised in our minds such great hopes and expectations, the poet leaves us in the lurch, and closes the scene. This cruelty is of a very artful and teazing nature. It excites the affections and keeps the mind active; it eludes curiosity in order to awaken it the more, and to satisfy it in due time with a higher gratification.

(24) Line 534, &c. *He answered like the sullen sound*
Of Cromla before a storm.

——— quei non parlò, muggio,
Simile al cupo brontolio di Cromla,
Di tempeste forier.———

Nothing less would have sufficed to prepare us to hear so brutal an answer.

(25) Line 536, &c. *Though all thy daughters, Inisfail,*
Should stretch their arms of snow.

——— quand' anche, Erina,
Le giovinette tue mi stendan tutte
Le lor braccia de neve;———

In the rude wildness of this man, Vico * would see with pleasure those primitive descendants of

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* Enea Vico was a learned antiquary, but of little note, native of Parma. He lived in the 16th century. SASTRES.

Polyphemus, who, according to Plato, were heads of families in a savage state, and who lived in their dens, shunning all intercourse with society. *Nec visu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli.* He detests every thing that is not his own, and considers himself as the centre of nature. In the morning he has no other care but that of keeping up his fierceness. The east belongs to him. If the sun arose on the side of Ireland, he would abhor it as his enemy. The selfishness of this great cyclopic character, and the uncouthness which proceeds from it, are painted with an astonishing force.

(26) Line 557, &c. *Sad to himself alone,*
Said the blue-eyed son of Semo.
——————— ma sol per lui,
Ripiglio Cucullin.———————

What a high sentiment in two syllables! Remark the natural ease of this passage intended to introduce the episode which follows.

(27) Line 575, &c. " *In other days,*" *Carril replies,*
" *Came the sons of Ocean to Erin.*"
Venne in Erina nei passati giorni,
Ei cominciò, dell' oceàn la stirpe.

If any one should ask what connection this episode has with the principal action, it may be answered that, in the dull parts of a poem, the poet is at liberty to introduce such descriptions as may appear to him the most natural and proper. Hence in all poems we see the intervals of the action filled up with games, feasts, sacrifices, and other matters relative to the national rites, usages, and ceremonies.

Now we must be seriously persuaded, that vocal music was highly appreciated among the Celts, and that nothing was done without singing. To pass the whole night amidst songs was their solemn and universal custom. Their history, the sacred memory of their ancestors, the examples of their heroes, every thing was entrusted to the recitations and songs of their bards. Their wants, pleasure, glory, piety, and duty conspired to excite in the Celtic nation the vehement passion they had for poetry. Now if the songs of the bards were justly entitled to be inserted in Ossian's poems, and if singing merely had no connection whatever with the subject, I see no reason why the stories contained in those songs should not be made subservient to the main action. But if some of the episodical songs of Ossian have no direct connection with the particular subject of the poem, yet every one of them refers to the spirit and general end of all his poems, which is to inspire grandeur of mind, and sensibility of heart, by the recital of heroic and tender achievements.

(28) Line 595, &c. *She sung of the actions of Crudar,*
The youth of her secret soul!

——————— Eran suo canto
Le prodezze di Gruda, il giovinetto
De suoi pensier segreti.———

One of the greatest beauties of Ossian is that concerning love, which he manages with so peculiar a delicacy that it deserves to be examined. It will be sufficient to observe the diversity of modes with which this passion has been treated by the poets of other nations. Love among the Greeks and the Romans is a physical and natural necessity; that of the Italians is spiritual; of the French *bel-esprit*. Ossian's love is of a species that resembles none of them. Sentiment forms its basis; it is therefore tender and delicate, and its language is not witty, but moving. It relates to the senses, but out of these a choice of the purest is made, such as the sight and the hearing: hence, it is neither abstract nor gross, but natural and delicate. Ossian often mentions the bosom, and seems to take particular delight in describing it. The descriptions of other poets on this subject approaches to lasciviousness; but this arises from their descriptions being accompanied with such sentiments as indicate that they are not satisfied with the sight only. Not a single expression will be found in all Ossian's poems that relates even to the touch. The result of all this is, that Ossian's love is decent without the affectation of modesty. The reserve of other poets is accompanied with an air of mystery, which is rather an incentive than a restraint. Ossian expatiates with innocent freedom on all the objects of visible beauty, and dwells on them so naturally that he gives no motive for suspicion. These bounds of decency are preserved, because it is deemed proper they should not be trespassed. After the heart and the sight nothing more (in Ossian's idea) can be desired of a beautiful woman.

(29) Line 644, &c. *O Connal! speak of war and arms,*
And send her from my mind.
Ma tu, fido Conal, parlami d'arme,
Parla di pugne, e fa' m' esca di mente.

What a charming variation of affections and sentiments! What a moving contrast between the husband and the hero! One cannot decide whether to admire most the latter, or to feel for the former.

(30) Line 648. *Connal slow to speak replied.*

Figlio di Semo, ripigliò Conallo
A parlar lento.———

A most appropriate epithet to the prudence and calmness of Connal.

(31) Line 652, &c. *Cuthullin! I am for peace,*
Till the race of Selma come;
Till Fingal come, the first of men,
And beam like the sun on our fields.

Per la pace son' io, finchè sia giunta
La schiatta del deserto, e che qual sole
L' alto Fingallo i nostri campi irragi.

Here Fingal appears for the fifth time; without him no hopes can be entertained. Cuthullin is a great warrior, yet the safety of Ireland depends on Fingal alone. With this idea the poet in his first book dismisses us.

If such reflections struck the mind of this ingenious critic on the examination of Macpherson's translation, what would he not have said, had he seen the beauties of the original more faithfully delineated?

APPENDIX.

No. I.

Finding that a Gentleman resided in my own immediate neighbourhood, at Thurso, in the County of Caithness, North-Britain, (Captain John Macdonald, of Breakish), who had been much distinguished for his knowledge of Gaelic poetry, and who had furnished Mr. Macpherson with some of the poems which he had translated, I thought it adviseable, judicially to interrogate him upon the subject of Ossian. The evidence he has given, considering his time of life, being now in the 78th year of his age, is peculiarly distinct and satisfactory.

Deposition by CAPTAIN JOHN MACDONALD, *now residing at Thurso, in the County of Caithness.*

At THURSO, the twenty-fifth day of September, Eighteen Hundred and Five Years.

IN presence of Colonel Benjamin Williamson, of Banniskirk, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Caithness, compeered, Captain John Macdonald, late of the Inverness Regiment of Fencibles, who being solemnly interrogated, depones :

That he was born in the parish of Sleat, in the Isle of Sky, and was aged seventy-eight years, on the twelfth day of March last, eighteen hundred and five :

That he has heard many of the Gaelic poems ascribed to Ossian, the son of Fingal :

That when he was about twelve and fifteen years of age, he could repeat from one hundred to two hundred of those poems, of different lengths and number of verses :

That he learned them from an old man, about eighty years of age, who sung them for years to his father, at night, when he went to bed, and in spring and winter, in the morning before he rose :

That at present he remembers only two of any length, each of them relating to a lady, who fled to the Fingalians for protection; also a description of the horses which, it is said, carried the body of Cuchullin to the grave; and that the Reverend John Macdonald, now residing at Buckies, near Thurso, has written down, from his recital, all that he remembers of these poems and verses, a copy of which he herewith subscribes:

That he was well acquainted with the late Mr. James Macpherson; and when he first went to the Isle of Sky, to collect Ossian's poems, that he met with him in Doctor John Macpherson's house in Sleat, and sung many of those poems to him; and that Mr. James Macpherson wrote them down as he repeated them:

That he is the John Macdonald, of Breakish of Strath, in the Isle of Sky, mentioned in Doctor John Macpherson's letter to Doctor Blair, dated twenty-seventh day of November, seventeen hundred and sixty-three, and printed in the Report of the Highland Society of Scotland, Appendix, page 9.

That Fingal, Ossian, Oscar, and the Fingalians in general, were at all times, and without any doubt, reckoned and believed to be of Scotch, and not of Irish extraction:

That Cuchullin was a Scotch chief, and had a house at Dunskaich in the parish of Sleat, in the Isle of Sky. That Dunskaich is built on a round rock, almost surrounded by the sea, and having no access to it but by a drawbridge: That without the entry to the castle, there is a long stone sunk in the ground, to which Cuchullin's dog was tied, except when he was hunting: That the wall of the dun, or castle, is yet above twenty feet high, and strongly built: That he has often been within the said dun:

That the description of the horses and chariot of Cuchullin, which, so far as he recollects, he has given to the Reverend Mr. John Macdonald, alludes to Cuchullin's own funeral, who was killed in Ireland: *

That the poem called *Cath Loduin*, also the poems called *Caom-mhala* and *Carraig-Thura*, now printing in Gaelic, by the Highland Society, in London, and a copy of which he has lately had an opportunity of perusing, by means of Sir John Sinclair, Chairman of the Committee of that Society for printing Ossian in the original, are familiar to him: That he believes he did repeat them often in Gaelic prior to the twelfth and fifteenth years of his age, and some of them even to his twentieth year; but that he cannot at this time recollect any particular passages of them:

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* The description of the car of Cuthullin was probably short and energetic in the poem of Fingal, but was expanded to the length it now is, from another poem describing the same car at the funeral of Cuthullin.

That the contest between Fingal and the Spirit of Lodin, or Loda, he has often heard repeated, in the manner of a tale, but that he cannot at present recollect any part thereof:

That *Carraig-Thura* should properly be spelt *Carraig Toure:* That *Carraig* signifies a round rock, uneven and broken in the face of it, and very ill to ascend to the top: That *Thura*, or *Toure*, signifies a house, a castle, or a palace:

That Selma is the name of a place which is familiar to him: That he cannot say where it was situated; though it is generally believed that it was in the North of Scotland:

That he has heard in Gaelic poems, several addresses to the Sun, the Moon, the Evening Star, and to Malvina; but he cannot recollect any of them at present:

That he does not remember ever to have heard a poem, in which Oscar, the son of Caruth, killed Dermid, the son of Morni:

That he has heard the poem in Gaelic, called The Six Bards, in which each of them gave a description of the night; but that the landlord was not reckoned one of the Six Bards.

That there are three Gaelic poems, in each of which a maid is said to have fled to the Fingalians, for protection from great men, or heroes: That the names of those heroes are mentioned in each poem, as *Borbar*, *Ullin*, and, if he remembers right, *Mack Rie na Hiarsemaile.*

All which is truth, as he shall answer to God.

(Signed) JOHN MACDONALD.

Sworn before me, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Caithness, at Thurso, the twenty-fifth day of September, one thousand eight hundred and five years.

(Signed) B. WILLIAMSON, *J. P.*

No. II.

Letter from the Rev. Mr. Rosing *to Sir* John Sinclair, *accompanied by Extracts from* Suhm's *History of Denmark.*

Sir,

Having observed, that, whatever in Ossian refers to Scandinavian persons, bears a strong conformity to the opinions and manners of those nations, I thought, that some instances of this might not be without some interest, and, though not be admitted as proofs, yet tend to corroborate what other proofs may be adduced. On this supposition, I have collected some instances of that nature, which I shall freely communicate, and if the parallel has not been drawn before, perhaps you may find something to your purpose in the following observations.

Cath Loda, Duan I. " He reaches the sounding shell to those who " shone in war," &c.] This is perfectly agreeable with the notions of a future state introduced by Odin. According to his tenets, only those who died in war, or at least in a violent manner, should come to *Valhalla*, the abode of Odin. There they should have seats according to their merits and exploits in war. They should be amused with continual fighting and blood-shedding, often be killed, but ever awake again. They should also there be sumptuously regaled with strong beer and bacon. But those who lived and died in peace, should go to *Hel*, where they should enjoy no pleasure, or at least pleasures far inferior to those of *Valhalla*; and the ill-natured were sent to *Nixleim*, where they should be tortured. On the contrary, the ideas of a future state that pervade the poems of Ossian, whenever he does not introduce Scandinavian persons, have much in common with those of the *Joter*, who were the first inhabitants of the North, and were settled there previous to the Gothes and Odin. For though they fancied a separate abode for the deceased, which they placed far towards the north, along the frozen sea, yet they also believed, that the deceased used frequently to dwell in their burial-hills, at times appeared, and had horses, dogs, arms, and every other thing for their service, all of clouds and mist.

Cath Loda, Duan. I. " Fingal again advanced his steps, wide through " the bosom of night," &c.] The kings were, at the same time head-priests, and used frequently, especially on solemn occasions, to perform the rites themselves, which they generally did in the night, an instance of which I have added under No. 2, of the enclosed paper. This, I believe, shews the propriety of the above, and a few other passages in Ossian.

Fingal. B. 3. " That your fame may reach the maid *who dwells in* " *the secret hall.*"] That remark I do not recollect to have seen in Ossian applied to any, but to Auandecca. It is not improbable, that it refers to a custom among the Scandinavians, that virgins of great distinction, had a separate dwelling to themselves, which was called *Jomfru-Bur*, literally the cage, i. e. the dwelling of the maid. There no man was allowed to enter, and thither they often retired for safety from suitors whom they disliked. Under No. 3, I have quoted two passages, where that custom is mentioned.

Cathlin of Clutha. " A son of Loda was there...... They turned " battle in fields, before the kings of men."] The ancient Scandinavians paid much credit to sorcery, and attributed to it a great power in turning the issue of a combat or battle. It was especially ascribed to the descendants of the *Joter* and *Fins*, who were generally looked upon as sorcerers. When heroes entered upon a contest with antagonists, whom they suspected of such supernatural means, they used to tie thin cloth or skin round the blade of their swords, or resort to other means of breaking the charm. Sometimes they siezed the sword by the blade, and knocked away with the handle, when they fancied that the edge had been deadened, as they called it. Under No. 4, is a passage in which this superstition is mentioned.

Carric Thura. " Utha was near; she had followed," &c.] Ladies going to war were not uncommon at all among the Scandinavians; and it was not only love and attachment to a certain person, that induced them to it; most often they were merely actuated by true martial spirit, and desire of fame. They were called *Skioldmöer*, i. e. shield-maids, appeared in the dress and armour of men, and often displayed no less ferocity and bravery than they. As late as the 8th æra, in the great battle of Bravalla-heath, three ladies of this description distinguished themselves among the first heroes of the age. Under No. 5, is an instance of a mother following her son to war.

Oina Morul. " I denied the maid..... he came with battle," &c.] This manner of conducting courtship was quite in the spirit of ancient north, of which there are some instances under No. 6.

Cath-Loda. Duan. III. " Sleep descended on the foe. I rose like a "stalking ghost," &c.] Of scenes not inferior to this in barbarity, there are, alas! too many in our ancient history. Under No. 7, will be found one, which is not, however, of the most shocking.

Fingal. B. 5. "King of Morven, said the hero, lift thy sword and "pierce my breast."] This contempt of death was, perhaps, by no nation carried farther, than by the ancient inhabitants of the North. An instance of this I have translated under No. 8. It was not uncommon among them, that warriors when they grew old and unfit for war, or when they had been severely wounded in a battle, put a period to their life in some signal way. So did the famous *Sterkodder* in the 5th, and *Sigund Ring*, king of Denmark, in the 8th æra, and many others.

The sword of Fingal, which was made by a smith of Lochlin, was called *Luno*, and was said to kill a man at every stroke. Not finding that a name is given to any other sword in the poems of Ossian, I should be disposed to think, that Fingal has adopted this from the Scandinavian manners. Among them it was, from the most ancient times, very common to give names to swords, and sometimes also to other parts of their armature. *Skrep* was a famous sword from the second age. *Tyrfing* was another from a later period, of which it was thought, that it must take a man's life every time it was unsheathed, a superstition which proved the cause of the death of many innocent people. *Krotta*, *Misteltien*, *Skum*, were also names of famous swords.

In *Carric Thura*, the spirit of Loda says, "The king of Sora is my "son." If Loda is Odin, and Fhrothal Frode III. of Denmark, those words are literally true, for Frode III. was really descended from Odin, both by his father and mother.

Dar-Thula. "The blast came rustling through the hall," &c. *Conlath and Cuthona.* "The midnight wind is in my hall." From these expressions I should conclude, that the Caledonians, in the times of Ossian, constructed their houses in the same way, as the ancient Scandinavians, without windows and chimneys, but with a large opening in the roof, to emit the smoke from the fire-place, which was in the midst of the room. This manner of building prevailed in Norway, nearly till the end of the eleventh century.

Besides those of Swaran and Frode III. I find several invasions of Ireland and Scotland, between the 2d and the 8th centuries, but as none of them seem to have any connexion with the stories in the poems of Ossian, I shall only, under No. 9, give a catalogue of them. If you should wish to have the particulars, I shall take a great deal of pleasure in furnishing you with them.

I regret not being yet in possession of Schôning's History of Norway, as I strongly believe that some additional information might be obtained from that work.

If in these extracts and observations you may find any thing to your purpose, I shall think myself extremely happy, to have been a means of contributing to an object so desirable.

Tottenham, 7th April, 1806.

Extracts from SUHM's *History of Denmark, Vol. I.*

No. I. P. 195. *Hodbrod* then resided in *Solfiœld*, and on *Swaran's Hill*, which has, no doubt, been called so after the famous Swaran in Ossian, (about A. D. 412.)

No. II. P. 244. (*Sverting*, king of the Saxons to the north of the Elbe, had been twice defeated by Frode IV. king of Denmark, and compelled to pay him a dishonourable tribute, on which account he entered into a conspiracy with another tributary king, to kill *Frode.*)

Sverting then went on a visit to Frode, who received him as his friend, and treated him as a guest. The meeting took place in the parish of *Thorrager*, in the county of *Callôe*, in the diocese of *Aarhuus*, (North-Jutland), where a round temple was erected to the honour of Thor. Here Sverting watched the opportunity when Frode, during the night, performed the rites of the heathen worship, fell upon him, and set fire to the temple, by which Frode was killed, though not before he had slain Sverting too. (A. D. 450.)

No. III. P. 213. (During the minority of Frode IV. the court was extremely corrupted, wantonness and lasciviousness had arrived at the highest pitch, because, says the author, these ferocious warriours could not endure peace, their minds being habituated to violent occupations. One of the king's guardians had three sons of one birth, who were all called by the name of *Grep.*)

At length the eldest Grep, sick of this disorderly life, fixed his thoughts upon *Gunvar*, (the king's sister); but, a stranger to the tenderness of love, he claimed her person as his prey. Terrified at this, she shut herself up in her *Jomfru-Bur* (maiden-house), and had herself guarded by thirty courtiers (which means warriors, champions).

P. 520. *Alfshild*, daughter of the East-Gothish king *Sigurd*, was in those times equally renowned for her beauty and chastity, which made her cover her face with a veil, and have herself guarded in her *Jomfru-Bur* by two very strong champions, who on that account were compared to serpents and adders. This lady afterwards turned a *shield-maid*, and went with some companions on piracy, but was at last conquered by her suitor, and married to him.)

No. IV. P. 119. (This *Fladding* is the same person whose daughter was afterwards married to Frode III. and whom the author supposes to be that *Annir*, whom Ossian mentions as the father of Frothal.)

Hadding was engaged in a war with *Asmund*, king of the West-Gothes, who wanted to revenge the death of his father *Svibdagger*, but soon had reason to revenge the death of another, still dearer friend; for his son *Henrik* fell in the battle. Asmund, enraged at this, flung his shield on his back, and, wielding his sword with both hands, rushed on furiously, and made great slaughter. In such distress, Hadding invoked *Vagnoft*, the foster-father of his grandfather, who was at the same time a *Jotish* divinity. He is said to have appeared with his crooked sword, which kind of swords were always believed by our ancestors to carry with them a sort of enchantment. Asmund bitterly complained of the wrong, that was done him by such enchantment, and by spells; but while he complained, Hadding pierced him with a javeline, that was tied to a thong. Still the dying Asmund had strength enough to wound Hadding in his foot, so that it made him halt for life. His wife G*unhild*, unwilling to survive him, stabbed herself, (about A. D. 285.)

No. V. P. 415. Valdar (king of Sconen) made war in Zealand with Veset, one of Rolf's (king of the West-Gothes) champions, and lost his life in battle.· (A. D. 570.) Gyrite (his queen) was present in man's dress, for the sake of her son, and perceiving that he went on fighting, though all the rest had fled, she took him upon her back,* and carried him to the next wood, without being pursued by the enemy, who were exhausted.

No. VI. p. 415. Rolf, with thirty ships, besides his own, which was called the Dragon, and Ketil (his brother), and Ingel king of Sconen, with 40 ships, went to *Gorderick* (in the present Russia) to court, in behalf of Ketil, Olufa, the daughter of king Halfdan, by whom he had last year been treated with contempt. A great battle was fought, in which Rolf conquered, and took Halfdan prisoner. Consequently the marriage was concluded, and the wedding was celebrated during twelve days. A. D. 588.

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* P. 168, the author has a note, in which he says, That our ancestors used to go very young to war, is shewn in my 6th Volume, p. 6, where instances are produced of twelve and fifteen years, and in the 7th Volume, p. 790, of a Welsh prince of ten years.

P. 202. One *Grim*, a strong and warlike champion, challenged Flauder, king of Hadeland (in Norway), to a single combat, unless he would give him his daughter, Thorilde, in marriage. The father, not believing himself a match for this champion, proclaimed, that whoever could conquer him should have his daughter. Halfdan (a Danish prince, king of Upsal), though old, yet fired with honour and love, immediately repaired to Norway. In disguise he entered the place of combat, and first unsheathed his sword; but perceiving that it was deadened (by enchantment), he flung it away, and quickly seizing another, he gave his antagonist a blow, which cleft his shield and mail. "Never," said Grim, "did I see an old man fight more bravely," and so saying he cut through Halfdan's shield, but suffered the loss of his right hand, which Halfdan cut off in the same moment. Grim seized the swor͂d with his left hand, and stabbed Halfdan in his thigh. Yet the latter was generous enough to grant him his life, receiving however considerable presents for the indulgence, and Thorilde was the reward of his victory. (In the beginning of the 5th æra.)

P. 233. (Omund was king of Sconen and Holland. Ring was king of Ringerich in Norway. The latter had a much renowned daughter, Asa, whom Omund resolved to court.)

But the father would have none but a brave man for his son in law, but Omund had not yet distinguished himself by any feats of manhood. Therefore to deserve his bride, he determined, following the spirit of the age, to make war on her father. Accordingly he sailed to Norway with a fleet, and came in his way to Oddur, a petty king in Jedderen (part of Norway), who received him amicably, and complained of being frequently wronged by Ring. The latter was then absent on a piratical expedition to Ireland. Omund, accompanied by Oddur, availed himself of the opportunity, and attacked his kingdom: yet he spared the inhabitants, only plundering the king's possesssions, and fighting with his men, and he never engaged an inferiour number, that he might in every respect equal his great father. Ring came home, and a pitched battle was fought at sea. Omund fought so bravely, that he put the enemy to flight. Ring, mortally wounded, beckoned with his hand to Omund to approach. He came, and Ring declared, that he could not wish a better son-in-law than so brave a man, but did not survive to bear an answer. Omund shed tears on his body, and married Asa. (In the first part of the 5th age.)

No. VII. P. 168. Storverk, the son of Sterkodder, carried off Onne, the daughter of Freke, who was king of Helgeland (in Norway), and had by her the second Sterkodder, who afterwards became so famous in our history. Fjervi and Fyrve, the sons of Freke, afterwards surprised their brother-in-law in the night, and burnt him with their sister, and all that were in the house, to death. (About the middle of the 4th æra.)

No. VIII. P. 182. (Erik, a gallant Norwegian warriour, had been, by means of a stratagem, defeated and taken prisoner y Halfdan, king of Denmark.)

Halfdan offered him his life, if he would acknowledge subordination; but Erik magnanimously rejected this condition, and Halfdan was cruel enough to order him to be tied in a wood, and lacerated by wild beasts, a fate unworthy of so brave a hero. (A. D. 378.)

P. 541. (Erik and Agnar were sons of Regnar Lodbrok, king of Denmark, the former of whom he had made subordinate king of East Gothland. While he was absent on an expedition to *Austurveg*, they made war on Eisten, king of Upsal, to compel him to fall from their father. Eisten defeated them, Agnar was killed, and Erik taken prisoner.)

Eisten had the generosity to offer Erik peace, and as much in fine (*bod*, what was anciently given in recompense to the relatives of a slain man,) for his brother, as he would require, and besides his daughter in marriage. In our days no man would have rejected such conditions, but Erik, inspired with the wild intrepidity of his age, only intreated peace for his people, and the choice of his own death. This having been granted, he sung: " Not will I take *bod* for brother, nor with ring purchase maid, " and hear Eisten in song called the conqueror (*bane*, he who slays an- " other) of Agnar. No mother shall weep for me: on the top of the hill I will die; let spears pierce me." While the spears were set, he sung: " Did any son of a king ever wear a better bed? though ravens,

" brother, secretly tear us both !" Before he was raised on the spears, he took an arm-ring, threw it to his men, and sung: " Tell last words! " the expeditions in the east are at end; let Aslang's tender maid have " my ring; with anger and wrath, if they hear of my death, let step-" mother mine tell it to loving sons." After he had been lifted on the spears, perceiving an eagle flying through the air, he had still firmness to sing: " Loudly the raven now cries over my head; it calls for food of " my wounds, and soon will it tear out my eyes. Badly it rewards those " many slain, I gave it in the battle." (A. D. 776.)

No. IX. The Orkneys invaded by Hogni and Hedin, chiefs, A. D. 353. Ireland invaded, and Dublin taken by Fridlee III. king of Denmark, between 415 and 425. Ireland invaded by Ring, king of Ringerick in Norway, about 436. Thore and Björn, Norwegian chiefs, in Ireland, about the same time. Scotland invaded by Frode V. of Denmark, shortly before 462. Heidreck, a chief from Bjarmeland, (the most northern part of Norway and Russia) in Scotland, between 493 and 550. Scotland, Orkneys, and the Hebrides invaded by Rolf, king of West Gothland, 582. Ireland by the same, accompanied by Armund, a Scottish prince, 599. Onev and Glum, Danish chiefs, in the Orkneys, 574. Norman freebooters in Ireland and Scotland between 600 and 625. Ireland invaded by Danes or Norwegians, 637.

No. III.

Account of the Indian Subscription.

The circumstances connected with the transmission of a considerable sum of money to Mr. Macpherson from India, for the purpose of printing Ossian in the original, are well entitled to be recorded, from the spirited manner in which the subscription was carried on; and as the transactions connected with that subscription furnish such additional, convincing, and irrefragable proofs of the authenticity of the poems, both by the written, deliberate, and public declaration of Mr. Macpherson himself, which took place upon that occasion, and by the strongest testimony on the part of the late Mr. John Mackenzie, (Macpherson's most intimate and confidential friend), who reprobates in such strong language any sceptical doubts that had been entertained upon the subject of the authenticity. It was the full conviction of the poems being authentic, impressed, from their earliest infancy, on the minds of those who subscribed to the publication, which induced them to come forward in the manner they did; and it was impossible for Mr. Macpherson to have accepted of the sum remitted to him to print the poems, if he had been conscious in his own mind, that the whole was a forgery.

The first notice of the Indian subscription was in a letter from Sir John Macgregor Murray, Baronet, to John Mackenzie, Esq. Secretary to the Highland Society of London, dated Calcutta, 29th October, 1783, of which the following is a copy:

"Sir,

"Having understood that the publication of the poems of Ossian, in the original, was only prevented by the want of funds for defraying the expense, I have long intended to endeavour to surmount that difficulty; but was so much engaged in public business, that I could not give attention to other pursuits.

"Sometime ago, however, I circulated the enclosed paper; and I have the pleasure to acquaint you, for the information of the Gaelic Society, that six hundred pounds* are remitted by this opportunity to Mr. Macpherson, for the above purpose, by a bill drawn on Robert and Henry Drummond, Esqrs. and Co. payable on the recovery of money receivable from the East India Company in London, in return for cash delivered into their Treasury here; part of which remittance I have spared, for the sake of expediting a publication much desired by all true lovers of their country

"I enclose a list of gentlemen in this part of the world, who are emulous of being classed amongst that number, and are anxiously solicitous for the preservation of the sublime productions of Ossian. They are of opinion, that the work ought to be printed in the ancient character; but they submit to the Society, how far it may be also proper to print it in the Roman letter, &c.

"We hope Mr. Macpherson will manifest a cheerful promptitude in yielding to the calls of his country on this occasion; but if he should unexpectedly decline the undertaking, the Society will, no doubt, apply for the services of the Gentleman, who, next to Mr. Macpherson, may be found best qualified to accomplish it.

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* In all, the sum of - -	£1000 8 4	was collected.
Whereof was paid for premium of exchange	62 10 0	
Neat remittance - -	£ 937 18 4	

"Wishing prosperity to the Society, collectively and individually, and, if it was possible, an eternity of fame to the heroes of Ossian,

"I am, &c."

(*Copy*) *Paper circulated, without any concert with Mr. Macpherson, or any person in Europe, by Sir John Macgregor Murray, in India, communicated to the Highland Society of London, in a letter of the 29th of October*, 1783.

"Ever since the publication of Mr. Macpherson's translation of Ossian's Poems, several respectable, but mistaken men, have been busily employed in sowing scepticism and dissentions in one of the most delightful walks of the republic of letters.

"They have been attempting to rob ancient Caledonia of the honour which those sublime productions of human imagination reflect upon her; they have been endeavouring to prove, that the noble and heroic sentiments in Ossian's poems are incompatible with the co-temporary circumstances of that country; that the nation was at that period too barbarous to inspire them; that its language was too imperfect to express them.

"Thus, at the expense of his country, they would confer upon Mr. Macpherson the high honour of being himself the author of the poems, which he has published under the name of Ossian; and they would maintain, that they never had any other original or existence.

"These misrepresentations have naturally excited a mixture of sorrow and indignation in the breast of every Highlander: Sorrow, at finding the source of his noblest ideas, the parent of his finest feelings, vilified: indignation, at seeing the facts most intimately known to him, falsified.

"Most of the poets and learned men in the Highlands, many of them no longer living, having, by manuscripts and otherwise, assisted Mr. James Macpherson in collecting Ossian's poems, he is certainly possessed of the completest and most perfect edition of them now extant; and every body must be sensible of the great importance of preserving them.

"Mr. Macpherson has been often requested to do justice to his country, and to Ossian, by publishing the poems in question in their original Gaelic. To these applications, his answer has uniformly been, that the publication of them, by solicited subscription, was an employment he could not undertake; but that it was his fixed determination, to publish them at his own expense, when convenient, or whenever the support that might be offered by his countrymen would enable him.

" Here the business rests at present; but here, it is hoped, it will not be permitted to rest any longer; for shall it not be the pride of Highlanders, however distant from their country, to assert and vindicate her cause, in the support of truth and genius? They will do so effectually, in this instance, by enabling Mr. Macpherson to publish, in the sublime original, and in the ancient character, the works of the inimitable Ossian.

" As it would not be generous to solicit gentlemen, to whom the language of Fingal and his heroes is unknown, to share in the expense of perpetuating its excellencies, it is proposed, that, although the assistance of all men of liberal sentiments will be cheerfully accepted, none shall be particularly called upon, on this occasion, but Highlanders:—Men, who have Gaelic blood in their veins, and Gaelic sentiments in their hearts: —Men, who know and feel, that, elegant as Ossian's modern dress is, it is not equal to his native garb; that the Gaelic, barbarous and uncouth as it is represented, has expressions peculiarly nervous and sublime for every noble and exalted idea that can enlarge and elevate the human mind.

" The object of this address is, to verify the prediction of Ossian, that " Fingal shall be clothed with fame; a train of light to other times."

The remittance was accompanied with a letter from Sir John Macgregor Murray to James Macpherson, Esq. dated Calcutta, 29th Oct. 1783, of which the following is an extract:

" A gentleman high in the respectable list of the literati of the present age, is said to be disaffected towards you: But how is this report reconcileable to his conduct? For if he and his retainers meant to raise your reputation even above immortality, how could they have more effectually devised the means, than by their strenuous endeavours to prove, that you are the author, instead of the translator, of the poems which bear the name of Ossian; and that your modesty in denying it, is only equalled by a sublimity of genius, unrivalled since the era of Homer?

" Can you forgive those who seek to unrobe you of a corner of the mantle with which that eminent man would clothe you, *in opposition to your own senses*, and to the positive knowledge of the inhabitants of two kingdoms?"

" Yes! you are contented to be, what you are,—the preserver of the language of Fingal; and it is enough for your honest ambition, that your name shall glide down the stream of the most distant futurity, enrolled with that of the immortal Ossian."

"You will see by the enclosed papers, that some men, who were so barbarous as to have been familiar with the history of Fingal before it appeared in a Saxon garb, are desirous of transmitting to posterity its original barbarity."

"Will you, the elegant annalist of a great foreign nation, foreign with respect to Fingal, gratify the wishes of your country, in giving to the public its early honours, in the character mentioned by Cæsar, and in the language in which the mighty Trenmore taught his heroes to vanquish the "kings of the world?"

The proceedings of the Highland Society of London, in consequence of so liberal a subscription, are next to be detailed.

Extract Proceedings of the Highland Society of London, June 4th, 1784.

The letter and papers above contained being read,

Resolved, To refer to the Committee to consider of thanks, in the completest manner, to the Gentlemen of India, who honoured this Society with the communication of their subscription for the publication of the original Gaelic of Ossian's Poems.

Resolved, To refer to the Committee, to wait on Mr. Macpherson with the compliments of the Society, and to ask when he means to publish the original Gaelic of Ossian, in pursuance of the request of the Gentlemen of India, and of the remittance they have made to him for that purpose.

July 8th, 1784.—At a meeting of the Highland Society of this date,

Reported from the Committee, That, in pursuance of the directions of last meeting of the Society, the Committee appointed a deputation of their number to wait on James Macpherson, Esq. to learn what time he intended to publish the original Gaelic poems of Ossian; and that the Secretary having written to Mr. Macpherson, requesting of him to appoint a time most agreeable to himself to receive the deputation, he wrote an answer to the Secretary, of which it is thought proper to have a *fac simile copy engraved* to do justice to so important a document.

Norfolk-Street, July 4th, 1784.

My Dear Sir,

I received the favour of your letter, dated yesterday; and I am sorry the gentlemen should think of giving themselves the trouble of waiting upon me, as a ceremony of that kind is altogether superfluous and unnecessary, I shall adhere to the promise I made several years ago, to a deputation of the same kind; that is, to employ my first leisure time, and a considerable portion of time, it *must* be to do it accurately, in arranging and printing the originals of the Poems of Ossian, as they have come to my hands. Funds having been established for the expence; there can be no excuse, but want of leisure, for not commencing the work in a very few months

" I am, with my best respects to the Gentlemen of the Committee,

" My dear Sir,

" Your faithful humble servant,

" James Macpherson."

John Mackenzie, Esq. &c.

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* Considering the importance of the above letter from Mr. Macpherson, it was thought advisable to have it fully authenticated; and the same having been sent by Sir John Sinclair to William Duncan, Esq. of Brunswick Square, he transmitted the following answer to the letter which accompanied it.

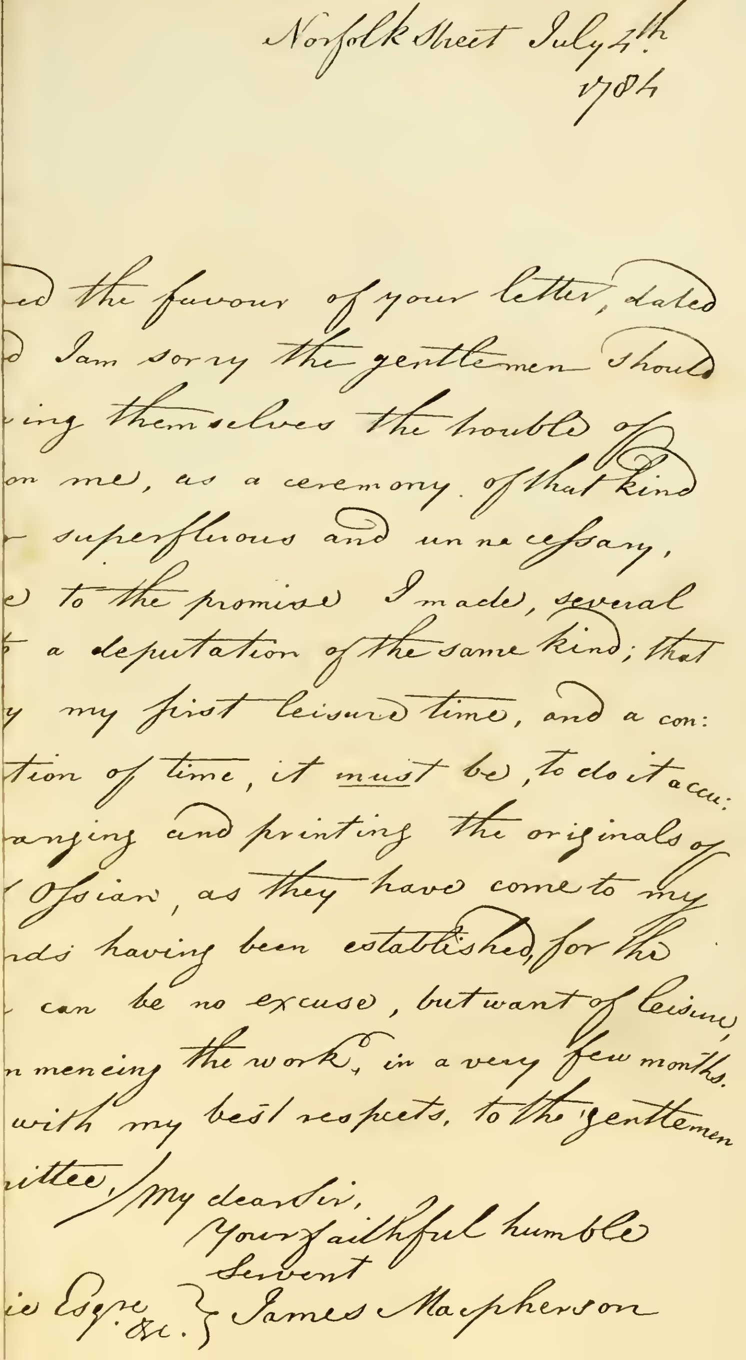
Copy of a Letter from William Duncan, *Esq. to Sir* John Sinclair, *dated June* 9, 1806.

" *Brunswick Square, June* 9, 1806.

" Dear Sir John,

" From the year 1793, until his death in February 1796, I was upon the most intimate terms of friendship with the late James Macpherson, Esq. of Belleville. I was the bearer (which perhaps you do not know) of a letter of challenge he wrote to the late Dr. Samuel Johnson, in consequence of what the Doctor published in the year 1775 (in his account of his journey to the Western Islands of Scotland in the year 1773), respecting his belief of the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian.

" I was in the habit of receiving letters from Mr. Macpherson two or three times a week, and I have hundreds of them in my possession at this moment. He seldom wrote a letter to the Nabob of the Carnatic, (to whom he was agent), or to ministers, or to the Directors of the East India Company, but when I was present. It must therefore be presumed, that I am perfectly acquainted with his hand writing; and I have no hesitation of saying, or of making oath to it, if it is necessary, that I have not the least doubt, in my own mind, that the letter you have this



Norfolk Street July 4th
1784

ed the favour of your letter, dated
d I am sorry the gentlemen should
ing themselves the trouble of
on me, as a ceremony of that kind
r superfluous and unneceſsary,
e to the promise I made, several
t a deputation of the same kind; that
y my first leisure time, and a con:
tion of time, it must be, to do it accu:
anging and printing the originals of
f Oſsian, as they have come to my
nds having been established, for the
can be no excuse, but want of leisure,
n mencing the work, in a very few months.
with my best respects, to the gentlemen
ittee, / my dear Sir,
Your faithful humble
Servant
ie Esqre. &c. } James Macpherson

Resolved by this Meeting, that a Committee of the company now present, do wait on Mr. Macpherson with the thanks of this Society, for

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day shewn to me, dated Norfolk Street, July 4, 1784, addressed to the late John Mackenzie, Esq. and to which I have prefixed the following words,

"London, 9th June, 1806.

"Certified by William Duncan, Brunswick Square," is the hand-writing of the late James Macpherson.

"I am, Dear Sir John,
"Your's very faithfully,
"WILLIAM DUNCAN."

Letter from N. W. WRAXALL, *Esq. to Sir* JOHN SINCLAIR, *on the same subject.*

"DEAR SIR JOHN,

"Having been appointed by the late Nabob Walajah, joint agent, for conducting his affairs, together with the late James Macpherson, Esq. and having for a great number of years acted with Mr. Macpherson, and had continual intercourse with him, I can say, as our friend Mr. Duncan does in his letter, that I have no manner of doubt, and would, if necessary, readily make oath, that the letter now communicated by you, dated "Norfolk Street, July 4th, 1784," addressed to John Mackenzie, Esq. and signed "James Macpherson," is the hand-writing of the said James Macpherson,

"Believe me, Dear Sir John,
"Faithfully your's,
"N. W. WRAXALL."

Sir John Sinclair, Bart. &c. &c.

Additional Certificate.

"Having examined a letter written by the late James Macpherson, Esq. dated Norfolk Street, July 4th, 1804, addressed to the late John Mackenzie, Esq. we do hereby concur in Mr. Ducan's declaration, and certify our firm conviction and belief, that the said letter is the hand-writing of the said James Macpherson, Esq.

(Signed)

Date.	Name.	Place of abode.
24th July, 1806,	THOMAS BROWN,	John Street, Adelphi.
25th July, 1806,	CALEB WHITEFOORD,	Great Argyle Street."

Mr. Macpherson's original letter, together with Mr. Duncan's, Mr. Wraxall's letters, and the certificates of Mr. Brown and Mr. Whitefoord, are deposited in the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh, where they will always be accessible to those who may be desirous to inspect them.

his resolution of an early publication of the original Gaelic Poems of Ossian; and named for a Committee,

The Earl of Dunmore,	General Macnab,
The Earl of Breadalbane,	Colonel Robert Stuart,
Lord Macleod,	Mr. Secretary Mackenzie.

12*th. Aug.* 1784.—*At a Meeting of the Highland Society of this date,*

" Reported by Mr. Secretary, that the deputation appointed at last meeting had waited on Mr. Macpherson; when he expressed his sense of the great honour done him by the Society, and repeated his intention to publish the original Gaelic of Ossian with his first leisure.

Copy of a Letter of Thanks from Mr. MACKENZIE, *in Name of the Society, to Sir* J. MURRAY.

" SIR,

" Having the honour to hold the office of Secretary of the Highland Society, it is my duty to authenticate, and to transmit, the inclosed copy of the Minute made upon reading, at their late meetings, your letter, and the annexed paper and list of subscribers, with which it was accompanied; all providing for the publication of the *Gaelic originals* of Ossian's immortal poems.

" The Minute is short, as usual in the record of our proceedings; and it directs the Committee to communicate more fully the sentiments of the Society on that more than usually agreeable occasion.

" In the name of the Committee, it is my part to acquaint you, Sir, for yourself, and on behalf of your respectable contributing friends, that those sentiments were such as naturally and necessarily followed from observing the entire and genuine Highland spirit of your truly patriotic subscribers,—that is, admiration, joined with respect and cordial affection, raised by remarking, that Gentlemen so long absent from their native country, nevertheless, possess so vigorous and active an enthusiasm for its honour and ornament, as not only to make them break forth into indignation at the unmerited suspicions and aspersions entertained and published by ignorance and prejudice against the greatness and refinement of its ancient genius; but also to enter into liberal and splendid measures for calling forth before the public the great example and evidence of the old elevation of the Caledonian mind, in all the undeniable majesty of the venerable Celtic Bard and Prince, whose appearance in person, by the spirited exertions of yourself and friends, must abash and dissipate the crowd of envious cavillers that have swarmed about his respectable representative and *translator*.

" The Highland Society, to second your most laudable wishes, appointed a deputation of Noblemen and Gentlemen to express to that Gentleman, Mr. Macpherson, their ardent wishes also for the publication of the original Gaelic of Ossian's Poems; who having waited on him accordingly, he promised, with abundant expressions of respect for your truly public-spirited association, to comply with those united wishes of his countrymen in all quarters of the world.

" I have the honour to be,
" With great esteem and regard,
" Sir," &c. &c.

1785. *Nov.* 3.—*At a Meeting of the Highland Society, where the Secretary reported the Receipt of* 200*l. by Mr.* Macpherson, *additional Subscription from Sir* John Murray.

" Resolved, That for the communication of this additional remittance, thanks of this Society be again presented, with particular attention, affection, and admiration, to John Murray, Esq. (now Sir J. M. M.) and the other Highland worthies in India, whose attachment to their country, regard for its credit, and relish for its monuments of genius, are manifested to be unalterable by place or time, by their spirited exertions and liberal contributions for the publication of the now immortal original of Ossian's ancient poetry; which, by their munificence, will long remain to charm the sons, as it has already long delighted their fathers.

12*th Jan.* 1787.—*At a Meeting of the Highland Society, the following Gentlemen, being the Subscribers above alluded to, were elected Members of the Society by acclamation or shew of hands, viz.*

Sir John Macgregor Murray; Kenneth Murcheson, Esq.; Lieutenant-Colonel John Macpherson; Major-General Peter Duff; Major Alexander Macdonald; Major-General Robert Stuart; Lieutenant John Macgregor; John Mackenzie, Esq. now Paymaster-General, Bengal; Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Murray, Adjutant-General; Colonel Allan Macpherson; Captain Norman Macleod, of Ullinish; Captain James Sinclair, sen.; Captain Alexander Orme; Lieutenant J. Stewart, of the

Artillery; Lieutenant P. Grant; William Macintosh, Esq.; Captain Robert Macgregor; Robert Macfarlane, Esq.; Lieutenant-Colonel Alex. Park; William Pope, Esq.; William Ross, Esq. of Fort-George; Captain Robert Stewart (of Castle Stewart); Mr. William Williams; Lieutenant Alexander Macdonald; James Fraser, Esq.; John Stewart, Esq. Surgeon; Captain John Murray of the Company's Navy; Captain Daniel Macgregor; J. Burrell, Esq.; Bernard M'Callum, Esq.; Lieutenant D. Macpherson, Artillery; Phineas Hall, Esq.; Lieut.-Colonel Robert Murray; Patrick M'Intyre, Esq.; Captain Donald Macleod; Lieutenant John Urquhart; Major-General J. Macdonald; James Grant, Esq. (Redcastle); Lieutenant Campbell, 73d Regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Spens, Ditto; Captain John Macleod (Luskinter); Walter Ross Munro, Esq. M. D.; Colonel John Macintyre, Artillery; Lieutenant-Colonel Donald Campbell; Captain Baillie; Thomas Cockburn, Esq.; Captain Alston; Captain Brown; Lieutenant Mackinnon; John Tulloch, Esq.; Lieutenant Charles Macalister; Lieutenant-Colonel Keith Macalister; Lieutenant Alexander Grant; Lieutenant Jo. Macrae; Lieutenant Alexander Macleod, sen.; Lieutenant Alexander Macleod, jun.

No. IV.

Declaration by Captain Alexander Morison, of Greenock.

Captain Morison, who is mentioned, in p. lxxxix, as having assisted Mr. Macpherson in preparing the original Gaelic for the press, being living in 1804, though in a very advanced period of life, it was thought right, to request his answers to the following queries regarding his concern in the publication of the Gaelic original, which Mr. Macpherson had intended, and in preparing which Captain Morison had assisted him.

Queries for Captain Morison, of Greenock.

I. Are you the person mentioned in the Prospectus herewith sent, regarding the poems of Ossian?

II. What do you recollect regarding your preparing a copy of Ossian, in the original Gaelic, for the press?

III. Did you see, or copy any part of the work from old manuscripts?

IV. Have you any doubt of the authenticity of Ossian's poems.

Mr. Morison's Answer was as follows:

Sir, *Greenock*, 17 *July*, 1804.

I had the honour of your card of the 15th, containing four queries adjected to a Prospectus of the intended publication of Ossian's poems; and in reply to these,

I. I am the person mentioned in that Prospectus.

II. I distinctly remember assisting the late Mr. Macpherson in preparing a copy of Ossian, in the original Gaelic, for printing. My knowledge of the original Gaelic I considered superior to Mr. Macpherson's.

III. I did see, and collected a few of these manuscripts, as well as traditionary tales, both of which I considered as perfectly authentic, and as such I delivered to Mr. Macpherson.

IV. I do now declare, what I have from my youth up firmly published, that I as firmly believe in the authenticity of Ossian's poems, as in the existence of soul and body.

At my advanced period of life, (now 86), and by the providence of God enjoying an uncommon degree of health and memory, I flatter myself you will be persuaded, that I would not deliberately make such averments, were they not perfectly consistent with the conviction of my own mind. Before concluding, permit me to repeat the Gaelic alphabet.

Aim,
Beth,
Coull,
Duir,
Eagh,
Scarn,
Goibh,
Huath,
Jogh,
Luish,
Muin,
Nuin
Ogh,
Bhog,
Ricus,
Suil,
Tin,
Uir.

I have the honour to be, with great respect, &c. &c.

To Sir John Sinclair, Bart.
&c. &c.

No. V.

Observations on the two English Translations of the first Book of Fingal, principally alluding to the first twenty lines. By Sir John Sinclair.

THE superiority of *the new translation* must strike every observing reader. It appears, from comparing the two together, that Macpherson has, in many instances, deviated from the original; in other instances, he has added or omitted passages as suited his taste or fancy, which was seldom very correct, and in other instances he has misconceived the original altogether, and uniformly to the disadvantage of the Celtic bard. For instance, Macpherson says, " By the tree of the rustling sound." How much more poetical is the Gaelic! " *Beneath the shade* of a rustling tree," or, " of the tree with the rustling leaf." Macpherson says, " His spear leaned against a rock." In the Gaelic, it is " against *the rock of caves*," implying a rock with many small cavities or fissures in it. He omits the epithet *large*, applied to the shield, and the swift high-bounding steps of Moran, so happily applied to a scout, are entirely overlooked in his translation.

The speech of the scout Moran, is much more energetic in the new translation, than in Macpherson's. Finding Cuthullin, (who at first disbelieved his intelligence), slow in rising, how emphatically does he exclaim, " Haste, haste, thou Chief of the feast!" In regard to the conclusion of that speech, in Macpherson's translation, " Many are the foe, many the heroes," it is mere tautology. How much superior is the new translation, (which is an exact version of the Gaelic), " *Great is Swaran, numerous his host.*" An ingenious critic, who had an opportunity of examining the original, justly remarks, that Swaran's personal appearance, which is immediately after more fully delineated, had made a deep impression on the scout. The gigantic form of the leader is mentioned before the number of his troops: this indication of the impression made on the mind of Moran, escaped Macpherson, and is lost in his translation.

Moran's second speech, in the original, is one of the finest passages that can be produced from any poem, but fails much in Macpherson's translation. For instance, every reader of taste must doubtless prefer " *the rock*," without the unappropriate epithet of *glittering*, which is not to be found in the original; and " *The fir on the mountain cliff*," is certainly much more natural and impressive than " *the blasted pine*," as translated by Macpherson. In the Gaelic, the scout next describes the chief " sitting *upon a rock* on the shore, and resembling the mist on yonder hill," which is infinitely finer than " sitting on the shore, like a cloud of mist on *the silent hill*." In Macpherson, Swaran's heroes are not at all taken notice of; whereas, in the Gaelic, the scout, after complimenting Swaran on the power of his host, does justice to the valour and superiority of his own countrymen. Nor can there be any comparison between " *Many mighty men* ARE SEEN *from Tura's windy walls*," and " *But more numerous and mighty chiefs*, SURROUND *the windy Tura*."

The superiority of the Gaelic, and of the new translation faithfully done from it, is so very evident, that it affords the strongest internal evidence, (in the minds of many, more especially those who have a knowledge of the Gaelic, it must be irresistible), that Macpherson could not have been the real author of these poems. His fame depended, not on the Gaelic, but on the English version, which he must necessarily have endeavoured to render as complete as possible; but, from a mistaken wish to improve, he has in many instances destroyed the majestic simplicity of the original, by using such turgid expressions, as, *the glittering rock*, *the blasted pine*, *the sea-borne Swaran*, *green Erin of streams*, *the mist on the silent hill*, meretricious ornaments, *which have no foundation whatever in the original.*

In short, in so far as it is possible to judge from this specimen, and from a similar investigation which will be found in the Report of the Highland Society, p. 130, it would be necessary to publish a new translation of Ossian, in order to give to the public a just idea of the nervous simplicity, and genuine beauties, of that celebrated poet, to neither of which Macpherson has done sufficient justice. Nor is it any longer to be wondered at, that an excellent Gaelic scholar, who knew him well, who could appreciate the talents he possessed, and who assisted him in transcribing the poems, (Captain Morison), should declare, " that Macpherson could as well compose the Prophecies of Isaiah, or create the Island of Skye, as compose a poem like one of Ossian's."*

In Vol. III. p. 58, the word *mheirghe* is used, which signifies *vexillum*, or in English *a banner*. The poet probably meant that the chief came to the king under his banners. It is singular that Mr. Macpherson leaves out this word altogether in his translation, probably from the difficulty he found to explain it properly; a proof among many others of the same sort which might be adduced, that he could not have been the original author.

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* Report of the Highland Society, p. 171.

No. VI.

A Scene from Ossian. By Sir John Sinclair, Bart.

It is a fact perfectly well ascertained, that in former times the Highlanders were accustomed *to act* the poems of Ossian, at their festivals and other public meetings.* This is a strong proof of the authenticity of these poems; for if there had existed nothing but common ballads, they could only have been repeated or sung by one individual; whereas from Fingal, and the other poems of Ossian, when they are properly translated, some of the finest dramatic scenes that ever were composed, may be extracted with very little difficulty. As a proof of the justness of that observation, I have sketched out a scene from the first Book of Fingal, drawn up from the new translation of that book above printed. The story is as follows:

Cuthullin, the leader of the Irish armies, during the minority of Cormac king of Ireland, assembles his chiefs to determine whether they are to fight Swaran king of Lochlin or Denmark, who had invaded Ireland with a powerful fleet, or whether it would not be more advisable to propose a truce, until Fingal king of Morven should come to their assistance. The chiefs, who had been following the chase, were assembled on a height whence they saw the fleet of the enemy. Cuthullin first states the question to be discussed, in distinct and energetic terms, and then calls upon Connal, a leader distinguished for his valour and experience, to deliver his sentiments. His opinion is given decisively in favour of peace. Calmar, the son of Mathas, a gallant young warrior, reprobates the timid councils of Connal, and urges Cuthullin not only to attack the enemy, but after defeating Swaran, to carry the war into Denmark. Connal justifies himself, perseveres in recommending peace, but declares his resolution at the same time, to assist his countrymen, if war is determined on Cuthullin then resolves on war, animates his chiefs to carry it on with spirit, and gives orders to prepare for immediate hostilities.

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* See letter from Mr. Donald Macleod, minister of Glenelg, to the Rev. Doctor Blair, dated 26th March 1764, in the Report of the Highland Society, as to the Poems of Ossian, Appendix, p. 29.

He announces the subject of deliberation in the following terms:

CUTHULLIN.

Hail to the manly sons of Erin's vales;
Hail to the hardy hunters of the deer;
Another sport, my friends, awaits us now;
Behold the foe off yon projecting point;
Say, shall we fight the billowy Lochlin's sons,
Or yield green Erin to the invading foe?
Connal,—thou first of men,
Illustrious warrior,—Breaker of shields,
Oft hast thou fought with Lochlin;
Wilt thou, O chief! advance thy father's spear?

CONNAL.

————Noble Cuthullin,
Still is the spear of Connal keen in war;
Still I delight, as I have ever done,
To crush, in bloody fight, my country's foes;
But though my hand would seek the battle,
My heart desires the peace of Erin.
O! Bravest chief of the illustrious Cormac,
Behold the hostile fleet as it rises,
As it mounts aloft on the distant wave;
Like the woods on the banks of Lego,
Like forests are the masts of strangers,
Moving on the curling waves,
And bending alternate to the breeze.

CUTHULLIN.

What then? Shall we not fight the foe?

CONNAL.

Cuthullin, Connal sighs for peace,
Give tribute to mighty Swaran,
Fingal himself would shun the contest,
High chief of the sons of Alba,

Fingal, who disperses the brave,
As the whirlwind scatters the grass,
When the torrent roars through the rocky Cona,
And in his robe of clouds is Morven wrapt.

CALMAR SON OF MATHAS.

Away with peace, thou feeble man;
Let Connal fly to his gloomy hill;
Let his spear contend with the hind,
And not rise in the strife of heroes;
Let him pursue the deer on Cromla;
Let him pierce the timid roe.
But thou, O son of generous Semo,
High chief of our numerous bands,
Disperse and rout the sons of Lochlin;
Scatter the host of sea-born strangers;
Till not a skiff shall rise upon the wave,
With sail or plying oar.
Then let us fly in our strength,
On the raging sea of Innis-tore,
To revenge the wrongs of Erin.
May I perish by a blast from heaven,
If I prefer not to the chase of the deer,
The hottest conflict of embattled hosts!*

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* An ingenious poet has suggested, that the speech of Calmar might be altered as follows:

Away with peace, thou feeble man. Let Connal
Fly to his gloomy hill. There let his spear
Strive with the hind, and not in glorious conflict
Rise in the strife of heroes; let his arm,
On Cromla chase the flying deer, or pierce
The timid roe.—But thou, of gen'rous Semo
Illustrious son, chief of our numerous bands,
Disperse the sons of Lochlin; scatter wide
The host of sea-born strangers;—
Till not a skiff shall rise upon the wave,
With sail or plying oar.
Then in our strength impetuous let us speed,
On Innis-tore's rough billows, to avenge
The wrongs of Erin. By a blast from heaven
May Calmar perish, if he not prefer
To th' inglorious chase of the swift deer,
The hottest conflict of embattled hosts!

CONNAL.

Young son of Mathas, I ne'er yet declined,
The strife of shields ; and I was ever nigh
My friends in battle with the lifted spear :
But tho' a warrior, sharing with the brave,
The well earn'd victory,
Yet fame I courted not.—As for this war,
Thou son of generous Semo, hear my voice,
Regard young Cormac and his ancient throne:
Give tribute to the fierce and pow'rful foe,
Till Fingal comes, and all his warlike chiefs:
But if thy soul delights in bloody strife,
I wield the sword and spear.

CUTHULLIN.

Then let us wield the spear,
And let the mighty sons of Erin rise.
Let each band form itself in shining arms,
And sweep along with speed the gloomy heath,
Like to a sun-beam on the mountain top.
Pleasant to me, O brave and gallant chiefs,
Is the hard crash of bright contending arms,
'Tis like the thunder on the rugged cliff,
When the soft showers of spring at first descend.—
Quick let each band advance,*
Prepare my car, fill it with massy spears,
Attend my bounding steeds upon the plain ;
And when the mighty conflict rages round,
My soul shall be, firm like yon tow'ring rock.

These speeches are extracted, with very trifling variations, from Mr. Ross's new and literal translation of the first Book of Fingal, executed from the original Gaelic. The spirit and animation of the original, are, it is said, very imperfectly given even in that translation; a circumstance which fully justifies the enthusiasm with which the natives of the Highlands speak of their favourite Poet, who was not only the Homer, but the Shakespeare of the Celtic tongue: for, with the exception of that great master of the drama, where are finer passages to be met with, in the works of any poet, ancient or modern?

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* This is taken from another part of the poem, after the episode of Cathbat and Duchomar

To suppose that Mr. James Macpherson was the author of these verses, is as absurd, as to believe him capable of composing the Paradise Lost, or the scenes which have immortalized the name of Shakespeare.

N. B. Upon sending a copy of this scene from Ossian, to Mr. John Clark, now residing at Carmarthen, (who refuted Shaw's attack on the authenticity of Ossian), I received a letter from him, dated Carmarthen, July 27, 1806, of which the following is an extract: "Your idea of "Ossian's poems having been originally recited in a dramatical form, "is very correct. I remember, when I was at Ruthven school with "Mr. Macpherson, (when he was collecting the original Gaelic poems), "to have gone with him to several late wakes in Badenoch, when it was "customary for one person to represent one character, another a second, "and so on, each person repeating their respective parts, just as our "players do upon the stage."

It was thus that Macpherson collected the Gaelic fragments he originally published, several of which are in the dramatic form, and the authenticity of which this anecdote tends to confirm.

PRŒLIUM LODINIS

POEMA.

CARMEN PRIMUM.

Carminis I. Argumentum.

Fingal, quum admodum juvenis in Orcadas navigaret, in Scandinaviæ sinum, prope quem habitabat Starno, Lochlinis rex, vi tempestatis actus est. Starno ad convivium invitat Fingalem, qui regis fidem dubitans hospitiique juris olim læsi memor se iturum negat. Starno suos convocat, ac Fingal se tueri statuit. Tenebris obortis Durona hostium consilia se speculaturum spondet; at Fingal ipse vigilias obit. Ad hostem progressus casu quodam in Turoris antrum, quo Conbanglassam, vicini principis filiam, Starno tenebat captivam, incidit. Archetyporum versuum parte amissa, ejus historia imperfecta est. Ad locum quendam sacrum, quo Starno et filius Suaranus Lodinis simulacrum de belli exitu consulebant, Fingal venit. Fingalis et Suarani sequitur conflictus; et ad finem Carminis Primi aeria describitur aula Lodinis, qui Scandinaviæ Odin fuisse putatur.

CATH LODUINN.

DUAN I.

v. 1–17.

SGEUL ri aithris air àm o aois.
Chaoin aiteil, gun t' fhaicinn a chaoidh,
Lùbadh cluaran mu Lora nan sian;
Thu air astar an caol-ghleann na gaoith,
C'uime thréig thu mo chluasa co dian?
Cha chluinnear gairm nan liath shruth ard;
No guth clarsaich o charn nan gas.
Mhalmhina nan teud thig do d' bhard,
Till anam do bhaird air ais;
Till m' anam, a lamh-gheal, dhomh féin.
Mi coimhead air Lochlin nan sonn,
Ciar uisge Uthorno nan tonn;
O'n iar-chuan a' tearnadh mo righ;
'S muir bheucach fo ghaoith a' strì;
'S neo-lìonor glan oigridh nam beann
Tir choigrich a' togail fo'n ceann.
Ghairm Starno o Loduinn fear faoin,

PRŒLIUM LODINIS.

CARMEN I.

v. 1–17.

Historia recitanda de tempore (prisco) ex antiquitate.
Blanda aura, haud conspicienda unquam,
Flectens carduos circa Loram nimborum;
Tu in itinere in angustâ valle venti,
Quare deseruisti tu meas aures tam citò ?
Non auditur vocatus canorum rivorum arduorum;
Nec vox citharæ a saxeto ramorum.
Malvina chordarum veni ad tuum bardum,
Redde animum tui bardi retro;
Redde meum animum, manus-candida, mihi.
Me intuente Lochlinem bellatorum,
Fuscam aquam Uthornæ undarum;
Ab occidentali oceano descendentem meum regem;
Et mare mugiens sub vento certans;
Est haud numerosa pura juventus montium
Terram peregrinorum tollens sub ejus caput.*
Vocavit Starno è Loda virum vanum,

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* i. e. appellens ad terram.

'Chuireadh Fhionnghail gu cuirm nam fleagh:
Chuimhnich an righ an òigh chaoin;
Ghluais ardan a làmh ri a shleagh.
  " Ni 'm faicear leam Gorm-mheall no Starno:
Tha bàs a' snàmh, mar fhaileas ciar,
Air inntinn an triath a tha borb;
Cha tréig m'anam an dearsa o'n ear,
Ainnir làmh-gheal a's àirde cliu.
O m' fhianuis, mhic Lòduinn, gu grad.
Dhomh féin ata fhocal mar ghaoith,
A thogas 's a thréigeas an dos
An dubh-ghleann fo dhubh-nial ciuin."
  " Dhubh-mhic Roinne nam bàs-arm geur;
Chromaghlas, fhir cruaidh nan sgiath;
Shruthmhor, a thuineadh riamh
An truscan ciar na còmhraig;
Chormar, leis is dionaiche long
A' gearradh a h-astar feadh thonn
Gun chùram, mar theine nan speur
Ro' bhearna beur nan neul;
Eiribh grad, a chlann nan sonn,
An tir choigrich mu 'n iadh an tonn.
Scalladh gach duin' air a sgiath,
Mar Threunmhor, fear riaghladh na còmhraig.
Thusa chòmhnuis am measg nan clàrsach,
A sgiath bhallach druid-sa gu m' làimh;
Till an sruth mòr so o m' thaobh,
No ri m' thaobh biodh do thuineadh fo làr."

Qui invitaret Fingalem ad epulum conviviorum:
Recordatus est rex virginem blandam;
Movit ira ejus manum ad ejus hastam.
“ Non cernetur à me Gormal nec Starno:
Est mors natans, sicut umbra fusca,
Super mente principis qui est barbarus;
Haud deseret meus animus coruscamen ab oriente,
Virginem manus-candidæ, cujus est altissima fama.
E meo conspectu, fili Lodinis, ocyùs.
Mihi est ejus verbum instar venti,
Qui tollit et relinquit rubum
In atrâ valle sub atrâ nube tranquilla.”
“ Niger fili Ronæ mortiferorum-armorum acutorum;
Cromaglas, vir duri-ferri clypeorum;
Strumor, qui habitâsti semper
In amictu fusco certaminis;
Cormar, cui est maxime compacta et tuta navis
Secans suum iter per undas
Sine curâ, instar ignis cœlorum
Per fissuras aculeatas nubium;
Surgite ocyùs, o proles bellatorum,
In terrâ peregrinorum, circa quam obliquatur fluctus.
Intueatur quisque vir suum clypeum,
Sicut Trenmor, moderator certaminis.
Tu, qui habitas in medio cithararum,
Clypee variis-distincte-coloribus propera in meam manum;
Averte flumen hoc magnum à meo latere,
Aut ad meum latus sit tua habitatio sub humo.”

Mu 'n righ ghrad dh' éirich triatha borb;
Ghlac iad uile an sleagh le colg;
Las an sùil gun fhocal nam beul,
'N anam 'g eirigh ard do na trein.
Air sgéith chualas screadan nan lann;
Ghabh iad uil' am monadh fo 'n ceann;
Sheas na fir an duibhre liath
Air ardaibh ciar na h-oiche
Bristeadh durdan nan duan ciuin
Air osag ùr nan sliabh.
Làn as mall bha'n ré air ton;
Am màile liath thig triath nan sonn,
Dubh mhac Roinne o chrom nan dos,
Sàr shealgair nan torc ciar.
B'e miann an fhir an t-eathar donn
Ag éirigh suas air cuan nan long,
Nuair dhùisgeadh Cromthormod a choill'
An talamh foill agus naimhde.
Cha robh eagal an anam an Dùir.
"Mhic Chumhail, an sgaoil mi mo cheum,
Measg oiche? o sgiath nam beum
An seall mi mu 'r naimhdibh gu léir
An sàmhchair fo fhaileas nan speur,
Mu righ Lochlin gun iochd, gun bhàigh,
Sàr Shuaran, namhaid borb nan dàimh,
Taomadh thall nan rann air chòmhla
Do chlach Lòduinn nam fuar thaibhs'?
Cha 'n ann gun fheum tha 'n fhocail màll

Circa regem confestim surrexerunt principes feri;
Prehenderunt illi omnes hastam cum ferociâ;
Flammavit eorum oculus sine verbo in eorum ore,
Eorum animo surgente altè strenuis.
Super clypeo audiebatur stridor telorum;
Capessiverunt illi omnes montem sub eorum caput;
Steterunt viri in obscuritate cani
Super culminibus fuscis noctis
Rumpentes murmur carminum lenium
In flamine recente clivorum.
Plena et tarda erat luna super undâ,
In loricâ canâ venit princeps bellatorum,
Fuscus filius Ronæ à curvo-saxeto dumorum,
Egregius venator aprorum fuscorum.
Erat oblectamentum viri cymba fusca
Surgens sursùm super oceanum navium;
Quando expergefaciebat Cromthormod suam sylvam
In terrâ insidiarum et hostium.
Non erat metus in animo Duronæ.
“ Fili Comalis, an tendam ego meos passus
Per noctem? A clypeo plagarum
An circumspiciam ego hostes omnino
In silentio sub umbrâ cœlorum,
Regem Lochlinis sine misericordiâ, sine benignitate,
Eximium Suaranum, hostem ferocem advenarum,
Fundentes ex adverso carmina sìmul
Saxo Lodinis frigidarum larvarum?
Non sine effectu sunt verba eorum lenta

Ri Loduin nan Gaul treun.
Mar till mac Roinne, a thriath,
Bhean bhanail tha triall na h-aonar,
An àite tachairt do gharbh shruth nan sliabh,
O Chruailinn tha sìos a' taomadh.
Air gach taobh tha cruach agus carn,
Gorm-choille, beur ard, as beuc' cuain;
Tha sùil mo mhic air eoin nan tonn
Faoin sheachran nan tom an òige.
Thoir ceann an tuirc do cheann nan daoine;
Innsear dha nach b' fhaoin mo shòlas,
Nuair thàinig neart riabhach nan cnoc
Air gorm-shleagh nan torc an Uthorno.
Innsear dha mo ghniomh 'sa chòmhrag;
Innsear air chorr dha mar thuit mi."
"An dì-chuimhn' air m' aithreachaibh treun
Cha d' thàinig mi féin thar caoil:
'Am a chunnairt b'e àm am beum;
Cha robh iad gun fheum an aois.
Cha 'n 'eil an dùbhra dona donn
A' dùnadh trom mu chiabhan m' òige:
A thriath Chramo chruailinn an aonaich,
Is leams' an oiche, 's leams' an cunnart."
Shìn an righ gun dàil a cheum
Thar Turthoir nam beuc-shruth fuar,
Chuir sìos a thoirm garbh le beud,
Raon Ghorm-mheall na cheò féin gun tuar.
Bha ghealach air eudan nan carn,

Ad Lodinem peregrinorum strenuorum.
Si non redeat filius Ronæ, o princeps,
Ejus uxor honesta est ambulans (sola) in solitudine,
In loco ubi concurrunt asperi torrentes clivorum,
A Crualine qui sunt deorsùm se-fundentes.
Super quòque latere sunt collis et saxetum, [oceani.
Viridis sylva, acutum-cacumen arduum, et mugitus
Est oculus mei filii ad aves undarum
Inaniter pererrantis colliculos in juventute.
Da caput apri capiti populi;
Dicatur illi quod non erat vanum meum gaudium,
Quando venit robur maculosum collium
Super cærulam hastam aprorum in Uthorna.
Dicatur illi meum facinus in certamine;
Dicatur præsertim ei quomodo ceciderim ego."
"In oblivione meorum patrum strenuorum
Haud veni ego ipse trans freta:
Tempus periculi erat illud tempus plagarum,
Haud erant illi sine vi in senectute.
Non est obscuritas vilis fusca
Se claudens gravem circa cirros juventutis:
O princeps Cramocrualinis (jugosæ) jugi,
Est mihi nox, est mihi periculum."
Tetendit rex sine morâ suum passum
Trans Turorem mugientium fluminum frigidorum,
Qui mittebat deorsùm suum murmur raucum cum
Campo Gormalis* in nebulâ ipsius sine colore. [damno,
Erat luna super facie saxetorum;

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* *existente* hìc subintelligitur.

'S na meadhon cruth àillidh na snuadh;
Cruth àillidh nan ciar-chiabh ard,
Oigh Lochlin an uchd bhàin o stuadh.
Bu liònor, 's bu ghearr a ceum,
Duan briste gun bheud 'sa ghaoith.
Dh' éirich a ruighe geal gun fheum;
Am bròn na h-anam 's i baoth.
"A Thorcuil-torno nan ciabh glas,
Am bheil astar do chas mu Lula,
Do ghath teine mar eibhle dol ás
Aig sruth a tha cas fo dhùbhra?
C' àit' an do ghabh thu tuinneas thall,
Athair òigh bhàin nan ciar chiabh?
Chi mi triath Lula nam beuc
Cuir nan cleas mu chiar chruth Loduinn,
Nuair a dhùineas an oiche mu speur.
Thu ceileadh na ré fo sgéith mòirchuis:
Chunnaic mis i dorcha as donn;
Bha teine nan tonn ann do chiabh,
'S tu snàmh uam mar shiubhal nan long.
C' uim' nach cuimhne do 'n t-shonn air m' fhiamh?
A righ nan torc riabhach gun ghìomh,
Seall-sa sìos o thalla Lòduinn
Air ainnir fo bhròn na h-aonar."
" Co thusa, 's caoine guth fo dhùbhra?"
Thionndaidh i cùl ris an t shonn.
" Co thusa, san oiche fo chùram?"
Dh' aom i dlù ri còs nan tonn.

Et in eorum medio forma pulchra venustatis,
Forma pulchra fuscorum cirrorum arduorum,
Virgo Lodinis sinus candidi à fluctu.
Erat frequens et erat brevis ejus gradus,
Carmine interrupto, sine defectu, in vento.
Surgebat ejus lacertus candidus sine vi,
Dolore (existente) in ejus animo et ipsa amente.
“ O Torcultorno cirrorum glaucorum,
An est iter tuorum pedum circa Lulam,
Tuo radio ignis (existente) instar prunæ se-extinguentis,
Ad fluentum quod est præceps sub umbrâ ?
Quo loco cepisti tu habitationem ultra (hunc orbem),
Pater virginis albæ fuscorum cincinnorum ?
Specto ego principem Lulæ mugituum
Committentem ludos circa fuscam formam Lodinis,
Quando se-claudit nox circa cœlum.
Te celante lunam sub clypeo fastûs,
Vidi ego eam tenebrosam et subfuscam ;
Fuit ignis undarum in tuis cirris,
Te præternatante instar motûs navium.
Quare non est memoria bellatoris super meo metu ?
O rex aprorum maculosorum sine trepidatione,
Despice tu deorsùm ab aulâ Lodinis
In virginem sub luctu in solitudine.”
“ Quis tu, cujus est blandissima vox sub obscuritate ?”
Vertit illa tergum ad bellatorem.
“ Quis tu in nocte sub curâ ?”
Descendit illa propinquans ad cavernam undarum.

Dh' fhuasgail an righ an iall o làimh;
Dh' fheoraich e le bàigh m'a sinnsra.
  " Bha Torcul-torno," labhair an òigh,
" Aig Lula nan sruth mòr a' tàmh;
Bha thuinneas aig Lula nan seòd—
Tha 'n t-shlige chorr an diugh 'na làimh
An talla Loduinn nan gruaidh ciar.
Thachair è as Starno nan long
Am meadhon nan tom an còmhrag;
B' fhada spairn nan ciar-shuileach donn.
Thuit m' athair, an sonn, fo dhòruinn,
Torcul-torno nan gorm sgiath.
  Air taobh na craig aig Lula féin
Thuit ruadh-bhoc nan leum fo m' iuthaidh.
Mar thionail mo lamh, 's mi leth-aobhach,
Mo chiabhan air faondra 'sa ghaoith,
Chualas toirm: mo shùile plaosg';
M' urla caoin ag éirigh ard;
Bha mo cheum gu Lula nach faoin
Gu Torcul nan cuan 's nan carn.
  Co a t' ann ach Starno, an righ,
A dhearg shùil ag iadhadh graidh?
Bu dorcha garbh a mhala dhubh,
'S è gàire gun chruth le sòlas.
C'àite bheil m' athair bu mhòr,
Triath nan tòrr, bu chòrr an còmhrag?
Thréigeadh measg naimhde an òigh,
Nighean Thorcuil nan seòl còmhnard!

Solvit rex lorum ab ejus manu;
Quæsivit ille cum benignitate de ejus prosapiâ.
"Erat Torcultorno," locuta est virgo,
"Ad Lulam fluminum magnorum (degens) quiescens;
Erat ejus habitatio ad Lulam heroum;
Est concha eximia hodie in ejus manu
In aulâ Lodinis genarum fuscarum.
Occurrerunt ille et Starno navium
In medio colliculorum in certamine;
Fuit longa luctatio nigro-oculatorum fuscorum.
Cecidit meus pater, heros, sub angorem,
Torcultorno cæruleorum clypeorum.
Ad latus saxi ad Lulam ipsam
Cecidit capreolus saltuum sub meâ sagittâ.
Ut colligebat mea manus, et me semi-lætâ,
Meos capillos vagantes in vento,
Auditus est fremitus; meis oculis semi-apertis;*
Meo pectore blando surgente arduè;
Fuit meus passus versùs Lulam haud vacuam
Ad Torculem marium et saxetorum.
Quis est qui adest nisi Starno, rex,
Ejus rubro oculo obliquante amorem.
Erat caliginosum asperum ejus supercilium nigrum
Arridentis sine specie (gaudendi) cum gaudio.
Ubi est meus pater, qui fuit magnus,
Princeps turrium, qui fuit eximius in conflictu?
Deserta est inter hostes virgo,
Filia Torculis velorum æqualium.

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* Ad verbum—siliqua-se-nudantibus.

Ghlac è mo làmh, as thog è 'n seòl;
Chuireadh mis an còs an duibhre.
Air uairibh thig esa, mar cheò,
Togail am chòir sgiath m' athar.
Gath òige dol seachad air uair
Mu dhall dhorus thruagh nan còs;
Mac Starno, fear siubhail nan cruach;
Tha m' anam fo luaidh do 'n òg."
"A nighean Lula nan geal làmh,"
Thuirt Fionnghal, "ainnir a bhròin,
"Tha nial am measg teine a' snàmh
Air t-anam, a ghràdh nan seòd.
Na seall air ré fo éididh dhonn,
No air teine nan tonn o speur;
M' an cuairt ata staileann nan sonn,
Eagal trom do d' naimhdibh, a bheus.
Cha 'n e staileann nan lag a t' ann,
No anam càm nam faoin fhear.
Cha chaoin òigh an talla nan lann
A ruighe bàn a' sgaoileadh na h-aonar.
Tha i aillidh measg a tróm chiabh
Tribuail clàrsaich nan triath an Selma;
Cha 'n 'eil a guth a' caoineadh air sliabh,
Sinn a' tiomachadh riamh air fonn."

* * * *
* * * *

Shìn an righ a cheum gun stad
Ro' dhuibhre nan ciar thom;

Prehendit meam manum et levavit ille velum;
Detrusa sum ego in cavernam obscuritatis.
Nonnunquam venit ipse, ut nebula,
Tollens me coram clypeum mei patris.
Radio juventutis prætereunte interdum
Circa cæcas fores miseras cavernarum,
Filio Starnonis, viatore collium;
Est meus animus sub laude juvenis."*

"Filia Lulæ candidarum manuum,"
Dixit Fingal, "virgo doloris,
Est nubes inter ignem innatans
Super tuo animo, o amor heroum.
Ne intuere in lunam sub veste subfuscâ,
Nec in ignem undarum è cœlo;
In circuitum est chalybs bellatorum,
Metus gravis tuis hostibus, o venustas.
Non est chalybs imbecillorum, quæ adest,
Nec animus tortuosus inanium virorum.
Non plorat virgo in aulâ gladiorum
Ejus lacertum candidum expandens in solitudine.
Est illa pulchra in medio gravium capillorum
Pulsans citharam principum in Selmâ;
Non est ejus vox lugens super clivo,
Nobis mollescentibus semper ad cantum."

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* * * *

Tetendit rex passum sine morâ
Per obscuritatem fuscorum colliculorum;

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* i. e. laudat.

Fhuair e craobh Lòduinn gu grad,
'S i lubadh fo osna gu trom;
Tri clacha le coineach ghlas,
Sruthan cas a' ruith ri 'n taobh;
Os an cionn bha 'n teine dol ás,
Cruth Lòduinn an ceò 's an gaoith.
Bha tanas a' coimhead gu h-ard
Leth-dheante do dheathach 's do cheò.
Chluinnteadh guth briste le spairn,
'S toirm uild a' taoma o 'n ord.
Ri taobh daraig gun duille san fhraoch
Chluinnt' a chòmhra ri laoich gun bhàigh,
Ri Suaran as Starno neo-chaoin,
Droch naimhde maraon do 'n dàimh.
Dh' aom iad air sgiathaibh dubh-dhonn
Le sleaghaibh nan dorn gu teann;
Fuaim gaoithe mu Starno nan long,
'S a dhubh fhalt a' taomadh m' a cheann.
Bhuail farum a cheum an cluas;
Dh' éirich iad suas nan airm.
"Leag fear seachran na h-oiche, Shuarain,"
Labhair Starno 'na ardan mhòr;
"Glac-sa sgiath t-athar a' d' làimh;
Tha cruaidh mar charraig nan còs."
Thilg Suaran a shleagh gu grad;
Stad as chrith i an sean chraoibh Lòduinn.
Tharruing na suinn ri chéile
Le 'n lannaibh a' beumadh còmhraig;

Invenit arborem Lodinis confestim
Se-flectentem sub flamine graviter;
Tria saxa cum musco glauco,
Rivulum præcipitem currentem ad eorum latus;
Supra eorum caput erat ignis pæne extinctus,
Et forma Lodinis in nebulâ et vento.
Erat spectrum despiciens altè
Semi-factum ex fumo et nebulâ.
Audiebatur vox interrupta cum luctamine,
Et murmur rivi se-effundentis ex monte.
Ad latus quercûs sine folio in erica
Audiebatur ejus colloquium cum bellatoribus sine [benignitate,
Cum Suarano et Starnone haud miti,
Improbis hostibus simul advenæ.
Inclinabant se illi super clypeos atro-fuscos
Cum hastis in suo pugno arctè,
Sonitu venti (existente) circa Starnonem navium
Et ejus nigro crine se-fundente circa ejus caput.
  Percussit sonitus ejus passuum eorum aurem;
Surrexerunt illi sursùm in suis armis.
" Dejice erronem noctis, Suarane,"
Locutus est Starno in ejus irâ magnâ;
" Prende clypeum tui patris in tuâ manu,
Qui est durus instar rupis cavernarum."
Jecit Suaranus suam hastam statim;
Stetit et tremuit illa in vetustâ arbore Lodinis.
Se-traxerunt bellatores ad se invicem*
Cum suis gladiis inter plagas certaminis;

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* i. e. appropinquârunt.

Bha cruaidh a' spealtadh air cruaidh,
Lùiriche fuaim agus màile;
Ghearr mac Luinn na h-ialla uallach;
Thuit an sgiath mheallach san làraich;
Chaisg an righ a làmh gu h-ard,
Le faicinn sàr Shuaran gun airm;
Thionndaidh a shùil fhiadhaich 'na cheann,
Agus thilg e a lann air làr;
Tharruing e cheum mall o 'n t-sliabh,
Fonn òrain a' tùchadh na chliabh.
  Gun fhios do athair ni 'n robh Suaran;
Thionndaidh Starno cheann o 'n tom;
A mhala dhubh a' cromadh trom
Air aghaidh uaibhreach an ardain.
Bhuail craobh Lòduinn leis an t-sleagh;
Shìn e cheum, is ghabh e chathar.
Thill gu Lochlin nan gorm lann
Gach fear gu mall, na astar féin,
Mar shiùbhladh an cobhar dà àld
O dhà ghleann, as sian 'sa bheinn.
  Gu Turthor thill an righ;
Glan dh' éirich dearsa o 'n ear.
'Na làimh an iomall na h-oiche
Shoillsich airm Lochlin nam mòr thonn.
Glan araon o charraig nan còs
Ghluais nighean Thorcuil nan caoin bheus,
Tional a ciabh throm o 'n ghaoith,
'S a' togail guth le binneas theud,

Erant dura-tela crepitantia super duris,
Loricæ sonantes et galeæ;
Secuit filius Lunonis* lora superba;
Cecidit clypeus umboniger in acie;
Tenuit rex suam manum altè,
Cum cerneret egregium Suaranum sine armis;
Versus est ejus oculus ferus in suo capite,
Et jecit suum gladium in humum;
Traxit suum passum tardum à clivo.
Numeros carminis suffocans in suo pectore.
Sine notitiâ patris non fuit Suaranus;
Avertit Starno suum caput à colliculo;
Ejus supercilio nigro se-curvante gravem
Super vultum fastosum iræ.
Percussit arborem Lodinis cum hastâ;
Tetendit ille suum passum et capessivit ille uliginosum-campum.
Rediit ad Loclinem cæruleorum armorum
Quisque vir lentè in suo itinere ipsius,
Quasi (fluerent) irent in spumâ duo rivuli
E duabus vallibus, nimbo (existente) in monte.
Ad Turorem rediit rex;
Pura orta est coruscatio ab oriente.
In ejus manu in extremitate noctis
Fulserunt arma Loclinis magnarum undarum.
Pura simul à rupe cavernarum
Processit filia Torculis placidorum morum,
Colligens capillos graves è vento,
Et tollens vocem cum canore chordarum,

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* i. e. gladius à Lunone (opifice eximio) fabricatus.

Guth Lulain nan slige fial,
Talla cònuidh nan triath ard.
  Chunnaic airm Starno 'na làimh;
Las sòlas an anam na h-òigh:
Chunnaic sgiath Shuarain r'a thaobh,
Is thionndaidh o cheannard an t-slòigh.
"An do thuit thu aig do cheud sruth
A rùin ainnir nan ceud bròn?"
  Uthorno a dh'éireas o uisge,
Air do thaobh tha dealain na h-oiche.
Chi mi ghealach dubhach donn,
Am measg nan tonn, air chùl do choill';
Ri d' mhullach tha Lòduinn 'sna neoil,
Tigh mòr nan seòd a dh'aom o shean.
An ceann an talla chithear thall
Cruth Lòduinn nan gorm lann;
Chithear, mar fhaileas an ceò,
'Dheas làmh an scleò air ni mar sgéith;
'Làmh chli air slige nach faoin,
Slige sòlais nam mòr thriath.
An talla taibhs', bu ghlaise snuadh,
Chìt' aisre dealain nan stuadh.
  Chruinnich sìol Lòduinn r'a chùlaobh,
Seoid as ùr, as suinn o shean.
Shìn esan an t-slige chùbhraidh
Dhoibhs' a shiubhladh gu còmhrag glan;
Eadar e 's geilteara dh' éirich
An sgiath mheallach, bhearnach, dhonn,

Vocem Lulæ concharum hospitalium,
Aulæ habitationis principum arduorum.
Vidit arma Starnonis in ejus manu;
Exarsit lætitia in animâ virginis:
Vidit clypeum Suarani ad ejus latus,
Et se-vertit à duce populi.
“ An cecidisti tu ad tuos centenos rivulos ipsius,
O desiderium virginis centenorum dolorum ?”
Uthorna, quæ surgis ex aquis,
Super tuo latere sunt fulgura noctis.
Cerno ego lunam nigrescentem subfuscam
In medio undarum ad tergum tuæ sylvæ;
Ad tuum verticem est Lodin in nubibus, [runt olim.
Domo magnâ heroum, qui (abierunt) se-inclinave-
In (vertice) capite aulæ cernitur ex adverso
Forma Lodinis cæruleorum telorum;
Cernitur, ut imago in nebulâ, [clypeo;
Dextera ejus manus in obscuritate super re simili
Ejus manus læva super conchâ haud vacuâ,
Conchâ gaudii magnorum principum.
In aulâ lemurum, quorum erat maximè glauca species,
Cernebatur semita fulguris undarum.
Coiit semen Lodinis ad ejus tergum,
Bellatores qui sunt novi, et heroes (prisci) ab antiquo.
Tendebat ille concham fragrantem
Illis, qui perrexerant ad certamen (alacres) puri.
Inter eum et timidos surgebat
Clypeus umboniger multifidus subfuscus,

Mar ghealach a' dubhadh 'sna speuraibh,
No tein-adhair a' luidh air an tom.
Mar bhogha braoin air aghaidh stuadh
Thàinig òigh bu ghlaine snuadh.

Sicut luna nigrescens in cœlis,
Vel ignis aeris (impingens) jacens super colliculo.
Instar arcûs imbris super facie undarum
Venit virgo (cujus) erat purissima species.

PRŒLIUM LODINIS

POEMA.

CARMEN SECUNDUM.

Carminis II. Argumentum.

Fingal primâ luce reversus copiis suis præficit Ronæ filium, qui cum hostibus congressus eos trans Turtoris flumen agit. Revocatis suis, Fingal obviam victori gratulabundus procedit; sed in certamine lethale illum accepisse vulnus comperit. Moritur Durona. Bardus Ullin in mortui honorem Culgormi et Strinadonæ recenset historiam, quæ Carmini finem facit.

CATH LODUINN.

DUAN II.

v. 1–17.

" C' AITE 'm bheil gaisgeach nan triath ?"
Thuirt Dubh mhac Roinne nan sgiath donn.
" Co 'n nial a cheil anns an t-sliabh
Og dhearsa o Shelma nan tonn ?
An e an righ a chithear thall
Tighinn o charn fo sgéith na h-oiche ?
Tha mhadainn air Thoirne nan stuadh,
'S a ghrian air a chruaich an ceò.
Togaibh am fhianuis an sgiath,
Mhòir ghaisgich an triath a dh'fhalbh :
Cha tuit e mar thein air an t-sliabh,
Dorcha dh' fhaicear a thrian air làr.
Sud féin e mar iolair nan speur,
A' tearnadh o bheinn 'sa ghaoith ;
Tha faoibh an nàmhaid na làimh.
Bha m' anam, a righ, fo bhròn."
" Tha na naimhde teannadh r'ar làimh,

PRŒLIUM LODINIS.

CARMEN II.

v. 1–17.

"Ubi est heros principum?"
Dixit Niger filius Ronæ clypeorum subfuscorum.
"Quænam nubes celavit in clivo
Novum coruscamen à Selmâ undarum?
An est rex qui cernitur ex adverso
Veniens à saxeto sub alâ noctis?
Est aurora super Thornâ undarum,
Et sol super colle in nebulâ.
Tollite in meo conspectu clypeum,
Magni bellatores principis qui abiit.
Non cadet ille sicut ignis super clivo,
Obscurè cernitur cujus tertia pars super humo.
Ecce ipsum sicut aquilam cœlorum
Descendentem à monte in vento;
Sunt spolia hostis in ejus manu.
Fuit meus animus, o rex, sub luctu."
"Sunt hostes propinquantes ad nostram manum,

Mar stuaidh tigh'n anall fo cheò,
Nuair a chithear fo chobhar an ceann
Thar smùid, nach eil gann, as scleò.
Crithidh fear-siubhail na thriall,
Gun fhios dha cia rian is còir."
  "Cha chrith, mar fhir siubhail, sinn féin;
Tairnibhs, a thréin, ar cruaidh.
An éirich mo lanns' air a bheinn,
No 'm fàg mi dhuibh féin a bhuaidh?"
  "Na gnìomha dh'fhalbh," thuirt an Dubh,
"Tha tighinn an diugh fo m' shùil;
Tha Treunmor bu leathan sgiath,
Ri fhaicinn measg thriath a bh' ann.
Cha bu lag anam an righ,
'S cha robh a smaointe riamh fo ghìomh.
O 'n ceud sruth mòr 'san fhraoch
Thachair slòigh an caol-ghleann Chòna;
Bha 'n triath r'an taobh 'san t-sliabh.
Co dh' imicheas sìos gu còmhrag?
Tharruing iad gu'n leth an lainn;
Bha dearg-shùil 's gach ceann fo ardan;
Gach fear leis féin 'san doire thall,
'S e mùchadh nan dàn fo ùrla.
C'ar son a ghéilleadh iad da chéile?
Bu choimeas bha feum an sinns're.
Bha Treunmor le shleagh chòrr 'san t-sliabh;
Bu ghasda fo chiabh an t-òg-fhear;
Chunnaic e 'n nàmhaid a' triall,

Sicut undæ venientes huc sub nebulâ,
Quando cernitur sub spumâ earum caput
Supra fumum, qui non est parcus, et obscuritatem.
Tremet viator in ejus itinere
Sine notitiâ illi quodnam moderamen sit idoneum."
"Non trememus, instar viatorum, nos ipsi;
Stringite, o strenui, vestros duros (gladios).
Surgetne meus gladius in monte,
An relinquam vobis ipsis victoriam?"
"Facta, quæ abierunt," dixit Niger (filius Ronæ),
"Sunt venientia hodiè sub meum oculum;
Est Trenmor, cujus fuit latus clypeus,
Conspiciendus inter principes, qui fuerunt.
Haud fuit imbecillus animus regis,
Et non fuerunt ejus cogitata unquam sub trepidatione.
A centum magnis torrentibus in ericâ
Occurrerunt populi in angustâ valle Conæ;
Fuit princeps ad eorum latus in clivo.
Quis ille qui proficiscetur deorsùm ad certamen?
Traxerunt illi dimidiatim gladios;
Fuit ruber oculus in singulo capite sub fastu;
Quisque vir (solus) secum ipso in sylvulâ ex adverso
Suffocans carmina sub pectore.
Quare cederent illi sibi inter se?
Fuit par vis eorum proavorum.
Fuit Trenmor cum ejus hastâ eximiâ in clivo;
Fuit magnificus sub suis capillis juvenis;
Vidit ille hostem proficiscentem,

'S bha anam gu ciar am bròn.
Dh' iarr e air gach gaisgeach treun
Ma seach bhi riaghladh na Comhraig.
Chaidh, ach thill iad fo bheud
O 'n nàmhaid as beinn na comhstri.
O charraig féin, fo chóineach ghlas,
Theiring Treunmor nan gorm sgiath;
Tharruing gu leathan sa chomhraig,
As ghéill anns a charraid na dàimh.
M' an cuairt do 'n triath an sliabh a bhlàir,
Thionail na sàir le aoibhneas mòr.
Mar aiteal, is taitneach 'sna raoin,
Bha guth cumhachd gu caoin o Shelma.
Bhuail na triatha leo féin an còmhrag,
Gus an d' éirich 'sa chomhstri cunnart;
An sin a bha àm do 'n righ
Chuir ceann air an strì le chruaidh."
"Cha 'n ann gun eòlas dhuinn féin,"
Thuirt Cromghlas nan geur lann,
"Chaidh sinns're nam beann fo ùir.
Co e bheir còmhrag san t-sliabh,
As righ nam beann ard air chùl?
Tha ceathach thall air iomadh tom;
Buaileadh sonn 's gach cruaich a sgiath;
Thig tanas an duibhre gu lom,
A sheòlas gu comhstri an triath."
Dh' fhalbh, as ghabh gach triath a thom;
Chuir baird nam fonn am beachd air triatha.

Et fuit ejus animus fuscè in luctu.
Petivit ille à quoque bellatore strenuo
Vicissim ut regeret certamen.
Iverunt, at redierunt illi sub damno
Ab hoste et monte concertationis.
Ab rupe sua ipsius sub musco glauco,
Descendit Trenmor cærulorum clypeorum;
Traxit (copias) latè in certamen,
Et cesserunt in discrimine advenæ.
In circuitum principi in clivo prœlii,
Coierunt egregii cum lætitiâ magnâ.
Instar auræ, quæ est jucunda in agris,
Fuit vox auctoritatis blandè à Selmâ.
(Irruerunt) percusserunt principes secum ipsis in certamen,
Donec surrexit in concertatione periculum;
Tunc fuit tempus regi
Imponere caput (finem) certationi cum suo duro-ferro."
"Non sine notitiâ nobis ipsis,"
Dixit Cromglas acutorum telorum,
"Iverunt proavi plagarum sub tellurem.
Quis ille qui dabit certamen in clivo,
Rege montium altorum (seposito) ad tergum?
Est nebula ex adverso super plurimis colliculis;
Percutiat bellator in singulo præcipitio suum clypeum;
Veniet spectrum in obscuritate ad nudam-planitiem,
Quod diriget ad concertationem principem."
Ivit, et cepit quisque princeps suum colliculum;
(Intenderunt) miserunt bardi cantuum aciem-oculorum in principes.

Bu labhra na caismeachd nan sonn
Toirm an Duibh o chopan ciar,
'S e togail a sgiath 'sa chòmhraig.
  Mar thoirm mhòr o uisge thall
Thàinig sìol Thoirne anall;
Bha Starno an eudan còmhraig,
As Suaran o innis nan stoirm.
Sheall gach laoch o dhonn sgiath,
Mar shàmhla ciar aig cloich Lòduinn,
Nuair sheallas e o chùl na gealaich,
'S i dubhadh fo eallach 'san speur,
As dealan tanais sgaoilte 'san oich'.
  Thachair aig Turthor na suinn,
Mar bhruailleinn thonn air druim a chuain.
Bha beuma beucach dlù ri chéile;
Am bàs a' leum thar tréin 'san t-sliabh,
Mar nial do chlacha-meallain garbh,
As gaoth mhòr na cearb ag éirigh;
Na sianta mar thorrunn a' falbh,
'S muir dhorcha le spairn a' beucail.
  A strì Thoirne, 's duibhe gruaim,
C' uim' an cuirinn an duan do chreuchda?
Tha thu 'san àm a chaidh suas,
A tha gun tuar do m' léirsinn.
Thàinig Starn' anall le còmhrag,
As Suaran mòr le chearb do' n strì.
Cha robh do lann gun bhrigh 'sa chomhstri,
A Dhuibh mhic Roinne o 'n Tuath thìr.

Fuit clarior monitione bellatorum
Sonitus Nigri ab umbone fusco,
Tollentis clypeum in certamen.
Instar fremitûs ingentis ab aquâ ex adverso
Venit semen Thornæ huc;
Fuit Starno in fronte certaminis,
Et Suaranus ab insulâ procellarum.
Prospexit quisque bellator à suo subfusco clypeo,
Sicut simulacrum fuscum apud saxum Lodinis,
Quando prospicit ille à tergo lunæ
Nigrescentis sub onere in cælo,
Et fulgure spectri disperso in nocte.
Occurrerunt ad Turorem bellatores,
Sicut tumultus undarum super dorso oceani.
Fuerunt ictus fremebundi frequentes inter se;
Morte transiliente strenuos in clivo,
Instar nubis ex lapillis-grandinis crassis,
Vento magno in ejus limbo oriente;
Nimbis instar tonitrûs abeuntibus,
Et mari tenebroso cum luctamine remugiente.
O certatio Thornæ, cujus est aterrima torvitas,
Quare (traderem) immitterem carmini tua vulnera?
Es tu in tempore quod ivit sursùm,
Quod est sine colore meo visui.
Venit Starno huc cum certamine,
Et Suaranus magnus cum suâ alâ certaminis.
Non fuit tuum telum sine vi in colluctatione,
O Niger fili Ronæ à septentrionali terrâ.

Theich Lochlin thar an uisge thall;
Bha triath' nan lann air call an smaointe.
Thionndaidh iad am mòr rosg mall
Air teicheadh o 'n charn do'n t-sluagh.
Chualas stoc Fhionnghail o 'n chruaich;
Thill sìol Alba o ruaig sa' ghleann.
Bu lìonor mu Thurthor nan stuadh
A thuit gaisgich gun tuar fo lann.
"A thriath Chrathmo," thuirt an righ,
"Mhic Roinne, shealgair nan torc ciar;
Gun bheud cha do thill thu o 'n strì,
A gharbh iolair a' tearnadh o 'n t-sliabh.
Bithidh Lanshùil an urla bhàin
Fo aoibhneas aig a h-uisge féin,
Le Ceann-daoine, òg mhac do ghraidh,
'S e 'g iadhadh mu Chrathmo fo 'n bheinn."
"'S e Cùlghorm," fhreagair an sonn,
"An ceud fhear chaidh null do dh'-Alba;
Culghorm, ciar mharcaich nan tonn
Thar gleannaibh crom an t-sàil.
Thuit a bhrathair le làimh an laoich,
As dh'fhàg e faoin a thalla thall;
Ghabh tuinidh an Cruailinn an fhraoich
Am measg sàmhchair nam baoth charn.
Thàinig a shiol amach 'nan àm
Gu comhstri nach gann 'sa bhlàr;
Thuit iad an comhstri nan lann;
'S leamsa lot shinns're bu shàr,

Fugit Loclin trans amnem ex adverso;
Fuerunt principes gladiorum capti mente.*
Verterunt illi sua magna cilia lenta
Super fugam ab saxeto sui agminis.
Auditum est cornu Fingalis à præcipitio;
Rediit semen Albæ à fugando in valle.
Fuerunt plurimi circa Turorem fluctuum
Qui ceciderunt bellatores sine colore sub telo.
  "O princeps Crathmæ," dixit rex,
"Fili Ronæ, venator aprorum fuscorum;
Sine damno non rediisti tu à luctamine,
O aspera aquila descendens à clivo.
Erit Lanul pectoris candidi
Sub lætitiâ ad amnem ipsius,
Cum Candonâ, juvene filio tui amoris,
Circumeunte Crathmam sub monte."
  "Est Culgorm," respondit heros,
"Primus vir qui transiit ad Albam;
Culgorm, fuscus eques undarum
Per valles curvas salis.
Cecidit frater per manum bellatoris,
Et reliquit ille vacuam suam aulam ultra (mare);
Cepit habitationem in Crualine ericæ
Inter tranquillitatem ferorum saxetorum.
Venit ejus semen foràs in eorum tempore
Ad concertationem haud exiguam in prœlio;
Ceciderunt illi in colluctatione telorum;
Est mihi vulnus proavorum, qui fuerunt egregii,

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* Ad verbum—amiserant consilium.

A righ innis a's fuaimeara carn."
  Tharruing e 'n iuthaidh o thaobh;
Gun tuar thuit an laoch gu làr;
Shiubhail anam gu shinns're nach caoin,
Gu innis mhaol nan stoirm ard
A' leantuinn tanais tuirc do cheò
Air sgiathaibh nan gaoth mòr 'sa charn.
Sheas laoich gu sàmhach m' an cuairt,
Mar chloich Lòduinn nam fuath air sliabh,
Nuair a chi fear siubhail iad shuas
O astar an fheascair ro' chiar,
'S e 'm barail gur tanais nan aosda,
Tha suidheachadh faoibh nam blàr.
  Thuit an oiche air Toirne donn;
Sheas iadsa m' an t-sonn fo bhròn.
Bha osag ma seach anns gach ciabh
An co-thional nan triath mòr.
An sin bhris o 'n righ gu mall
Na smaointean a bha thall na chliabh;
Ghairm Ullin nan clàrsach 's nan dàn,
As dh'iarr moladh eirigh mu 'n triath.
Cha tein' e chaidh sìos gun leus,
A chithear, 's a leumas o 'n t-suil;
Cha dhealan, a chaillear 'sna speur;
Chaidh esa, bha treun air chùl.
Bu chos'ail ri grein an laoch,
A sheasas fad air faobhar bheann.
Gairm air ais a shinns're nach b'fhaoin

O rex insulæ cujus est maximè sonorum saxetum."
  Traxit ille sagittam ex suo latere;
Sine colore cecidit bellator ad humum;
Profecta est ejus anima ad proavos haud mites,
Ad insulam calvam procellarum arduarum
Insequens simulacra aprorum ex nebulâ
Super alis ventorum magnorum in saxeto.
Steterunt bellatores tacitò in circuitum,
Instar saxi Lodinis larvarum super clivo,
Quando cernit viator eas suprà
Ab itinere vesperis per obscuritatem
Existimans quod sunt spectra senum,
Quæ sunt constituentia exuvias prœliorum.
  Cecidit nox super Thornam subfuscam;
Steterunt illi circa bellatorem sub dolore.
Fuit flamen vicissim in singulo capillo
In cœtu principum magnorum.
Tunc eruperunt à rege lentè
Cogitationes quæ erant ultra in ejus pectore;
Vocavit Ullinem cithararum et cantionum,
Et jussit præconium surgere circa principem.
Non est ignis qui ivit deorsùm sine flammâ,
Qui cernitur, et qui resilit ab oculo;
Non fulgur, quod perit in cœlo;
Ivit ille, qui fuit strenuus ad tergum.*
Fuit similis soli bellator,
Qui stat diu super acie montium.
Voca retrò ejus proavos haud vanos

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* i. e. periit.

O 'n tuinidh 'san àm a bh'ann.
"Innis Thoirne," thuirt am bard,
"A dh'éireas gu h-ard 'sna stuaidh,
Chi mi fo ghruaim do cheann thall
Measg cheathaich a' snàmh air chuan;
O do ghleannaibh thàinig na triatha
Mar fhior iolair nan sgiath treun;
Sìol Chulghuirm na màile ciar,
Tha 'n Lòduinn, tigh liath nan speur."
An ard Thoirne, innis nan gaoth,
Dh'éireas Lurthan nan sruth-charn;
A liath-cheann gun choill', 's e maol,
'S a chathar faoin 'na chaol ghleann.
Aig fuaran Churtho 's fuaimear braon,
Thuinidh Rurmar, sealgair nan torc.
Bha nighean mar dhearsa caoin,
Strìnandaoine an uchd bhàin.
'S lìonmhor righ, a b' airde triath,
'S lìonmhor triath fo sgiathaibh donn;
'S iomadh òg, bu truime ciabh,
Ghabh talla Rurmhair nan ciar long;
Thàinig air ionnsuidh na h-òigh
Gu slios Thoirne fhiadhaich fhaoin.
'S ainnir ghasd, do'n géill na slòigh.
Sheall i sìos o ceumaibh caoin,
Strìnandaoine nan cioch ard.
Ma 's ann air siubhal an fhraoich,
Bu ghile na 'n canach a cruth;

Ab eorum habitatione in tempore quod fuit.
"Insula Thornæ," dixit bardus,
"Quæ surgis altè in fluctibus,
Cerno ego sub tetricitate tuum caput ex adverso
Inter nebulam innatantem oceano;
A tuis vallibus venerunt principes
Instar genuinæ aquilæ alarum validarum,
Semen Culgormis galeæ fuscæ,
Qui est in Lodine, domo glaucâ cœlorum."
In arduâ Thornâ, insulâ ventorum,
Surgit Lurthan scaturiginosorum saxetorum,
Ejus cano capite sine sylvâ, et eo (existente) calvo,
Et ejus uliginosa-planitie desertâ in angustâ valle.
Ad fontem Curthæ cujus est sonorus imber,
Habitabat Rurmar, venator aprorum.
Fuit ejus filia, sicut coruscamen blandum,
Strinadona pectoris candidi:
Plurimus rex, cujus erant altissimi principes,
Plurimus princeps sub clypeis subfuscis,
Plurimus juvenis, cujus erant gravissimi capilli,
Petivit aulam Rurmaris fuscarum navium;
Venerunt illi ad tentamen virginis
Ad declivitatem Thornæ feræ vacuæ.
Et ad feminam speciosam, cui cedebant populi.
Spectabat illa deorsum ab ejus passibus blandis,
Strinadona papillarum arduarum.
Si (esset) in itinere ericæ,
Erat candidior quàm * cana ejus species,

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* Cana herba est montana, lanuginosa et candidissima;

Ma 's ann air tràigh nan stuadh faoin,
Na 'n cobhar air aomadh nan sruth.
Bha sùilean soluis mar dhà reul;
Mar bhogha nan speur am braon
A gnùis àluinn fo ciabh féin,
'S duibhe no nial fo ghaoith;
Bu tuinidh dhuit anam nan laoch,
A Strìnandaoine, bu chaoine làmh.
  Thàinig Culghorm na loingeas féin,
As Corcul-Suran, an treun fial,
Na bràithre o Thoirne nam beum,
A dh' ionnsuidh dearsa nan ceud triath.
Chunnaic i na laoich 'nan cruaidh;
Bha h-anam a' luaidh air Culgorm.
Sheall caoin-reul Lochlin o stuaidh
Air ainnir àluinn bu ghloine urla,
'S i togail a làmh gheal chaoin,
Strìnandoine, bu ghuirme sùil.
  Bha gruaim air na bràithribh fo ardan;
Thachair an sùilean an sàmhchair;
Thionndaidh o chéile na garbh thréin;
Bhuail iad an sgiatha san làraich;
Chrith gach làmh an ccann gach lainn;
Chaidh iad an carraid nan laoch
Mu Strìnandaoine b'fhaide ciabh.
  Thuit Corcul-Suran 'na fhuil
An innis nan tuil 's nan carn.
Chuir athair òg Chulgorm gu muir

Si in littore undarum inanium,
Quàm spuma super inclinatione earum fluminum.
Erant ejus oculi (lucidi) lucis sicut duæ stellæ;
Sicut arcus cælorum in imbre
Ejus vultus honestus sub capillo ipsius,
Qui erat nigrior quam nubes sub vento;
Fuit habitatio tibi animus heroum,
Strinadona, cujus mollissima fuit manus.
  Venit Culgorm in classe ipsius,
Et Corcul-Suran, (vir) strenuus hospitalis,
Fratres à Thornâ plagarum,
Ad petendum coruscationem centum principum.
Vidit illa bellatores in eorum durâ armaturâ;
Erat ejus anima laudans Culgormem.
Despexit lenis stella Loclinis è fluctibus [pectus,
Super nympham speciosam, cujus erat purissimum
Tollentem ejus manum candidam blandam,
Strinadonam, cujus erat maxime cæruleus oculus.
  Fuit torvitas super fratribus sub irâ;
Occurrerunt eorum oculi in silentio;
Aversi sunt à se invicem asperi heroes;
Percusserunt illi suos clypeos in acie; [gladii;
Tremuit quæque manus in (capulo) capite cujusque
Iniverunt illi certamen bellatorum
Propter Strinadonam cujus erat longissimus capillus.
  Cecidit Corcul-Suran in suo sanguine
In insulâ diluviorum et saxetorum.
Misit suus pater juvenem Culgormem ad mare

O Thoirne nam muc, a tha thall,
Air seachran mar chaochla' na gaoithe.
An raon fada Chruailinn an fhraoich
Ghabh saoi nach robh faoin a thamh.
Na aonar cha do thuinidh an laoch;
Bha dearsa bu chaoine r' a làimh,
Nighean Thoirne, a b' airde fuaim,
Strìnandaoine nan gruaidh tlà.

A Thornâ balenarum, quæ sunt ex adverso,
Ad errandum sicut mutabantur venti.
In planitie longâ Crualinis ericæ
Cepit heros qui non erat inanis quietem.
In solitudine non habitavit bellator;
Fuit coruscatio quæ erat blanda juxta ejus manum,
Filia Thornæ, cujus erat altissimus sonitus,
Strinadona genarum mollium.

PRŒLIUM LODINIS

POEMA.

CARMEN TERTIUM.

Carminis III. Argumentum.

Ossianus nonnulla in universum præfatus Fingalis hostilisque exercitûs situm describit. Exinde sequuntur Starnonis et Suarani colloquium, et Cormanis et Finæ historia. Starno suum proponit exemplum filio Suarano, suadetque ut Fingalem, qui solus in vicinum se receperat collem, furtim aggrediatur. Suarano facinus detrectante, ipse se operi accingit, victusque à Fingale capitur. Ob crudelitatem graviter verbis castigatus dimittitur.

CATH LODUINN.

DUAN III.

v. 1–17.

Cia às tha srutha na bh' ann?
C' uin' a thaomas an t-àm tha falbh?
C' àit' an ceil aimsir a dà cheann?
An ccathach tha mall 's nach gann,
A taobh ballach le gniòmh nan seòd.
Tha mo shealladh air linnte dh' aom;
Cha 'n fhaiccar ach caol na bh' ann,
Mar dhearsa na gealaich tha faoin,
Air linne tha claon 'sa ghleann:
An so dh' éireas dealan na comhraig;
'N sin thuineas gun sòlas neo-thréin;
Cha chuir iad an gniòmha air chòmhla
Air aimsir, tha mothar 'nan déigh.
Thus', a thuineas am measg nan sgiath,
Thogas anam nan triath o bhròn,
A chlàrsach o Chòna nan sian,
Thig sios o 'n bhalla am chòir;

PRŒLIUM LODINIS.

CARMEN III.

v. 1–17.

Unde sunt flumina eorum quæ fuerunt?
Quando effundetur tempus quod est abiens?
Ubi celat tempus suum geminum caput?
In nebulâ quæ est tarda et non parca,
Ejus latere variato factis heroum.
Est meus obtutus in lineas (virorum) quæ se-inclinaverunt;
Non cernuntur nisi tenues qui fuerunt,
Instar radiationis lunæ, quæ est languida,
Super gurgite, qui est obliquus in valle:
In hoc (loco) surgit fulgur certaminis;
In illo habitant sine gaudio imbelles;
Haud transmittunt illi sua facta simul
Ad tempus, quod est honorificum eorum à tergo.
  Tu, quæ habitas in medio clypeorum,
Quæ tollis animos principum à luctu,
O cithara à Conâ nimborum,
Veni deorsum à muro in meam vicinitatem;

Le d' thri ghuthaibh thig gun stad,
Soillsicheadh gu grad na dh'fhalbh;
Tog sàmhla nan laoch, nach robh lag,
Air chiar àm, a chaidh fada thall.
 A Thoirne nan stoirm 's nan cruach,
Chi mi shuas mo dhream ri d' thaobh;
Fionnghal ag aomadh fo ghruaim,
Thar uaigh Mhic Roinne nach b' fhaoin.
Ri làimh tha ceuma nan triath,
Sàr shealgaire nan ciar thorc mòr,
Aig Turthoir a' luidhe 'san fhraoch
Righ Lochlin 's a laoich an ceò;
An dà righ feargach air dà charn
A' coimhead anall thar an sgiathaibh;
Bha 'n sealladh air reulta na h-oiche,
Tha seachran le soillse gu h-iar,
Cruth Lòduinn ag aomadh gu h-ard,
Mar theine leth-chaillte 'an nial,
'S am Fuath a' cuir a mach nan gaoth
Le dealain ri 'n taobh ro' bhàs.
Chunnaic Starno, le eòlas, nach b' fhaoin,
Nach géilleadh an saoi 'sa bhlàr.
 Tri uaire bhuail e chraobh le feirg;
Bha shiubhal gun mheirg gu mhac,
'S e mùchadh nam fonn dha féin,
'S a' clàistinn gaoith thréin 'na chiabh.
Thionndaidh na saoi o chéile,
Mar dhà dharaig threun 'sa charn,

Cum tuis ternis vocibus veni sine (mora) stando
Illuminans ocyùs eos qui abierunt;
Tolle simulacrum bellatorum, qui non fuerunt ignavi,
Super fuscum tempus, quod ivit longè ultra.
O Thorna procellarum et præcipitiorum,
Cerno ego suprà meum agmen ad tuum latus;
Fingalem se-inclinantem sub tetricitate,
Super sepulchrum filii Ronæ, qui non fuit languidus.
Ad ejus manum sunt passus principum,
Egregiorum venatorum fuscorum aprorum magnorum.
Apud Turorem jacentes in ericâ
Rex Loclinis et ejus bellatores in nebulâ;
Duo reges irati super duobus saxetis
Intuentes huc super suos clypeos;
Erat eorum obtutus ad stellas noctis,
Quæ sunt errantes cum luce ad occidentem,
Figurâ Lodinis se-inclinante sublimè,
Instar ignis semi-amissi in nube,
Et Demone emittente ventos
Cum fulgure juxta eorum latus ante mortem.
Vidit Starno, cum notitiâ, quæ non erat vana,
Non cessurum esse heroa in prœlio.
Ternis vicibus percussit ille arborem cum irâ;
Fuit ejus iter sine rubigine ad suum filium,
Suffocans cantus sibi ipsi,
Et auscultans ventum validum in suo cirro.
Averterunt-se bellatores à se mutuo,
Sicut duæ quercus validæ in saxeto,

Gach aon diubh do ghaoith a' géilleadh,
'S ag aomadh o bheinn thar àld ;
Crithidh am mór gheugan thall
Fo osaig, a bheucas o 'n ghleann.
" Bha Annir," thuirt righ nan loch ciar,
" Mar theine chaidh sìos o shean ;
Thaom e o shùilean am bàs
An còmhrag nam blàr 's nan sgiath ;
Bha shòlas am bàs nan laoch ;
Fuil cho caoin ri sruth an t-sàmhraidh,
Nuair a bheir e o 'n ard chraig fhaoin
Aoibhneas nach baoth gu gleann cathair.
Thàinig e mach o Luthcormo
An coinneamh Chormain, an sonn treun,
Esa o Urlor nan sruth,
A thuine fo sgéith a chòmhraig."
Thàinig Corman 'na loingeas dhonn
Gu Gorm-mheall, mu 'n iadh an tonn.
Chunnaic nighean Annir nam beum,
Fiona gun bheud 's nan làmh-gheal :
Chunnaic e, 's cha b' fhaoin a sùil
Air maraich, bu dhubh-ghorm triall.
Dh'fhalbh i gu luing anns an oiche,
Mar ghealach a' boillsgeadh ro' ghleann.
Ghabh Annir an cuan mòr fo cheann ;
Ghairm e gaoth neartor gu chrann.
Cha 'n ann leis féin a bha 'n laoch ;
Bha Starno, a mhac ri thaobh.

Unâquâque earum ventis cedente,
Et se-inclinante à monte super rivulum;
Tremunt earum magni rami ex adverso
Sub flamine, quod remugit à valle.
“Fuit Annir,” dixit rex lacuum fuscorum,
“Instar ignis, qui ivit deorsum antiquitus;
Fundebat ille ex oculis mortem
In certamine prœliorum et clypeorum;
Erat ejus gaudium in morte bellatorum,
Sanguis æquè gratus ac fluentum æstatis,
Quando affert illud ab arduo saxo inani
Gaudium haud vanum ad vallem campi-uliginosi.
Venit ille foràs ex Lucormâ
In occursum Cormanis, bellatoris strenui,
Illius ab Urlore fluentorum,
Ejus habitatione sub clypeo certaminis.”
Venit Corman in suâ classe subfuscâ
Ad Gormalam, circa quam obliquatur fluctus.
Vidit filiam Anniris plagarum,
Finam (αμυμονα) sine defectu et manuum-candidarum:
Vidit ille, et non fuit inefficax ejus [virginis] oculus
In nautam, cujus erat atro-cærulum iter.
Abiit illa ad ejus navem in nocte,
Ut luna resplendens per vallem.
Capessivit Annir oceanum magnum sub capite; [rem.
Vocavit ille ventum validum ad suam (malum) arbo-
Non fuit [solitarius] secum ipso quod fuit bellator;
Fuit Starno, ejus filius ad ejus latus.

Mar iolair Thorno fo òg sgiath
Thionndaidh mo shùil air an triath.
  Thàinig sinn gu Urlor bheucach.
Le shluagh ghluais Corman, an treun fhear.
Bhuail sinn, as thug an nàmhaid buaidh.
'Na fheirg sheas m' athair fo chruaidh;
Ghearr e na badain le lann,
'G an sgathadh fo ardan nach gann.
B' fhiadhaich as bu dhearg a shùil.
Chunnaic mi anam gu chùl,
As ghabh mi dùbhra na h-oiche;
Thog mi cruaidh chlogaid o 'n raon,
Sgiath bhearnach o bheum nach b'fhaoin,
Agus dh' iarr mi 'n nàmhaid thall
Le sleagh gun cheann am làimh
  Air carragh shuidh Corman an treun,
Darag a' lasadh roimhe féin;
Fo chraoibh, nach robh fada thall,
Bha Fiona ghasda nan rosg mall.
Thilg mi 'n sgiath bhriste 'na còir,
As labhair le foill mu shìth.
"Air taobh a mhuir bheucaich féin
Tha Annir 'na luidhe an treun;
Thuit an righ 'sa chòmhrag gun bhuaidh;
Tha Starno togail na h-uaigh';
Chuir mise o Lòduinn anall
Gu làmh-gheal ghasda nan rosg mall
A dh' iarruidh da h-athair a ciabh,

Instar aquilæ Thornæ sub novâ alâ
Vertit-se meus oculus erga principem.
  Venimus nos ad Urlorem mugientem.
Cum suo populo movit se Corman, strenuus vir.
Percussimus nos, et reportavit hostis victoriam.
In suâ irâ stetit meus pater sub durâ-armaturâ;
Secuit ille sylvulas cum suo gladio,
Eas detondens sub irâ haud parcâ.
Erat ferus et erat ruber ejus oculus.
Perspexi ego ejus animum usque ad tergum,*
Et capessivi ego opacitatem noctis;
Sustuli ego duram galeam ab agro,
Clypeum hiulcum à plagis haud vanis,
Et quæsivi ego hostem ex adverso
Cum hastâ sine (cuspide) capite in meâ manu.
  Super rupe sedebat Corman strenuus,
Quercu flammescente ante ipsum;
Sub arbore, quæ non erat longè ex adverso,
Erat Fina speciosa ciliorum lentorum.
Jeci ego clypeum ruptum eâ coram,
Et locutus sum cum fraude de pace.
"Super latere sui maris (fremebundi) mugientis ipsius
Est Annir jacens strenuus;
Cecidit rex in certamine sine victoriâ;
Est Starno erigens sepulchrum;
Misit me è Lodine huc
Ad manum-candidam speciosam ciliorum lentorum
Petitum ipsius patri ejus cirrum,

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* i. e. perfectè.

Theid marris an triath 'san ùir.
Thusa, righ Urloir nan gleann,
Caisg còmhrag, as taisg do lann,
Gus am faigh e 'n t-slige fhial
O chiar làimh dhearg Chruth Lòduinn."
Dh' éirich an òigh fo dheoir 'san t-sliabh,
Tharruing i o leadan a chiabh,
Bha seachran air a broilleach bàn
Fo osaig, bha snàmh gu mall.
Chuir Corman an t-slige am làimh;
Dh' iarr e an aoibhneas mo thàmh.
Luidh mi teann air anns an t-sliabh,
M' aghaidh fo chlogaid bu chiar.
Thuit cadal air an nàmhaid thall;
Dh' éirich mi mar thanas mall,
Bhuail mi Corman mòr 'san taobh;
" Fhiona, bha d' fhaobh air mo lann;
Bha do bhroilleach fo fhuil san fhraoch.
C' ar son, a nighean nan laoch a bh' ann,
Mhosgail thu ardan do bhràthar?"
Dh' éirich madainn; dh' fhalbh an nàmhaid,
Mar cheò tha snàmh air a bheinn;
Bhuail Annir copan nan sgiath,
Agus ghairm air a chiar mhac.
Thàinig mi am fuil anall;
Tri chuairt dh' éirich guth an laoich,
Mar osag ghaoith a bhriscas thall
O nial air carn 'san oiche.

Qui ibit cum principe in tellurem.
Tu, rex Urloris vallium,
Siste certamen, et conde tuum gladium,
Donec nanciscatur ille concham genialem
A fuscâ manu rutilæ Formæ Lodinis."
  Surrexit virgo sub lacrymis in clivo,
Avulsit illa à crine cirrum,
Qui erat errans super ejus pectore candido
Sub aurâ, quæ erat natans lentè.
Posuit Corman concham in meam manum.
Jussit ille in lætitiâ (me quiescere) meam quietem.
Jacui ego arctè ad eum super clivo,
Meo vultu sub galeâ, quæ erat fusca.
Cecidit somnus super hostem ex adverso;
Surrexi ego ut spectrum lentum;
Percussi ego Cormanem magnum in latere.
" Fina, fuit tuum cadaver super meo telo;
Fuit tuus sinus sub sanguine in ericâ.
Quare, o filia bellatorum qui fuerunt,
Expergefecisti tu iram tui fratris?"
Surrexit aurora; abiit hostis,
Sicut nebula, quæ est natans super monte;
Percussit Annir umbonem clypeorum,
Et invocavit suum fuscum filium.
Veni ego in sanguine huc;
Ternis vicibus surrexit vox bellatoris,
Ut flamen venti quod erumpit ex adverso
E nube super saxeto in nocte.

Tri làithe chaidh aoibhneas m' an cuairt;
Cha do chuir sinn 'san uaigh na mairbh;
Ghairm sinn seabhaig nan speur,
As thàinig o 'n uile ghaoith
Gu cuirm air faoibh nan nàmhaid.
" A Shuarain, tha Fionnghal air tom
'Na aonar fo chrom na h-oiche;
Buail an t-sleagh 'na thaobh 'sa bheinn,
'S biodh Starno fo aoibhneas mar Annir."
  " Mhic Annir," thuirt Suaran fial,
" Cha mharbhar fo nial leam féin;
Le soillse bithidh m' astar 'san t-sliabh,
'S na seabhaig air sgiathaibh am dhéigh;
Am foill c'uime ghluaiseadh fear tréun?
Tha mo phiuthar a' bacadh mo thriall."
  Las fearg air an righ gun dàil,
As thog e gu h-ard a shleagh;
Tri uaire chlisg i 'na làimh;
Ach chlisg e o bhàs a mhic.
Bhuail e ro' oiche gu luath
Gu sruth Thuirthoir tha shuas 'sa chòs,
'S na chuir e nighean Thorcuil o Thuath,
'S anns an d' fhàg e chruaidh bu chòrr.
Ghairm e òigh Lula nan triath;
Bha ise an nial le Lòduinn.
  Dh' at ardan an anam an laoich,
'S dh' aom e ro' 'n raon gu Fionnghal.
Luidh an righ air sgiath 'san fhraoch,

Tres dies ivit lætitia in circuitum;
Non posuimus nos in sepulchrum mortuos;
Invocavimus nos milvos cælorum,
Et venerunt ab omnibus suis ventis
Ad epulum super cadaveribus hostium.
" Suarane, est Fingal super colliculo
In solitudine sub curvaturâ noctis,
Impinge hastam in ejus latus in monte,
Et sit Starno sub lætitià instar Anniris."
  " Fili Anniris," dixit Suaranus hospitalis,
" Non occidetur sub nube à me ipso;
Cum luce erit meum iter in clivo,
Et accipitres (erunt) in alis à meo tergo;
In fraude quare moveret-se vir strenuus?
Mea soror impedit meum iter."
  Exarsit ira regi sine morâ,
Et sustulit altè suam hastam,
Ternis vicibus trepidavit illa in ejus manu;
At trepidavit ille à morte filii.
(Irruit) percussit ille in noctem ocyùs
Ad fluentum Turoris, quod est suprà in cavernâ,
In quâ posuit ille filiam Torculis à septentrione,
Et in quâ reliquit ille durum ferrum quod erat eximium.
Invocavit ille virginem Lulæ principum;
Erat illa in nube cum Lodine.
  Intumuit ira in animo bellatoris,
Et inclinavit-se ille per clivum ad Fingalem.
Jacebat rex super clypeo in ericâ,

'Na aonar, gun smaoin air iargail.
A bhorb shealgair nan torc ciar,
Cha 'n i làmh-gheal nan ciabh tha d' chòir;
Cha ghiullan air raineach 'san t-sliabh,
Aig sruth Thuirthoir nan toirm mòr:
'N so féin tha còmhnuidh nan treun,
A dh' éireas gu beum a bhàis.
A shealgair nan ciar thorc 'sa bheinn,
Na mosgail fuathas—fan thall.
  Thàinig Starno le fuaim anall;
Dh' éirich Fionnghal nan lann 'sa mhagh.
" Co thusa, mhic oiche 'sa ghleann?"
Thilg esa 'san àm an t-sleagh.
Bhuail iad anns an strì mar aon;
Thuit san raon an sgiath fo lann;
Sgiath sgoilte bh' aig Starno ri thaobh,
As cheangladh e ri daraig thall.
Nuair chunnaic Fionnghal righ nan long,
Thionndaidh e gu trom a shùil;
Bha smaointean air na laithibh a bh' ann,
Mar cheòl uasal nan caoin dhàn,
Bha òigh an uchd bhàin a' gluasad.
Dh' fhuasgail e na h-ialla o làimh.
  " Mhic Annir nan lann, bi falbh.
Gabh Gorm-mheal nan slige mu d' cheann;
Tha dearsa na bh'ann ag éirigh;
'S cuimhne leam òigh an uchd bhàin;
A righ 's fuiliche lann, bi falbh.

In solitudine, sine cogitatione de contentione.
O barbare venator aprorum fuscorum,
Non est illa manus-candida cirrorum, quæ est te coram;
Non adolescentulus super filice in clivo,
Apud fluentum Turoris fremituum magnorum:
In hoc (loco) ipso est habitatio strenuorum,
Qui surgunt ad ictum mortis.
Venator fuscorum aprorum in monte,
Ne excita larvam—mane ex adverso.
Venit Starno cum sonitu huc;
Surrexit Fingal gladiorum in agro.
"Quis tu, fili noctis in valle?"
Jecit ille interea hastam.
(Irruerunt) percusserunt illi in contentionem simul;
Cecidit in agro clypeus sub gladio;
Clypeus fissus, qui fuit Starnoni ad latus,
Et vinctus est ille ad quercum ex adverso.
Quando vidit Fingal regem navium,
Vertit ille graviter suum oculum;
Erant ejus cogitationes de diebus qui fuerunt;
Ut melos nobile blandorum carminum,
Erat virgo sinûs candidi se-movens.
Solvit ille lora ab ejus manibus.
"Fili Anniris telorum, esto abiens.
Capesse Gormalam concharum circa tuum caput;
Est radiatio ejus, quæ fuit, surgens;
Est memoria mihi (virginis) virgo sinus candidi;
O rex, cujus est maxime sanguinarium telum, esto abiens.

Gabh gu d' thalla am bruailleinn thall ;
A dhroch nàmhaid mo ghràidh, às m' fhianuis !
Na tigeadh an coigreach a' d' dhàil,
Fhir a ghabhas do thàmh an gruaim !"
  Sgeul air àm o shean.

Capesse (iter) ad tuam aulam in fremitu ex adverso;
Improbe inimice mei amoris, è meo conspectu.
Ne veniat peregrinus in tuam viciniam,
Vir qui capis tuam (habitationem) quietem in torvitate.
Historia de tempore (prisco) ab antiquo.

COMALA,

CARMEN SCENICUM

SIVE DRAMATICUM.

Argumentum.

Poema hoc in primis pretiosum est, quod Ossiani carminum antiquitati haud parvum affundit lumen. Caracul, cujus hic fit mentio, non alius est quam Caracalla, Severi filius, qui anno 211 expeditioni contra Caledonios præfuit. Poematis verba primitùs musicis organorum modis adaptata, et principibus fortasse solennes inter conventus exhibita varii ejus* numeri ostendunt. Plenius ac melius quam in opere ipso historia ejus a Grampiorum Montium indigenis traditur: "Comala, filia Sarnonis, Inistorcæ, sive Orcadum regis, amore Fingalis, Comalis filii, capta est in convivio, ad quod a Locline redeuntem post Agandeccæ mortem pater eum invitaverat. Adeo vehemens fuit pectoris æstus ut juvenis bellatoris, qui militiæ tirocinia sub eo ponere volebat, armis induta sequeretur. Cito eam agnovit Lamoris filius, unus ex Fingalis bellatoribus, cujus amorem paulo antea spreverat. Mirus ejus amor et summa pulchritudo adeo eam regi commendaverat ut uxorem ducere statueret, cum de Caracallæ expeditione certior factus est. Obviam hosti processit, comitante Comala, quam, cum in aciem descenderet, in colle, unde cerneretur Caracallæ exercitus, reliquit, pollicitus priùs, si pugnæ supervixisset, se cum nocte rediturum." Historia reliqua rerumque ultimus eventus ex poemate ipso colligi possunt.

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[*] Hic fallitur aut fallere voluit Macphersonus; toto enim in poemate parum aut nihil inter se differunt numeri.

CAOMH-MHALA,

DÀN DEALBHCHLUICH.

NA PEARSA.

Fionnghal, Hidealan,
Caomh-mhala, Milsh`uil-chaomha, } *Nigheana Mhorni.*
Dearsa-gre'ine, B`aird.

v. 1–9.

DEARSA-GRÉINE.

Dh'fhalbh an t-sealg, gun fhuaim an Ardbheinn,
Ach sruith a tha gairrich o charn.
A nighean Mhorni, a's gile làmh,
Thigsa nall o bhruachaibh Chròna;
Thigeadh an oiche le dàin;
Biodh sòlas air ard na Mòrbheinn.

MILSHÙIL-CHAOMHA.

'S i 'n oich' i, òigh a's guirme sùil,
A chiar oich' o chùl nan carn.
Chunnacas leamsa fiadh 'sa bheinn

COMALA,

CARMEN SCENICUM.

PERSONÆ.

Fingal,	Hidallan,	
Comala,	Milulcoma,	*Filiæ Mornæ.*
Dersagrena,	Bardi.	

v. 1–9.

DERSAGRENA.

Abiit venatio, sine sonitu in Ardvene,
Nisi torrentis qui est fremens à saxeto.
Filia Mornæ, cujus est candidissima manus,
Veni tu huc a præcipitiis Cronæ;
Veniat nox cum carminibus;
Sit lætitia super culmine Morvenis.

MILULCOMA.

Est nox, o virgo, cujus est maximè cæruleus oculus,
Fusca nox è tergo saxetorum.
Visus est à me cervus in monte

Aig sruth Chròna mòthar mall;
Mar bhruaich bha e anns an duibhre;
'S grad a leum e sìos ro' 'n ghleann:
Mu chabar bha dealan na h-oiche,
Chithear soills' air taobh nan sliabh;
Bha sàmhla na bha, a' boillsgeadh
Leth-fhaicte o Chròna nan nial.

DEARSA-GRÉINE.

'S e fuathas a bhàis a bh' ann;
Thuit righ nan lann 's nan sgiath 'sa chòmhrag.
Eirich, a Chaomh-mhal' air a charn;
Fhuair Caracul buaidh sa' chòmhstri;
Eirich, a nighean Sharno fo dheoir;
Thuit òg do ghràidh, am fear treun;
Chithear tannas an t-sàir 'sa bheinn.

MILSHÙIL-CHAOMHA.

Shuidh Caomh-mhal' an sud na h-aonar,
Dà chaol chù, a's liathe colg,
A' glacadh an aiteil san aonach,
'S a' crathadh an cluas gu tric.
Tha gruaidh air a làimh a's àillidh,
Agus gaoth nan carn 'na ciabh,
A gorm-shùil a' sealladh gu farasd
Gu raon, 'san robh gealladh a triath.
C' àite bheil Fionnghal, mo rùn,
'S an oiche dubhra' dlù mu 'n cuairt?

Ad rivum Cronæ moderatum lentum;
Instar præcipitii erat ille in obscuritate;
Ocyùs saluit ille deorsum per vallem:
Circa ejus ramosum-cornu erat fulgur noctis;
Quod cernitur lucidum super latere clivorum;
Erant simulacra eorum, qui fuerunt, refulgentia
Semi-visa à Crona nubium.

DERSAGRENA.

Est larva mortis quæ adfuit;
Cecidit rex gladiorum et clypeorum in certamine.
Surge, Comala, super saxeto;
Obtinuit Caracal victoriam in concertatione;
Surge, filia Sarnonis, sub lacrymis;
Cecidit juvenis tui desiderii, vir strenuus;
Cernitur spectrum egregii in monte.

MILULCOMA.

Sedit Comala illic (sola) in solitudine,
Binis gracilibus canibus, quorum est canissimus villas,
Captantibus aurum in jugo,
Et quatientibus suas aures sæpius.
Est ejus gena super ejus manu quæ est formosa,
Et ventus saxetorum in ejus capillo,
Ejus cæruleo oculo aspectante leniter
Ad agrum, in quo fuit promissio sui principis.
Ubi est Fingal, meum desiderium,
Nocte tetrica appropinquante in circuitum.

CAOMH-MHALA.

A Charuinn, a Charuinn nan sruth,
C' uim' a chitheam am fuil do bhùrn?
Cha chluinneam fuaim còmhraig no guth
Ag iadhadh do thuil as do chùirn.
Na chaidil righ Mhòrbheinn an treun?
Eirich, a nighean na h-oiche;
Amhairc annas o neoil nan speur:
Eirich grad, gu 'm faiceam an soillse
Caol dhearsa o mhàile 's o chruaidh
Air raon 'san robh a ghealladh o' n ruaig.
No thusa, dhealain uaine bhàis,
Bu sholus do' r sinns're nach beò
Fo dhuibhre 's scleò na h-oiche,
Thigs' ann do chaoir o 'n Ardbheinn,
'S feuch dhomh mo threun an soillse
'Na luidhe, 's mi deurach, sa' bhlàr.
Co sheasas eadar mi 's bròn?
Co eadar mi 's rùn mo nàmhaid?
'S fada sheallas Caomh-mhala fo dheòir,
Mu 'm faicear leth' a mòr thriath
A' tilleadh am measg a shluaigh
Soillear mar mhaduinn o nial,
As am braon a' triall o stuaidh.

HIDEALAN.

Luidheadh ceò is gruaim air Cròna;
Luidheadh iad air siubhal an righ;

COMALA.

O Carron, Carron fluentorum,
Quare video in sanguine tuum flumen?
Non audio sonitum certaminis nec vocem
Juxta mæandros tui diluvii et tuum saxetum.
An dormivit rex Morvenis strenuus?
Surge, o filia noctis;
Despice deorsùm è nubibus cælorum.
Surge ocyùs, ut videam in luce
Tenuem coruscationem ab ejus loricâ et à durâ-armaturâ
In agro in quo fuit ejus promissio à fugando.
Vel tu, fulgur viridis mortis,
Quod eras lux nostris proavis haud vivis
Sub umbra et obscuritate noctis,
Veni tu in tuis rutilis scintillis ab Ardvene,
Et monstra mihi meum strenuum in luce
Jacentem, me lacrymosâ, in acie.
Quis stabit inter me et mœrorem?
Quis inter me et amorem mei hostis?
Diu adspectabit Comala sub lacrymis,
Priusquam cernetur ab illâ magnus princeps
Rediens in medio sui populi
Lucidus ut aurora è nube,
Imbre proficiscente à fluctibus.

HIDALLAN.

Jaceant nebula et obscuritas super Cronâ;
Jaceant illæ super itinere regis;

Ceilibh anis o m' shùil a cheuma
Gun chuimhn' air treun-fhear a chaoidh.
Tha triath' nan sgiath gun cheann air rèidh.
Cha chluinnear an ceuma mu chruaidh.
A Charuinn, a Charuinn nan sruth,
Iadhsa ann am fuil do bhùrn;
Tha ceannard an t-sluaigh fo scleò.

CAOMH-MHALA.

Co thuit aig Carunn nam bruach,
A mhic duibhre na fuar oiche?
An robh e geal mar shneachd nan cruach?
Mar bhogha braoin air stuadh a' soillse'?
An robh a chiabh mar an ceò 'sa bheinn
Ag iadhadh caoin fo ghréin air tòrr?
An robh e mar thorrunn nan speur?
Cho luath ri féidh nam fàs ghleann mòr?

HIDEALAN.

C' ar son nach fhaiceam a rùn féin
'S i 'g aomadh o 'n bheinn le h-àille,
A dearg-shùil fo dheoir mu 'n treun,
A ciabh gun bheud mu gruaidh fharasd?
Eirich, éirich, a chaoin ghaoth,
Togsa gu caomh a leadan trom;
Faiceam a làmh gheal a's caoine,
'S a gruaidh, a tha gaolach am bròn.

Celate à meo oculo ejus passus
Sine recordatione strenui viri in æternum.
Sunt heroes clypeorum sine (duce) capite in campo.
Non audiuntur eorum gressus circa ejus duram-armaturam.
O Carron, Carron fluentorum,
Obliqua tu in sanguine tuum flumen;
Est (dux) arduum caput populi sub nebulâ.

COMALA.

Quis cecidit ad Carronem præcipitiorum,
O fili obscuritatis frigidæ noctis?
An erat ille candidus instar nivis promontoriorum?
Instar arcûs imbris super fluctu lucentis?
An erat ejus capillus sicut nebula in monte
Se-obliquans blandam sub sole super tumulo?
An erat ille sicut tonitru cœlorum?
Æquè velox ac cervi desertarum vallium magnarum?

HIDALLAN.

Quare non cernam amantem ipsius
Descendentem è monte cum suâ pulchritudine,
Ejus rubro oculo sub lacrymis propter strenuum,
Ejus cirro sine defectu circa ejus genam mitem?
Surge, surge, lenis vente,
Tolle tu blandè ejus capillum gravem;
Videam ejus manum candidam, quæ est mollissima,
Et ejus genam, quæ est amabilis in dolore.

CAOMH-MHALA.

Na thuit mac Chumhail féin 'san t-sliabh?
Na thuit, a thriath, a's duibhe sgeul?
A thorrunn a' siubhal nan aonach ciar,
A dhealan air sgiath theine nan speur,
Cha 'n eagal do Chaomh-mhal' ur triall,
O na thuit an triath fo scleò.
Innis, fhir a's dubhaiche sgeul,
Am bheil gaisgeach nan sgéith gun deò?

HIDEALAN.

Tha shluagh nise sgaoilt' air a bheinn;
Cha chluinn iad guth an tréin ni 's mò!

CAOMH-MHALA.

Bruaillean air an raon a' d' dhéigh,
Cunnart dhuit féin, a righ mhòir;
Do 'n uaigh na biodh lionor do cheum,
Biodh aon òigh a' d' dhéigh fo bhròn;
Biodh i mar Chaomh-mhala fo cheò,
Làn do dheòir an laithibh a h-òige.
C' ar son a dh' innis thu dhomh féin,
Gu 'n thuit mo ghaisgeach treun sa' bhlàr?
Bhiodh mo dhùil r'a thilleadh o 'n bheinn;
Chithinn e féin air craig no còmhnard;
Shaoilinn gu 'm b' i chraobh mo laoch,
A' tighinn le faoibh o 'n bhlàr;
Chluinninn a stoc anns a ghaoith,

COMALA.

Num cecidit filius Comalis ipse in clivo?
Num cecidit, o princeps, cujus est aterrima historia?
O tonitru percurrens juga fusca,
O fulgur super alâ ignis cœlorum,
Non est terror Comalæ vestrum iter,
Ex tempore quo cecidit princeps sub obscuritatem.
Dic, o vir, cujus est aterrima historia,
An sit bellator clypeorum sine animâ?

HIDALLAN.

Est ejus populus se-spargens super monte;
Haud audient illi vocem strenui amplius.

COMALA.

Procella in planitie (sit te pone) à tuo tergo,
Periculum tibi ipsi, o rex magne;
Ad sepulchrum ne plurimi sint tui passus.
Sit una virgo à tuo tergo cum luctu;
Sit illa sicut Comala sub nebulâ,
Plena lacrymarum in diebus suæ juventutis.
Quare dixisti tu mihi
Quod cecidit meus bellator strenuus in acie? [à monte;
Esset mea spes (eum esse rediturum) ad ejus reditum
Cernerem eum ipsum super saxo aut campo;
Crederem quod esset arbor meus bellator
Adveniens cum exuviis è prœlio;
Audirem ejus cornu in vento,

Bhiodh siubhal baoth air taobh nam beann.
Tha mise deurach gun bhi thall
Air bruaich Charuinn nan sruth mall;
An sin bhiodh mo dheòir gu tlà
Air gruaidh an t-sàir a tha gun tuar.

HIDEALAN.

Air bruaich cha 'n 'eil an laoch:
Air ard an fhraoich 'nis togar uaigh.
Seall, a ghealach, o neul caoin;
Biodh do sholus caol air cruaich,
Gu 'm faic an Làmh-gheal a gaol
Am boillsge faoin a mhàile chruaidh.

CAOMH-MHALA.

Na cuiribhse, a shìol na h-uaigh;
Na cuiribhse mo luaidh air chùl.
Dh' fhàg e mi san t-seilg air cruaich;
Gun fhios chaidh e suas gun chliù.
" Tilleam ri oich," thuirt an triath;
'S thill righ Mhòrbheinn fior ri oich'.
C' ar son nach d' innis thu, fhir leith,
Tha 'n cromadh nan sliabh gun soills',
Gu 'n tuiteadh ceannard nan sgiath marbh?
Chunnaic thu 'na fhuil an t-òg-fhear;
'S cha d' innis thu 'm bròn do Chaomh-mhala.

Qui esset se-movens surdum super latere montium.
Sum ego lacrymosa quod non sum ex adverso
In ripâ Carronis undarum tardarum;
Illic essent meæ lacrymæ tepidè
Super genâ egregii qui est sine colore.

HIDALLAN.

In ripâ non est bellator;
In culmine ericeti nunc tollitur ejus sepulchrum.
Despice, o luna, e nube blandâ;
Sit tua lux tenuis super colle,
Ut videat manus candida ejus amorem
In coruscamine languidà loricæ duræ.

COMALA.

Ne seponite, o semen sepulchri,
Ne seponite (meæ laudis virum) meam laudem ad tergum.
Reliquit ille me in venatione super præcipitio;
Sine notitiâ ivit ille sursum, sine famâ.
" Redibo versùs noctem," dixit princeps;
Et rediit rex Morvenis verax versùs noctem.
Quare non dixisti tu, vir cane,
Qui es in curvaturâ clivorum sine luce,
Quod casurus esset dux clypeorum mortuus?
Vidisti tu in suo sanguine juvenem virum;
Et non narrâsti tu luctum Comalæ.

MILSHÙIL-CHAOMHA.

Ciod an fhuaim tha shuas 'sa bheinn?
Ciod a tha boillsgeadh sa' ghleann?
Co tha tighin mar shruth treun,
Nuair chritheas fo 'n ré nach gann
Mòr-uisge taomadh o charn?

CAOMH-MHALA.

Co ach an nàmhaid aig Caomh-mhal';
Mac righ an domhain 's a shluagh.
A thannais Fhionn air neòil a' sgaoileadh,
Greas iuthaidh Caomh-mhal' sìos gu luath;
Tuiteadh e mar fhiadh 'san aonach.—
'S e Fionn a th' ann, measg tannas a shluaigh.
C' uime thigeadh tu, mo luaidh,
A chur sòlais is fuath orm féin?

FIONNGHAL.

Togaibhse, a bheòil nan dàn;
Togaibh gu h-ard am blàr aig Carunn:
Theich Caracul, 's a shluagh o 'm lann;
Theich e thall thar raoin an ardain.
A ghaisgich mar dhealain air sliabh,
Tha sgeudachadh tannais na h-oidhche,
'S e 'g aomadh ro' ghaoith o'n iar,
'S a choille chiar mu 'n cuairt a' boillsge'.
Chualam guth nan aiteal thall
O thaobh nan carn 's am fiar-ghlinn féin.

MILULCOMA.

Quisnam sonitus est suprâ in monte?
Quid est splendens in valle?
Quis est veniens sicut flumen validum,
Quando tremit sub lunâ haud angustâ
Magna aqua effundens-se à saxeto?

COMALA.

Quis nisi hostis Comalæ,
Filius regis orbis et ejus populus.
O umbra Fingalis super nubibus te-distendens,
Propera sagittam Comalæ deorsùm velociter;
Cadat ille sicut cervus in jugoso-monte.—
Est Fingal qui adest, inter spectra sui populi!
Quare venias tu, mea laus,
Ut immitteres gaudium et terrorem mihi ipsi?

FINGAL.

Tollite vos, o ora carminum;
Tollite in altum prœlium apud Carronem:
Fugit Caracul, et ejus populus à meo gladio;
Fugit ille ex adverso ultra campos superbiæ.
Ejus bellatoribus instar fulgurum super clivo,
Quæ ornant spectrum noctis,
Se-inclinans ante ventum ab occidente,
Sylvâ fusca in circuitum resplendente.
Audivi vocem aurarum ex adverso
Ex latere saxetorum et eorum curvarum vallium ipsorum.

Ban-shealgair Ardbheinn, an i th' ann,
Nighean làmh-gheal Shàrno thréin?
Amhairc o d' charraig, mo rùn;
Cluinneam do ghuth ciuin, a Chaomh-mhal'.

CAOMH-MHALA.

Tog mise gu còs do shuaine,
Og ghaisgich, a fhuair mo ghràdh.

FIONNGHAL.

Thigsa féin gu còs mo shuaine;
Sgaoil na stoirm, tha grian air an raon.
Thigsa, òigh, gu còs mo shuaine,
Bhan-shealgair nam fuar-bheann faoin.

CAOMH-MHALA.

Thill e féin, is thill a chliu!
'S e làmh mo rùin 's mo thrèin a th' ann!
Luidheamsa sìos air a chùl,
Gus an till m' anam anall
O eagal tha snàmh mu 'n cuairt.
Buailibh clàrsach, togaibh dàn,
Oighe nan rosg mall aig Morni.

DEARSA-GRÉINE.

Le Caomh-mhala thuit tri feidh 'san fhraoch;
Fo ghaoith tha teine 'g éirigh ard.
Gabh gu fleagh na h-òigh a's caoine,
A righ Mhòrbheinn nach maol carn.

Venatrix Ardvenis, an est illa quæ adest,
Filia (λευκοχειρ) manuum-candidarum Sarnonis strenui?
Despice è tuâ rupe, meum desiderium;
Audiam tuam vocem blandam, Comala.

COMALA.

Tolle me ad cavernam tui soporis,
Juvenis heros, qui adeptus es meum amorem.

FINGAL.

Veni tu ipse ad cavernam mei soporis;
Sparsæ sunt procellæ, est sol super planitie.
Veni tu, o virgo, ad cavernam mei soporis,
Venatrix frigidorum montium desertorum.

COMALA.

Rediit ille ipse, et rediit ejus fama!
Est manus mei desiderii et mei strenui quæ adest!
Jaceam ego deorsum ad ejus tergum,
Donec redeat mea anima huc
A metu qui natat [mihi] in circuitum.
Pellite citharam, tollite carmen,
Virgines ciliorum lentorum Mornæ.

DERSAGRENA.

Per Comalam ceciderunt tres cervi in ericâ;
Sub vento est ignis surgens altè.
Capesse (viam) ad convivium virginis quæ est blandissima,
O rex Morvenis haud calvorum saxetorum.

FIONNGHAL.

Togaibh guth, a shìol nam fonn,
Mu chomhstri nan sonn air Carunn;
Biodh aoibhneas air làmh-gheal nan tom,
Nuair a chi mis' a fleagh air Ardbheinn.

NA BÀIRD.

Taom, a Charuinn, taom do shruth;
An aoibneas an diugh, siubhail sìos;
Theich coigrich, a b' àirde guth.
Cha 'n fhaicear an steud-each 'san t-sliabh;
Tha sgaoileadh an sgiath an tìr thall.
Eiridh grian an sìth o nial,
As tearnaidh an oich' 'an aoibhneas;
Cluinnear guth na seilg air carn;
Ri balla thall bithidh sgiath nam fuaim;
Bithidh ar comhstri ri dàimh thig anall
O thalamh nan Gall o thuath,
'S ar làmha gu dearg am fuil Lochlin.
Taom, a Charuinn, taom do shruth;
An aoibhneas an diugh, siubhail sìos;
Theich coigrich, a b' àirde guth.

MILSHÙIL-CHAOMHA.

Teirinn, a cheò, o 'n tìr ard,
A ghatha gealaich, togaibh suas
Ciuin anam na h-òigh, a b' àillidh,
Tha ri carraig na luidhe gun tuar!
Caomh-mhala, 's i fuar gun deò.

FINGAL.

Tollite vocem, o semen modorum,
De concertatione heroum apud Carronem;
Sit lætitia manui-candidæ tumulorum,
Quando videbo ego ejus convivium in Ardvene.

BARDI.

Effunde, Carron, effunde tuum flumen;
In lætitiâ hodie, perge deorsum;
Fugerunt peregrini, quorum erat altissima vox.
Haud cernetur militaris equus in clivo;
Est expansio eorum (aquilarum) alarum in terrâ transmarinâ.
Surget sol in pace ab ejus nube,
Et descendet nox in lætitiâ;
Audietur vox venationis super saxeto;
Ad murum ex adverso erit clypeus sonituum;
Erit nostra concertatio adversus catervas, quæ venient huc
E terrâ alienigenarum a septentrione,
Et nostræ manus rutilæ in sanguine Loclinis.
Effunde, Carron, effunde tuum flumen;
In lætitiâ hodie, perge deorsum;
Fugerunt peregrini, quorum erat altissima vox.

MILULCOMA.

Descende, o nebula, è regione arduâ,
O radii lunæ, tollite sursum
Mitem animam virginis, quæ erat formosissima,
Quæ est ad rupem jacens sine colore!
Comalæ, cum sit frigida sine halitu.

FIONNGHAL.

Am bheil nighean Sharno gun deò,
Làmh-gheal dha 'm bu mhòr mo rùn ?
Tachair rium, a Chaomh-mhal', fo sceò
Air fraoch, fo cheò, 's mi air chùl,
Nuair shuidheam air sruth nam beann
'S mi m' aonar an àm na h-oiche.

HIDEALAN.

An d'fhalbh guth na seilg o Ardbheinn ?
C' uime chuir mi 'm bruaillean air òigh ?
C' uine chi mi fo aoibhneas an làmh-gheal,
Am faoghaid fàsaich, mu 'n iadh slòigh ?

FIONNGHAL.

Oig, a's duibhe gnè as tuar,
Cha 'n fhaic o so suas am fleagh ;
Cha chuir leam an t-sleagh fo ruaig ;
Cha togar leat buaidh air magh.
As m' fhianuis, òig a's duirche snuadh.
Feuchar dhomh 'na suain an òigh ;
Faiceam ise b'àillidh tuar.
'S glas mo luaidh air taobh nan scòrr !
Tha gaoth na h-oiche fuar 'na ciabh ;
Tha taifeid 'san osaig a' fuaim ;
Bhris a saighead ri tuiteam air sliabh.
Tog moladh na h-ainnir gun ghruaim,

FINGAL.

An est filia Sarnonis sine halitu,
Manus candida cui erat magnus meus amor?
Occurre mihi, Comala, sub obscuritate
Super ericâ, sub nebula, cum sim (solus) ad tergum,
Quando consedero ad torrentem montium
Et fuero in solitudine in tempore noctis.

HIDALLAN.

An abiit vox venationis ab Ardvene?
Quare immisi ego tumultum virgini?
Quando cernam ego sub lætitiâ manum candidam,
Inter excitandum-prædam desertorum, circa quam
[obliquant-se populi?

FINGAL.

O juvenis, cujus est nigerrima indoles et color,
Non videbis abhinc sursùm convivium;
Non mittes mecum hastam sub fugam-hostium;
Non (reportabitur) tolletur à te victoria in acie.
E meo conspectu, juvenis cujus est nigerrima species.
Ostendatur mihi in ejus sopore virgo;
Videam illam cujus erat pulcherrimus color.
Est (pallida) glauca mea laus super latere scopulorum!
Est ventus noctis frigidus in ejus cirris;
Est ejus nervus in flamine sonans;
Fracta est ejus sagitta in ejus casu super clivo.
Tolle laudationem virginis (hilaris) sine torvitate,

Nighinn Sharno nan stuadh àrd ;
Togar a h-ainm air gaoith nan speur.

NA BAIRD.

Faic dealain a' lasadh mu 'n òigh !
Gatha na gealaich a' togail suas
Caoin anama ainnir nan slòigh,
O na neòil tha dlù mu 'n cuairt !
Chithear tannais nan sonn a dh'fhalbh ;
An sin tha Sàirn na mala donn,
As dearg-shùil Fhidealain an laoch.
C' uine dh' éireas an làmh-gheal o' n tom ?
C' uine chluinnear a guth 'san fhraoch ?
Thig òighe da h-iarraidh 'san t-sliabh :
Cha 'n fhaigh iad ciabh, a's àillidh snuadh.
Chithear thu 'n aisling gu d' thrian,
Chur sìth air an anam fo ghruaim.
Bithidh do ghuth 'nan cluais gu mall ;
Bithidh an smaointean aoibhneach 'san t-shuain,
Dh' aisigeas an luaidh gu 'm beachd.
Faich dealain a' lasadh mu 'n òigh ;
Gatha na gealaich a' togail suas
Caoin anama ainnir nan slòigh !

Filiæ Sarnonis fluctuum altorum;
Tollatur ejus nomen super ventos cœlorum.

BARDI.

Ecce fulgur flammescens circa virginem!
Radios lunæ tollentes sursùm
Blandam animam virginis populorum,
A nubibus quæ sunt densæ in circuitum!
Cernuntur spectra heroum qui abierunt;
In illo (loco) est Sarno supercilii subfusci,
Et rutilus oculus Hidallanis bellatoris.
Quando surget manus candida à tumulo?
Quando audietur ejus vox in ericâ?
Venient virgines ad eam quærendam in clivo:
Haud invenient illæ cirrum, cujus est pulcherrima species.
Cerneris tu in somnio usque ad tuam tertiam partem,
Ad immittendum pacem super earum animos sub tetricitate.
Erit tua vox in earum aure lentè;
Erunt earum cogitationes lætæ in sopore,
Qui reddit (virginem laudatam) laudem earum conspectui.
Ecce fulgur flammescens circa virginem,
Radios lunæ tollentes sursum
Blandam animam adolescentulæ populorum!

CARRICTHURA.

Argumentum.

Fingal, ab incursione rediens quam in Romanam Provinciam fecerat, visere Cathullem statuit, Inistorcæ regem, et fratrem Comalis, cujus historia in præeunti Dramate pleniùs narratur. Carricthurâ, Cathullis regiâ, jam prospectâ, in culmine ejus flammam aspexit, quæ per illa tempora maleficii signum fuit. Venti illum impulêrunt in sinum, à Carricthurâ aliquantulum remotum, et in littore pernoctare coactus fuit. Proximo die, exercitum Frothalis, Soræ regis, adortus est, qui Cathullem in regiâ suâ Carricthurâ obsessum tenuit, et ipsum Frothalem, certamine singulari superatum, captivum egit. Carricthura liberata, argumentum carminis est; sed aliæ sunt quædam intertextæ fabulæ. Ex vetere traditione constat, hoc carmen Culdæo cuidam inscriptum esse, sive uni ex eis, qui primi ad Christianam fidem prædicandam emissi fuerunt; et fabulam de Lodinis Formâ, quæ una et eadem cum antiquo Odine, apud Scandinavenses, fuisse creditur, ab Ossiano inductam esse ad oppugnandum doctrinis Culdæi. Quocunque autem modo res se habeat, ante oculos nostros profert Ossiani de supremo Numine, sententiam; et probat eum ejus superstitionis expertem fuisse, quæ per totum terrarum orbem valebat, priusquam Christianitas divulgaretur.

CARRAIG-THURA.

v. 1–20.

An d' fhàg thu gorm-astar nan speur,
A mhic gun bheud, a 's òr-bhui ciabh?
Tha dorsa na h-oiche dhuit féin,
Agus pàilliun do chlos 'san iar.
Thig na stuaidh mu 'n cuairt gu mall,
A choimhead fir a's glaine gruaidh;
A' togail fo eagal an ceann:
Ri d' fhaicinn cho àillidh 'na d' shuain,
Theich iadsa gun tuar o d' thaobh.
Gabhsa cadal ann do chòs,
A ghrian! is till o d' chlos le h-aoibhneas.
Togar mìle solus suas,
Ri fuaim tha sèimh o chlàrsaich ghrìnn;
Duìsg sòlas an talla nan stuadh;
Thill righ nam buadh le 'shluagh gu 'thìr.
Tha còmhstri Charuinn fada uainn,
Mar fhuaim nach cluinnear ni 's mò:
Togadh bàird a' chiuil an duain;
Thill gaisgeach nam buadh le chliu.
Mar sin bha focail Ullin chaoin,

CARRICTHURA.

v. 1–20.

" An reliquisti tu cæruleum iter cœlorum,
O fili sine defectu, cujus est aurato-flavus cirrus?
Sunt portæ noctis tibi ipsi
Et tentorium tuæ requietis in occidente.
Veniunt fluctus circumcirca tardè
Visum virum, cujus est purissima gena,
Tollentes sub metu suum caput:
Inter te cernendum adeo formosum in tuo sopore,
Fugerunt illi sine colore à tuo latere.
Cape tu somnum in tuâ cavernâ,
O sol, et redi à tuâ quiete cum lætitiâ.
Tollantur mille lumina sursum
Ad sonum, qui est mollis, à citharâ eleganti;
Expergeface gaudium in aulâ undarum;
Rediit rex victoriarum cum suo populo ad suam terram.
Est concertatio Carronis procul à nobis,
Sicut sonitus qui non auditur amplius:
Tollant bardi musices eorum carmina:
Rediit bellator victoriarum cum suâ laude."
  Sic fuerunt verba Ullinis blandi,

Nuair thill an righ o raon nan triath,
Le 'leadan throm, a b' àillidh ciabh.
Bha mhàile ghorm mu cheann an t-sonn,
Mar nial nach trom air aghaidh gréin,
Nuair ghluaiseas e 'na éideadh donn,
A' feuchainn leth a shoills' san speur.
Bha ghaisgich threun an déigh an righ ;
Bha fleagh na slige fial an àird.
Thionndaidh Fionn ri luchd bu bhinn,
As dh' iarr am fonn o shonn nam bàrd.
  " A ghutha Chòna, 's àirde fuaim,
A bhàrda, tha luaidh mu h-aois,
Dha 'n éirich, air ar n-anam suas,
Feachda mòr nan gorm-chruaidh laoch.
'S taitneach leam aoibhneas a bhròin,
Mar dhrùchd mòthar carraich chaoin,
Fo 'n lùb geug dharaig nan tòrr,
'S an duilleach òg ag éirigh maoth.
Togaibhse, mo bhàird, am fonn ;
Am màireach bithidh long fo sheòl ;
Bithidh m' astar an gorm-ghleann nan tonn,
Gu carraig nan sonn 's nan seòd ;
Baile uaine Sharno fhial,
A Chaomh-mhala nan ciabh do chònuidh,
Far an sgaoileadh Cathul, an triath,
A chuirm air an t-sliabh le mòr-chuis ;
'S lìonor 'na choille tuirc chiar :
Cluinnidh doire nan sìan an t-sealg."

Cum rediit rex ab acie principum,
Cum crinibus gravibus, quorum erant pulcherrimi cirri.
Erat galea cærulea circa caput herois,
Sicut nubes haud gravida super vultu solis,
Quando movet-se ille in veste subfuscâ,
Ostendens dimidium suæ lucis in cœlo.
Erant ejus bellatores strenui à tergo regis;
Erat convivium concharum hospitalium in alto.
Convertit-se Fin ad homines qui erant canori,
Et postulavit melos à principe bardorum.
"O voces Conæ, cujus est altissimus sonitus,
O bardi, qui estis loquentes de antiquitate,[*]
Quibus surgunt, super vestros animos sursum,
Exercitus magni cærulea-dura-arma-habentium heroum.
Est jucundum mihi gaudium luctûs,
Sicut ros moderatus veris blandi,
Sub quo flectitur ramus quercûs tumulorum,
Foliis novis surgentibus tenerè.
Tollite, mei bardi, melos;
Cras erit navis sub velo;
Erit meum iter in cæruleâ valle undarum,
Ad rupem heroum et procerum;
Urbem viridem Sarnonis hospitalis,
O Comalæ cincinnorum tuam habitationem,
Ubi dispandit Cathul, princeps,
Epulum super clivo cum magnificentiâ;
Sunt frequentes in ejus sylvâ apri fusci:
Audiet sylvula nimborum venationem."

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[*] i. e. de priscis.

"A Chronain, a mhic nan caoin fhonn,
A Mhìnfhonn nach trom air clàrsaich,
Togaibh sgeul air Silric donn,
Do righ nam mòr-thom 's nam fàsach.
Thigeadh a Bhinnbheul, a's àillidh,
Mar bhogha braoin, anall sa' ghleann,
Nuair dh'fheuchas e cheann san àirde,
'S a ghrian a' dol air chùl nam beann.
Sud an òigh, a righ nan lann,
Le guth fann, is i fo bhròn."

BINNBHEUL.

Tha mo rùn do shinns're nan sliabh;
'S e sàr shealgair nan ciar ard;
Tha 'mhìol-choin a' plosgadh r'a thaobh,
A thaifeid chaol sa' ghaoith a' fuaim.
Na shuidh thu aig fuaran nan carn,
No aig mòr-shruth ard an aonaich?
Tha 'n luachair ag aomadh fo osaig,
An ceathach a' mosgladh san t-sliabh.
Tairneam air mo rùn fo sceò,
Is chitheam an seòd o 'n chruaich.
Nuair chunnam na h-òig-fhir shuas
Aig daraig Bhrano, 's fuaimear sruth,
Thill thu 'n sin gu mòr o 'n bheinn;
'S mòr a b' àille thu féin na d' shluagh!

“ Cronan, fili blandorum modorum,
Minona haud gravis super citharâ,
Tollite historiam super Silrice subfusco,
Regi magnorum tumulorum et desertorum.
Veniat Vinvela, quæ est formosa,
Sicut arcus imbris, huc in valle,
Quando ostendit ille suum caput in alto,
Sole eunte ad tergum montium.
Ecce virginem, o rex gladiorum,
Cum voce languidâ, eâ sub mœrore.”

VINVELA.

Est meus amor ex proavis clivorum;
Est ille eximius venator fuscorum (montium) arduorum;
Sunt ejus venatici-canes anhelantes ad ejus latus,
Ejus nervo tenui in vento sonante.
An sedisti tu ad fontem saxetorum,
An ad magnum flumen arduum jugi?
Est juncetum se-inclinans sub flamine,
Et nebula expergiscens in clivo.
Appropinquabo ad meum desiderium sub vapore,
Et cernam heroa ab colle.
Quando vidi juvenes suprà
Ad quercum Brannonis, cujus est sonorum flumen,
Rediisti tu tunc ingens à monte;
Multo eras formosior tu ipse quam tuus populus!

SILRIC.

C' e 'n guth so tha caoin am chluais,
An guth caoin mar fhuaim an t-sàmhraidh?
Cha suidh mi aig luachair nan cruach,
No aig tobar fuar nan carn.
Fada, Bhinnbhéil, fada thall,
Tha m' astar gu blàr le Fionnghal.
Cha 'n 'eil mo choin féin ri m' thaobh,
No mo cheum air fraoch nan gleann.
Cha 'n fhaic mi o ard nan sliabh
Sàr ainnir nan ciabh air an raon,
Aig aomadh nan sruth leatha féin,
Mar bhogha lùbadh san speur,
No gealach air tuinn san iar.

BINNBHEUL.

Dh'fhalbh thu, Shilric, dh'fhalbh thu féin,
'S tha mise sa' bheinn am aonar!
Chithear am fiadh air a chruaich
Gun duine g'a ruaig o 'n fheur;
Cha 'n 'eil 'eagal ni 's mò anns a' ghaoith,
'S cha 'n 'eil fuaim nan craobh r'a chluais.
O' n doire tha sealgair nach faoin;
Tha esan 'an raon nan uaigh.
A choigrich, a shìol nan tonn,
Caomhnaibhs' an sonn sa' bhlàr!

SILRIC.

Quænam est vox hæc quæ est blanda in meâ aure,
Vox blanda instar soni æstatis?
Non sedeo ego ad juncetum collium,
Nec ad fontem frigidum saxetorum.
Procul, Vinvela, procul ex adverso,
Est meum iter ad prœlium cum Fingale.
Non sunt mei canes ipsius juxta meum latus,
Nec meus gradus super cricâ vallium.
Non video ego ex culmine clivorum
Egregiam virginem cirrorum super planitie,
Ad declivitatem rivorum (solam) cum se ipsâ,
Sicut arcum se-flectentem in cœlo,
Aut lunam super fluctibus in occidente.

VINVELA.

Abiisti tu, Silric, abiisti tu ipse,
Et sum ego in monte (sola) in meâ solitudine!
Cernetur cervus super colle
Sine viro eum fugante à gramine;
Non est ejus metus amplius in vento,
Et non est sonitus arborum ad ejus aurem.
A sylvulâ abest venator haud vanus;
Est ille in campo sepulchrorum.
O peregrini, semen undarum,
Parcite heroi in prœlio!

SILRIC.

Ma thuiteas mi sa' mhagh, a Bhinnbhéil,
Togsa dìleas gu h-ard m' uaigh,
Clacha glas, as meall do 'n ùir,
'N an comhara do d' rùn, a Bhinnbhéil.
Nuair shuidheas an sealgair ri m' thaobh,
As cuirm, 's e faoin, 'na làimh,
" Tha gaisgeach," their e, " san fhraoch,
" Fear cliu, nach robh baoth sa' bhlàr."
Cuimhnich, a Bhinnbhéil, do laoch,
Agus e 'n tigh caol a bhàis !

BINNBHEUL.

'S ceart gu 'n cuimhnichear thu féin :
Tuitidh Silric, mo threun, sa' bhlàr.
C' àit am faighear mi, rùin, sa' bheinn,
'S nach till thu o bheum a bhàis ?
Bithidh m' astar an gleanna nan cruach,
Nuair dh' ìslicheas shuas a' ghrian ;
Bithidh mo cheum o ais're an t-sluaigh
Gu dìomhair 's gun tuar 'san t-sliabh ;
Chithear leam àite do shuain
An àm tionndaidh o ruaig na seilg.
'S ceart gu 'n tuit Silric sa' bhlàr ;
Ach cuimhnichear an sàr leam féin.

" 'S cuimhne leamsa féin an triath,"
Thuirt righ nan coill' ard 's nan sliabh :
" Chaitheadh leis còmhrag 'na fheirg ;

SILRIC.

Si cadam ego in acie, o Vinvela,
Tolle tu amicè in altum meum sepulchrum,
Saxa glauca, et molem telluris,
Ut signa tui amoris, Vinvela.
Quando sedebit venator ad meum latus,
Et erit cibus, eo languido, in ejus manu,
" Est bellator," dicet ille, " in ericâ,
" Vir famæ, qui non erat surdus in prœlio."
Recordare, Vinvela, tuum bellatorem,
Eoque in domo angustâ mortis!

VINVELA.

Certum est quod in-memoriâ-retineberis tu ipse:
Cadet Silric, meus strenuus (vir), in prœlio.
Ubi inveniar ego, mi amor, in monte,
Cum non redibis tu ab ictu mortis?
Erit meum iter in vallibus tumulorum,
Quando descendet supernè sol;
Erit meus gradus à (domicilio) colle populi
Arcanò et (pallidè) sine colore in clivo;
Cernetur à me locus tui soporis
In tempore redeundi à fugando venationem.
Certum est quod cadet Silric in prœlio;
At in-memoriâ-retinebitur egregius à me.
  " Est in memoriâ mihi ipsi princeps,"
Dixit rex sylvarum altarum et clivorum:
" Consumebatur ab illo certamen in ejus irâ;

Cha 'n 'eil e 'san t-seilg fo m' shùil.
Chunnacas e aon uair sa' bhlàr;
Bha gruaidh an tréin fo smal gun tuar,
A mhala dorch', as spairn a chléibh
Gu luath, 's a cheum gu h-aird nan cruach.
Cha 'n fhaicear e am measg nan triath,
Nuair dh'éireas air an sgiath am fuaim.
Na luidh e 'n tigh caol tha ciar,
Sàr cheannard sliabh a's duibhe gruaim?"
"A Chronain," thuirt Ullin aosda,
"Togsa dàn nach faoin air Silric,
Nuair thill e le buaidh o 'n raon,
An déigh Binnbheul, a ghaol, bhi ìosal.
Dh' aom e ri cloich ghlais a ruin;
Bha Binnbheul 'na smaointean beò.
Chunnaic e 'n ainnir gu 'cùl,
Sa' ghleannan chiuin, 's b' àluinn a sceò;
Ach shiubhail, mar cheò, an sàmhla.
Dh'fhalbh dearsa na gréine o 'n raon,
Cha 'n fhaicear a cruth faoin ni 's mò."
"Tha mi 'm shuidh aig fuaran fuar
Air mullach na cruaiche fo ghaoith,
Aona chraobh 'san osaig a' fuaim,
Tuinn dhorch nan' ruaig 'san fhraoch.
Tha bruaillean air an linne thall,
Féidh a' tighinn o charn gu raon.
Cha 'n fhaicear ceum sealgair, 's e mall;
Tha sàmhchair sa' ghleann, 's e faoin.

Non est ille in venatione sub meo oculo.
Visus est ille (semel) unâ horâ in planitie;
Erat gena strenui sub nubeculâ sine colore,
Ejus supercilium caligans, et luctamen pectoris
Rapidè, et ejus passus versùs culmen præcipitiorum.
Non cernitur ille in medio principum,
Quando surgit super eorum clypeis sonitus.
An jacet ille in domo angustâ quæ est fusca,
Eximius dux clivorum quorum est nigerrima torvitas?"
  "Cronan," dixit Ullin senex,
"Tolle tu carmen haud inane de Silrice,
Quando rediit ille cum victoriâ ab acie,
Postquam Vinvela, ejus amor, fuit humilis.
Inclinavit-se ille ad saxum glaucum sui desiderii;
Erat Vinvela in ejus cogitationibus viva.
Vidit ille virginem usque ad ejus tergum,*
In valliculâ tranquillâ, et erat venusta ejus umbra;
At profectum est, ut nebula, ejus simulacrum.
Abiit coruscatio solis à planitie,
Haud cernetur ejus forma inanis amplius."
  "Sum ego sedens ad fontem frigidum
Super cacumine præcipitiorum in vento,
Unâ arbore in flamine sonante,
Fluctibus tenebrosis fugientibus in ericâ.
Est tumultus in gurgite ex adverso,
Cervis venientibus à saxeto ad planitiem.
Non cernitur passus venatoris, atque eo tardo;
Est tranquillitas in valle, atque eâ desertâ.

---

* i. e. perfectè.

'S trom an osna, 's truime smaoin,
Na 'm faicinn mo ghaol san t-sliabh
Air seachran an astar an fhraoich;
A' snàmh air a' ghaoith a ciabh;
A broilleach bàn ag éirigh ard,
A sùil ghorm mu 'cairde làn,
A cheileadh le ceò nan carn:
Ghabhainn thu, a rùn, am chòir,
'S bheirinn thu gu còmhnuidh d' athar.
  An i féin a chi mi fada thall,
Mar dhearsa air carn an fhraoich?
Mar ghealach an fhoghair 's i làn,
Mar ghréin an stoirm an t-sàmhraidh, caoin?
An d' thig thu, òigh a's àillidh ciabh,
Thar carraig as sliabh am dhàil?
'S fann do ghuth, ainnir nan triath,
Mar chuiseig 's a ghaoth m' a ceann."
  "Na thill mo ghaisgeach o 'n bhlàr?
C' àit' an d'fhàg do chaird', a rùin?
Chualam mu d' bhàs air a charn;
Chuala, 's bha m' anam fo mhùig."
  "Thill mi, ainnir nan rosg mall;
Thill mise do thréith a' m' aon;
Cha 'n fhaicear o so iad 'san t-sliabh;
Thogadh leam an uaigh sa' bhlàr.
C' ar son tha thu d' aonar shuas
Air iomall nan cruach leat féin?"
  "Am aonar tha mis', a Shilric;

Est (mœstum) grave suspirium, et (mœstior) gravior
Si cernerem meum amorem in clivo [cogitatio,
In errore in itinere ericæ;
Innatantem vento ejus cirrum;
Ejus pectus candidum surgens altè,
Ejus oculum cæruleum propter amicos plenum,
Celatum per nebulam saxetorum:
Adducerem te, mi amor, in meam viciniam,
Et aveherem te ad domicilium tui patris.
Estne illa ipsa quam cerno ego procul ex adverso,
Sicut coruscamen super saxeto ericæ?
Sicut lunam autumni, atque eâ plenâ,
Sicut solem in procellâ æstatis, blanda?
An venis tu, o virgo cujus est pulcherrimus cirrus,
Trans rupem et clivum in meam viciniam?
Est languida tua vox, o virgo principum,
Instar scirpi atque vento circa ejus caput."
"An rediit meus bellator à prœlio?
Quo loco reliquisti tuos amicos, o mi amor?
Audivi de tuâ morte super saxeto;
Audivi, et fuit meus animus sub (tristitiâ) vapore."
"Redii ego, o virgo ciliorum lentorum;
Redii ego ex heroibus solus;
Haud cernentur abhinc illi in clivo;
Elevatum est à me eorum sepulchrum in vireto.
Quare es tu sola suprà
Super extremo tumulorum tecum ipsa?"
"Sola sum ego, o Silric;

Am aonar ìosal an tigh geamhruidh;
Le bròn thuit mi mu mo luaidh
Gun tuar anns an uaigh, a Shilric!"
  Dh'fhalbh i mar fhaileus fo ghaoith,
Mar cheò air an fhraoch an gruaim.
"Nach fan thu, Bhinnbheil, 's tu faoin?
Fan, is faic mo dheòir, 's mi truagh.
Is àluinn do chruth an ceò,
B' àluinn thu ri d' bheò, a Bhinnbhéil.
  Suidhidh mi aig fuaran fuar
Air mullach na cruaiche an gaoith;
Am meadhon là, is e gun fhuaim,
Labhairsa, mo luaidh, san fhraoch.
Thigsa, Bhinnbheil, air an osaig,
Air aiteal an dosan nan carn;
Cluinneam do ghuth, is tu 'm fhochair,
Air meadhon là an sàmhchair thall."
  Measg aoibhneis an talla nam fear,
Mar so thog Cronan am fonn;
Dh' éirich maduinn a' soills' o 'n ear;
Bu ghorm air an lear an tonn.
Ghairm an righ a shiuil gu crann;
Thàinig gaoth a nall o 'n chruaich;
Dh' éirich Innis-thorc gu mall,
Is Carraig-Thùra iul nan stuadh.
Bha comhara beùd gu h-ard,
Teine dall 's a thaobh 'san smùid!
Bhuail an righ a chliabh air ball;

Sola humilis in domo hiemis;
(Præ) cum luctu cecidi ego propter meæ laudis virum
Sine colore in sepulchrum, o Silric!"
  Abiit ut umbra sub vento,
Ut nebula super ericâ in tetricitate.
"Nonne manebis tu, Vinvela, cum sis languida?
Mane, et specta meas lacrymas, cum sim miser.
Est honesta tua forma in nebulâ, [Vinvela.
Honesta eras tu (cum esses viva) per tuam vitam,
  Sedebo ad fontem frigidum
Super culmine collis in vento;
In medio diei, atque eo sine sonitu,
Loquere, mea laus, in ericâ.
Veni, Vinvela, super flamine,
Super aurâ in sylvulis saxetorum;
Audiam tuam vocem, et te in meâ viciniâ,
In medio diei in tranquillitate ex adverso."
  Inter lætitiam in aulâ virorum,
Sic sustulit Cronan melos;
Surrexit matutinus (radius) elucens ex oriente;
Erat cæruleus super æquore fluctus.
Vocavit rex sua vela ad (malum) arborem;
Venit ventus huc ab præcipitio;
Surrexit Innistorca lentè,
Et Carricthura rector undarum.
Erant signa maleficii in alto,
Ignis cœcus et ejus latus in fumo!
Percussit rex suum pectus è vestigio;

Gun dàil bha 'gharbh shleagh o chùl ;
Chunnaic e gun chlith a ghaoth ;
Bha 'leadan air a chùl a' strì ;
Cha robh sàmhchair an righ faoin.
  Thuit oich' air Rotha nan stuadh ;
Ghabh cala nan cruach an long ;
Bha carraig mu iomall a chuain ;
Dh' aom coille thar fuaim nan tonn.
Air mullach bha crom Chruth-Loduinn,
Is clacha mòr nan iomadh buadh ;
Air iosal bha raon gun mhòrchùis,
Agus feur is craobh ri cuan ;
Craobh a bhuain a ghaoth, 's i ard,
O iomall nan carn gu raon ;
Bha gorm-shiubhal nan srutha thall,
Is osag mhall o chuan bha faoin.
Dh' éirich gath o dharaig liath ;
Bha fleagh nan triath air an fhraoch ;
Bha bròn air anam righ nan sgiath
Mu cheannard charraig chiar nan laoch.
  Dh' éirich ré gu mall is fann ;
Thuit suain nach gann mu cheann nan triath ;
Bha 'n clogaide a' boillsgeadh thall ;
Bha 'n teine call a neart san t-sliabh.
Cha robh cadal mu shùil an righ ;
Dh' éirich e am farum a chruaidh,
A shealladh air carraig nan stuadh.
  Dh' ìslich teine fada thall,

Sine mora fuit ejus crassa hasta ab ejus tergo;
Vidit ille sine vi ventum;
Erant ejus crines super ejus tergo certantes;
Non erat silentium regis vanum.
Cecidit nox super Rotham undaram;
Cepit portus tumulorum navem;
Erat rupes circa extremum oceani;
Inclinabatur sylva super sonitum fluctuum.
Super culmine erat curva Forma Lodinis,
Et saxa magna plurimarum virtutum;
Super (plano) humili erat campus sine magnitudine,
Et gramen et arbor juxta oceanum;
Arbor quam avulsit ventus (cum esset altus), atque eo alto,
Ab extremo saxetorum ad planitiem;
Erat cæruleus cursus rivorum ex adverso,
Et aura lenta ab oceano qui erat (tranquillus) inanis.
Surrexit radius (lucis) à quercu canâ;
Erat epulum heroum super ericâ;
Erat dolor super animo regis clypeorum
Ob (ducem-summum) caput altum rupis fuscæ bellatorum.
Surrexit luna lentè et languidè;
Cecidit sopor haud parcus circa caput heroum;
Erant eorum galeæ splendentes ex adverso;
Erat ignis amittens suas vires in clivo.
Haud erat somnus circa oculum regis;
Surrexit ille in strepitu suæ duræ-armaturæ,
Ejus prospectu (verso) super rupem fluctuum.
Subsedit ignis procul ex adverso,

A ghealach dearg is mall san ear.
Thàinig osna nuas o 'n charn ;
Air a sgiathaibh bha sàmhla fear,
Cruth-Loduinn 'san lear gun tuar.
Thàinig e gu chòmhnuidh féin,
A dhubh-shleagh gun fheum 'na làimh,
A dhearg-shùil mar theine nan speur,
Mar thorrunn an t-sléibh a ghuth
An dùbhra dubh fada thall.
Thog Fionnghal san oich' a shleagh ;
Chualas anns a' mhagh a ghairm.
"A mhic na h-oiche, o mo thaobh ;
Gabh a ghaoth, agus bi falbh.
C' uim' thigeadh tu m' fhianuis, fhir fhaoin ;
Do shàmhla cho baoth ri d' àirm ?
An eagal dhomhsa do chruth donn,
Fhuathais nan crom th' aig Loduinn ?
'S lag do sgiath 's do nial nach trom,
Do chlaidheamh lom mar thein air mòr-thonn.
Cuiridh osag iads' as a chéile,
Agus sgaoilear thu féin gun dàil.
As m' fhianuis, a dhubh-mhic nan speur ;
Gairm d' osag dhuit féin, 's bi falbh !"
"An cuireadh tu mi féin o m' chrom ?"
Thuirt an guth trom a's fàsa fuaim.
"Dhomhsa dh' aomas feachd nan sonn ;
Seallam o m' thom air an t-sluagh,
Is tuitidh iad mar luath am fhianuis ;

Lunâ rutilâ et lentâ in oriente.
Venit flamen deorsum ab saxeto;
Super ejus alis erat simulacrum viri,
Forma Lodinis in æquore sine colore.
Venit ille ad habitationem suam ipsius,
Ejus nigrâ hastâ sine vi in ejus manu,
Ejus rutilo oculo instar ignis cœlorum,
Instar tonitrûs clivi ejus voce
In obscuritate atrâ procul ex adverso.
Sustulit Fingal in nocte suam hastam;
Auditus est in campo ejus clamor.
“Fili noctis, (absiste) a meo latere;
Capesse ventum, et esto abiens.
Quare venias tu in meum conspectum, vir vane;
Tuo simulacro æque inani ac tua (sunt) arma?
An metus mihi tua forma subfusca,
O larva circorum, qui sunt Lodinis?
Infirmus est tuus clypeus et tua nubes haud gravis,
Tuus gladius nudus (est) instar ignis super magno fluctu.
Mittet flamen ea ex se ipsis,*
Et dispergeris tu ipse sine morâ.
E meo conspectu, niger fili cœlorum;
Voca tuum flamen ad te ipsum, et esto abiens!”
“An mitteres tu me ipsum à meo circo?”
Dixit vox gravis cujus erat indistinctus maximè sonus.
“Mihi cedunt exercitus heroum;
Despicio de meo tumulo super populum,
Et cadent illi ut cineres in meo conspectu;

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* i. e. disperget ea.

O 'm anail thig osag a bhàis.
Thig mi mach gu h-ard air gaoith;
Tha na stoirm a' taomadh shuas
Mu 'm mhala fhuair fo ghruaim gun tuar.
'S ciuin mo chòmhnuidh anns na neoil,
Is taitneach raoin mhòr mo shuain."
"Gabhsa còmhnuidh na do raoin,"
Thuirt righ nach b' fhaoin, 's a làmh air beirt:
"Na cuimhnich mac Chumhail air raon;
'S lag do thannais—'s mòr mo neart.
Na ghluais mi mo cheum o 'n bheinn
Gu d' thalla féin, air raon a's ciuin?
Na thachair mo shleagh, am bheil feum,
An truscan nan speur ri guth
Fuathais dhuibh aig crom Chruth-Loduinn?
C' uim' thog thu do mhala le gruaim?
C' uim' chrathadh tu shuas do shleagh?
'S beag m' eagal ri d' chòmhra, fhir fhaoin.
Cha do theich mi o shluagh sa' mhagh;
C' uim' theicheadh o shìol nan gaoth
Sàr ghaisgeach nach faoin, righ Mhòrbheinn?
Cha teich! Tha fhios, gun bhi dall,
Air laigse do làimhe an cath."
"Teich gu d' thìr," fhreagair an Cruth;
"Teich air a ghaoith dhuibh; bi falbh!
Tha 'n osag an crodhan mo làimhe;
'S leam astar as spairn nan stoirm;
'S e righ na Soruch' mo mhac féin;

E meo halitu venit flamen mortis.
Prodeo ego foras in altum super vento;
Sunt procellæ se-fundentes suprà [colore.
Circa meum supercilium frigidum sub torvitate sine
Est tranquillum meum domicilium in nubibus,
Sunt jucundi campi magni mei soporis."
" (Fac) cape commorationem in tuis campis,"
Dixit rex qui non erat vanus, et ejus manu super telo:
" Ne recordare filium Comalis in campo; [robur.
Infirmum est tuum spectrum—est magnum meum
An movi ego meum passum è monte
Ad tuam aulam ipsius, in campo qui est tranquillus?
An occurrit mea hasta, in qua est vis,
In amictu cœlorum voci
Larvæ nigræ ad circum Formæ Lodinis?
Quare elevâsti tu tuum supercilium cum torvitate?
Quare quasses tu suprà tuam hastam?
Est exiguus meus metus ad tuum sermonem, vir inanis.
Haud fugi ego ab exercitu in acie;
Quare fugiat à semine ventorum
Eximius bellator haud vanus, rex Morvenis?
Haud fugiet! Est illi notitia, si non sit cœcus,
De infirmitate tuæ manûs in conflictu."
" Fuge ad tuam terram," respondit Forma;
" Fuge super vento atro; esto abiens!
Est flamen in volâ meæ manûs;
Sunt mihi iter et vis procellarum;
Est rex Soræ meus filius ipsius;

Tha 'aomadh sa' bheinn dha m' thuar;
Tha a charraid aig carraig nan ceud,
Is coisnidh gun bheud a' bhuaidh.
Teich gu d' thìr féin, a mhic Chumhail,
No fairich gu dubhach m' fhearg."
  Thog e gu h-ard a shleagh dhorch';
Dh' aom e gu borb a cheann ard;
Ghabh Fionnghal 'na aghaidh le colg,
A chlaidheamh glan gorm 'na làimh,
Mac an Luinn, bu chiar-dhubh gruaidh.
Ghluais solus na cruaidhe ro' 'n taibhs',
Fuathas dona bhàis fo ghruaim.
Thuit esa gun chruth, 's e thall,
Air gaoith nan dubh charn; mar smùid
Bhriseas òg, 's bioran 'na làimh,
Mu theallach na spairn 's na mùig.
  Scread fuathas Chruth Loduinn sa' bheinn,
'G a thional ann féin sa' ghaoith.
Chual' Innis nan torc an fhuaim;
Chaisg astar nan stuadh le fiamh;
Dh' éirich gaisgich mhic Chumhail nam buadh;
Bha sleagh 's gach làimh shuas san t-sliabh.
" C' àite bheil e?" 'S am fearg fo ghruaim,
Gach màile ri fuaim m' a thriath.
  Thàinig ré a mach san ear;
Thill ceannard nam fear 'na airm;
Bha aoibhneas air òigridh san lear;
Shìolaidh an anam mar mhuir o stoirm.

Est ejus genuflexio in monte ad meam speciem;
Est ejus pugna ad rupem centuriarum,
Et reportabit sine injuriâ victoriam.
Fuge ad tuam terram ipsius, fili Comalis,
Aut experire aterrimè meam iram."
  Sustulit ille in altum suam hastam atram;
Inclinavit ille barbarè suum caput arduum;
(Ivit) cepit-viam Fingal adversus ejus faciem cum ferociâ,
Ejus gladio puro cæruleo in ejus manu,
Filio Lunonis,* cujus erat fusco-atra gena.
Ivit lux duri-gladii per spectrum,
Larvam vilem mortis sub tetricitate.
Cecidit illa (larva) sine formâ, et eâ ex adverso,
Super vento nigrorum saxetorum; ut fumus
Quem rumpit puer, cum bacillo in ejus manu,
Circa caminum luctaminis et atri-vaporis.
  Ejulavit larva Formæ Lodinis in monte,
Se colligens in se ipsam in vento.
Audivit Innistorca (insula aprorum vel cetorum) sonitum;
Cessavit iter undarum præ metu;
Surrexerunt bellatores filii Comalis victoriarum;
Fuit hasta in singulis manibus suprà in clivo.
"Quo loco est ille?" Et eorum irâ sub torvitate,
Et unaquâque loricâ sonante circa suum heroa.
  Venit luna foras in oriente;
Rediit summus dux virorum in suis armis;
Fuit lætitia in juventute in æquore;
Subsedit eorum animus sicut mare ex procellis.

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* Ferrarius Scandinaviensis.

Thog Ullin gu subhach an dàn ;
Chual' innis nan carn an ceòl ;
Bha lasair o 'n daraig làn ;
Chualas sgeul air clann nan seòd.
  Shuidh Frothal na Sorucha fo fheirg,
Aig craoibh, a bh' air leirg nam frìth ;
A mhòr-fheachd mu charraig an deirg,
'S a shealladh m' an cuairt gun chlith ;
A bhorb-inntinn air Cathul 's air 'fhuil,
Thug dheth cìs air chur nan laoch.
Do Annir air Soruch 'na thriath,
Athair Fhrothail nan ciar stuadh ;
Air muir dh' éirich gailleann nan sìan.
Bhuail Frothal ard innis a chuain.
Tri làithe bha cuirm nach gann
An talla Sharn' nan lann gun mhùig ;
Chunnacas leis geug nan rosg mall,
Sàr Chao'mhal, a b' àillidh cùl.
Bha 'ghaol di mar ghaol na h-òige ;
Mar theine dha 'còir a bha 'thriall.
Eadar Frothal is làmh-gheal nan seòd
Dh' éirich Cathul, 's bu mhòr an triath ·
Las comhstri am meadhon an t-sluaigh ;
Chuireadh Frothal, bu chòrr, fo iall.
Tri làithe bha esa 'na aon,
An ceangal neo-mhaoth, fo nial ;
An ceathramh, chuir Sarno nan long
Ard cheannard nan sonn gu 'thìr.

Elevavit Ullin hilariter carmen ;
Audivit insula saxetorum melos ;
Fuit flamma è quercu plena ;
Audita est historia de prole heroum.
Sedebat Frothal Soræ sub irâ,
Ad arborem, quæ erat super acclivitate saltûs ;
Ejus magno exercitu circa rupem rubri (cervi),
Et ejus intuitu in circuitum sine vi ;
Ejus barbaro animo versùs Cathulem et ejus sanguinem,
Qui abstulit ei tributum in curriculo bellatorum.
Anniri in Sora principi,*
Patri Frothalis fuscarum undarum ;
In mari orta est procella nimborum.
(Appulit ad) percussit Frothal arduam insulam oceani.
Tres dies fuit epulum haud parcum
In aulâ Sarnonis gladiorum sine labe ;
Visus est ab eo ramus ciliorum lentorum,
Egregia Comala, cujus erat pulcherrima cæsaries.
Erat ejus amor erga eam ut amor juventutis ;
Instar ignis eâ coram fuit ejus iter.
Inter Frothalem et manum-candidam heroum
Surrexit Cathul, et erat magnus princeps :
Exarsit concertatio in medio populi ;
Missus est Frothal, qui erat egregius, sub lorum.†
Tres dies fuit ille solus,
In vinculo haud molli, sub nube ;
In quarto, misit Sarno navium
Arduum ducem bellatorum ad suam terram.

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* i. e. regnanti.

† i. e. vinctus est loro.

Dhorchaich cud anam an laoich;
Ri Cathul las fraoch na feirg.
'Nuair dh' éirich clach Annir le cliu,
Thàinig Frothal fo mhùig 'na neart;
Bha 'n còmhrag mu charraig na smùid,
Balla Sharno dha 'n lùb am feachd.
  Dh' éirich maduinn air innis nan stuadh;
Bhuail Frothal le cruaidh a sgiath;
Ghluais gaisgich fo bhriscadh na fuaim;
Bha 'n scalladh gu luath air triall
Gu muir liath nan iomadh stuadh;
Chunnaic iad Fionnghal 'na neart;
Thuirt Tubar nam feachd an triath.
  " Co sud mar ruadhaig an fhirich,
Le 'uile ghreigh bhiorach 'na dhéigh?
A Fhrothail, 's e nàmhaid gun ghioraig,
A shleagh roimhe air iomall an t-sléibh.
'S e an gaisgeach, righ Mhòrbheinn, a th' ann,
Mac Chumhail nan lann 's nam fear.
An Lochlin tha 'ghnìomha nach gann;
An talla ard a chuain o 'n ear
Thaom e fuil mhear nan laoch.
An iarr mi sìth o cheann nan treun?
Tha 'chlaidheamh mar dhealan nan speur."
  " A mhic gun mheas, a's laige làmh,"
Thuirt Frothal nan lann, le feirg,
" An gluais m' òige fo nial nach gann?
An géill mi roi' m' àm san léirg?

Obscuravit simultas animam herois;
In Cathulem inflammatus est furor iræ.
Quando erectum est saxum Anniris cum famâ,
Venit Frothal sub nebulâ in suo robore;
Erat eorum certamen circa rupem fumi,
Muros Sarnonis, cui cedunt copiæ.
  Orta est aurora super insulam undarum;
Percussit Frothal cum duro-ferro suum clypeum;
Moverunt-se bellatores sub eruptione sonitûs;
Erat eorum intuitus ocyùs in iter
Ad mare canum multorum fluctuum;
Conspicati sunt illi Fingalem in suo robore;
Dixit Tubar exercituum princeps.
  "Quis ille illic instar rufi-cervi clivi,
Cum toto grege ramoso ad ejus tergum?
O Frothal, est ille hostis sine trepidatione,
Ejus hastâ præ(-tentâ) super extremo clivi.
Est ille bellator, rex Morvenis, qui adest,
Filius Comalis gladiorum et virorum.
In Locline sunt ejus facta haud pauca;
In terrâ arduâ oceani ab oriente
Fudit ille sanguinem fervidum heroum.
An petam ego pacem à (duce) capite strenuorum?
Est ejus gladius sicut fulgur cœlorum."
  "O vir sine judicio, cujus est ignavissima manus,"
Dixit Frothal gladiorum, cum irâ,
"An ibit mea juventus sub nubem haud angustam?
An cedam ego ante meum tempus in (acie) clivo?

An géill mi mun d' fhuaireadh leam cìs,
Fhaoin cheannaird gun bhrigh o Thòra?
C' uim' a theireadh 'an Soruch' an sluagh,
Ghluais Frothal mar thuar nan speur;
Thuit smal air a theine gu luath;
Cha chluinnear air duan 'na dhéigh?
A Thubair, cha ghéill mi, ri 'm bheò;
Bithidh cliu mar sholus mòr mu 'm chuairt;
Cha ghéill gu 'm thuiteam fo sleò,
A thriath Thòra nan sruth fuar."
Ghluais an triath le neart a shluaigh;
Ach thachair iad shuas ri carraig;
Gu daingeann sheas Fionnghal nam buadh;
Theich iadsa brist' o chruaidh an laoich;
Cha do theich iad gun bheud o 'làimh,
'S a shleagh 'na deann anns an ruaig.
Bha 'n raon fo thuiteam nan triath;
Ghabh cruach nan sìan na mhair.
Chunnaic Frothal sàmhach an ruaig;
Dh' at anam fo bhuaireadh feirg;
Dh' aom e 'shùil reachdor an gruaim;
Ghairm thuige Tubar nach mairg.
"Thubair, theich mo shluagh san strì;
Tha mise gun chli, 's gun chliu;
Buailcam sa' charraid an righ;
Las m' anam le brigh gun mhùig.
Cuirsa bàrd g' a ghairm gu còmhraig:
Na labhair an aghaidh mo mhiann.

An cedam ego antequam partum fuerit à me tributum,
Vane dux sine vi à Torâ?
Quare dicat in Sora populus,
Processit Frothal sicut ignis cœlorum;
Cecidit labes super ejus ignem ocyùs;
Non audietur de eo carmen à tergo?
Tubar, non cedam ego, quamdiù ero vivus;
Erit fama sicut lux magna mihi in circuitum;
Non cedam usque ad meum occasum sub nebulam,
Princeps Toræ rivorum frigidorum."
  Movit-se princeps cum viribus sui populi;
At occurrerunt illi suprà rupi;
Firmiter stetit Fingal victoriarum;
Fugerunt illi perrupti à duro-ferro herois;
Haud fugerunt illi sine damno ab ejus manu,
Hastâ ejus in ejus rapiditate in fugando.*
Erat planities sub casu bellatorum;
Cepit præcipitium nimborum eos qui remanebant.†
  Aspexit Frothal tacitus fugam;
Intumuit ejus animus sub effervescentiâ iræ;
Inclinavit ille suum oculum lachrymabundum sub tetricitate;
Vocavit ille ad se Tubarem haud rubiginosum.
"Tubar, fugit meus populus in certatione;
Sum ego sine vi, sine gloriâ;
Percutiam ego in pugnâ regem;
Exarsit meus animus cum vi sine labe.
Mitte bardum ad vocandum eum ad certamen:
Ne loquere contra meum placitum.

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* i. e. rapidè eos insequente.

† scilicet, in vitâ.

A Thubair, air ainnir gun mhòr-chùis,
Geug òg, tha m' anam gun ghìomh;
Tha 'còmhnuidh aig Taine nan sruth,
Nighean, 's gile cruth, aig Herminn,
Utha àluin nan rosg mall.
Bha h-eagal mu Chao'mhal, tha fuar;
A h-osna gu dìomhair as truagh,
Nuair a thog mi suas mo shiuil.
Aithris do Utha na cruit ghrìnn,
Gu 'n robh m' anam do 'n mhìn-gheal làn."
Mar sin bha focail an tréith,
'S e càramh a sgéithe r'a thaobh.
Bha osna chaoin-Utha san t-sliabh;
Lean ise o chian an laoch,
Fo mhàile 's fo àrmaibh òig-fhir,
Bha sùil gu diòmhair air an t-sonn,
'S i coimhead gu trom o 'cruaidh.
Chunnaic ise am bàrd a' triall;
Thuit san t-sliabh a sleagh o 'làimh;
Bha 'leadan air gaoith nan sìan;
Air osna dh' éirich a h-uchd bàn;
A' sealladh suas air righ nan long;
Thòisich is thosd i tri chuairt.
Chuala Fionnghal guth a bhàird;
Ghrad-thàinig e nall 'na chruaidh;
Bha 'shleagh, an cunnart nach mall,
Is dealan a lann mu 'n cuairt.
O Fhionnghal thuit beum neo-fhaoin;

O Tubar, virgini sine fastu,
Ramo novo, est meus animus (totus) sine defectu;
Est ejus habitatio ad Tanam rivorum,
Filiæ, cujus est candidissima forma, Hermanis,
Uthæ honestæ ciliorum lentorum. [frigida;
Erat ejus metus circa Comalam, quæ est (mortua)
Erat ejus suspirium arcanum et miserandum,
Quando levavi ego sursum mea vela.
Nuncia Uthæ citharæ eximiæ, [plenus.”
Quod erat meus animus molli-candidæ (virginis)
Modo illo fuerunt verba principis,
Cum ille aptabat suum clypeum ad suum latus.
Erant suspiria blandæ Uthæ in clivo;
Secuta est illa è longinquo bellatorem,
Sub galeâ et sub armis juvenis viri,
Oculo ejus furtim versùs heroa,
Cum tueretur (mœstè) graviter à suâ durâ-armaturâ.
Vidit illa bardum euntem;
Cecidit in clivo ejus hasta ab ejus manu;
Erant crines super vento nimborum;
Cum suspiriis levatus est ejus sinus candidus;
Suspiciens sursum ad regem navium;
Incepit et tacuit illa ternis vicibus.
Audivit Fingal vocem bardi;
Statim venit ille huc in suâ durâ-armaturâ;
Erat ejus hasta, in periculo quæ non erat tarda,
Et fulgur ejus gladii circumcirca.
A Fingale cecidit ictus haud vanus;

Chaill Frothal an laoch, a sgiath :
Nuair nochdadh gun mhàil' a thaobh,
Dh' aom bàs thar smaointean an triath.
  Chuartaich dorchadas air ball
Anam Utha nan rosg mall ;
Shil na deòir air a gruaidh chaoin ;
Ghrad-ghluais i do 'n laoch le 'sgiath.
Ghabh darag a ceum 's i triall ;
Thuit i sìos air a ruigh bhàn.
Leum a clogad air an t-sliabh ;
A broilleach geal ag éirigh thall ;
A ciabh nach gann air làr 's i truagh !
  Ghluais tiomachd air anam an righ,
Mu òigh mhìn bu ghile làmh ;
Chaisg e 'chlaidheamh anns an strì ;
Thuit deòir neo-chli o righ nan lann.
" A thriath na Sòrucha 's fuaimear sruth,"
'S e togail a ghuth le spairn,
" Cha 'n eagal duit mo chruaidh an diugh ;
Cha robh riamh fuil air mo lann,
Nuair ghéilleadh an dàimh sa' chòmhrag ;
Biodh aoibhneas air anam do shlòigh,
Aig sruthaibh mòr do thalmhain féin ;
Biodh aoibhneas ortsa, ainnir chòrr ;
C' uim' thuiteadh an t-og sa' bheinn,
A righ na Sòrucha nan tuil làn ?"
  Chuala Frothal guth an laoich ;
Chunnaic òigh bu chaoin ag éirigh.

Perdidit Frothal heros suum clypeum :
Cum apertum esset sine loricâ ejus latus,
Inclinavit-se mors super cogitationes principis.
  Circumdederunt tenebræ e vestigio
Animum Uthæ ciliorum lentorum ;
Stillabant lacrymæ super ejus genâ blandâ ;
Statim ivit illa ad bellatorem cum clypeo.
Cepit quercus ejus passum euntis ;
Cecidit illa deorsùm super suum lacertum candidum.
Prosiluit ejus galea super clivum ;
Ejus pectore candido surgente ex adverso;
Ejus cirro haud exiguo humi, et ipsâ miserandâ !
  Invasit commiseratio in animum regis,
Propter virginem mollem, cujus candidissima manus ;
Repressit ille suum gladium in certatione ;
Ceciderunt lacrymæ haud tardæ à rege gladiorum.
"O princeps Soræ, cujus est maximè sonorum flumen,"
Tollens suam vocem cum luctatione,
" Non est metus tibi meum durum-ferrum hodie ;
Non fuit unquam sanguis super meo gladio,
Cum cederet advena in certamine ;
Insit lætitia animo tui populi,
Ad flumina magna tuæ terræ ipsius ;
Adsit lætitia tibi, virgo egregia ;
Quare cadat juvenis in monte,
Rex Soræ diluviorum plenorum ?"
  Audivit Frothal vocem herois ;
Vidit virginem, quæ erat blanda, surgentem.

Sheas iad nan sgèimh san fhraoch,
An sàmhchair, nach b' fhaoin, le chéile,
Mar dhà chraoibh òg araon fo bhlàth,
An iomall fàsaich tlàth, 's iad gorm,
Drùchd earraich a' sileadh o 'm barr,
'S a' ghaoth 'na luidhe thall san ord.
  " Nighean Hermain o thìr nan stuadh,"
Thuirt Frothal nam buadh gun dàil,
" C' uim' thàinig 'na d' àille thar cuan,
Gu m' fhaicinn gun chruaidh fa 'n làr?
Ach tha mi gun chruaidh aig treun,
Oigh gun bheud nan réidh rosg mall;
Cha laigse a bhuadhaich, a gheug,
Thar mac Annir, bu treun làmh.
'S garbh 's is mòr thu féin, a righ,
An carraid 's an strì nan sleagh;
Ach 's caoin thu, ghaisgich, an sìth,
Mar a' ghrian air drùchd mìn sa' mhagh;
Togaidh dithein ùr a cheann;
Crathaidh osag mhall a sgiath.
O b'fhearr gu 'm biodh tusa féin
An Sòrucha nan teud 's nam fleagh,
Gu faiceadh treith Shòruch' am dhéigh
D' àirm 'nuair bhiodh aoibhneas sa' mhagh;
Bhiodh aoibhneas mu chliu an sinns're,
A chunnaic san strì righ Mhòrbheinn!"
  " Mhic Annir," fhreagair an righ,
" Cluinnidh aimsir sìos ar cliu;

Steterunt illi in suâ pulchritudine super ericâ,
In silentio, quod non erat vanum, inter se,
Sicut duæ arbores novæ simul sub flore,
In extremo pascui tepidi, et illis cæruleis,
Rore veris stillante ab eorum summo,
Et vento jacente ex adverso in promontorio.
"Filia Hermanis à terrâ fluctuum,"
Dixit Frothal victoriarum sine morâ,
"Quare venisti in tuâ venustate trans oceanum,
Ad me cernendum sine duro-ferro super humo?
At sum sine duro-ferro per strenuum,
O virgo sine defectu lævium ciliorum lentorum;
Haud imbecillitas est quæ victoriam reportavit, o rame
De filio Anniris, cujus erat strenua manus.
Asper et magnus es tu ipse, o rex,
In pugnâ et certatione hastarum;
At es mitis tu, bellator, in pace,
Instar solis super rore molli in agro;
Tollit flos novus suum caput;
Quatit aura lenta suam alam.
O (præstaret) esset melius quod * esses tu ipse
In Sora chordarum et conviviorum,
Ut cernerent principes Soræ, me post,
Tua arma, cum foret lætitia in campo;
Foret lætitia propter famam proavorum,
Qui spectarunt in certatione regem Morvenis!"
"Fili Anniris," respondit rex,
"Audiet tempus (futurum) deorsùm nostram famam;

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* i. e. utinam.

'Nuair sheasas na gaisgich san strì,
Eiridh neart nan dàn gun mhùig;
Mu shìneas iad air laigs' an cruaidh,
Is fuil nan truagh m' an cuairt do 'n lainn,
Cha togar le bàird an duan,
Cha 'n fhaicear an uaigh no 'n carn.
Thig coigrich a thogail tùir,
Is cuiridh iad an ùir thar làimh;
Chithear claidheamh meirg san smùir,
Fear ag aomadh o chùl ag ràdh,
' Bhuin na h-airm do sheoid, tha fuar;
Cha chualas an luaidh 'sna dàin.'
Thigsa, Fhrothail, thar an t-sliabh,
Gu fleagh nan triath an innis nan stuadh;
Thigsa, ainnir an fhuilt chiar,
Ghaoil gaisgich nan sgiath o thuath;
Thigibhse gu cuirm nan laoch,
'S bithidh aoibhneas a' glanadh ar gnùis."
  A shleagh 'na làimh, 's a cheum treun,
Ghabh Fionnghal dha féin an sliabh.
Dh' fhosgail dorsa Charraig nan ceud;
Fhuaradh cuirm nan slige fial;
Dh' éirich suas fuaim mhaoth nam fonn;
Bha sòlas an talla nan sonn.
Chualas guth Ullin nan duan,
Is cruit Shelma, mu 'n cromadh an cuan.
Bha Utha fo aoibhneas 'na chòir;
Dh' iarr i duan tuirseach a bhròin;

Quando stant bellatores in certatione,
Surget vis carminum sine nebulâ;
Si extendant illi ad imbecillitatem suum durum-ferrum,
Sanguine miserorum circa eorum tela,
Haud tolletur à bardis eorum carmen,
Haud cernetur eorum sepulchrum aut saxea-moles.
Venient peregrini erecturi turres,
Et mittent eorum pulverem (funereum) super manum;
Cernetur gladius (rubiginosus) rubiginis in pulvere,
Et vir inclinans-se à tergo dicens,
'Pertinebant arma ad bellatores, qui sunt frigidi;
Non auditæ sunt eorum laudes in carminibus.'
Veni tu, Frothal, trans clivum,
Ad convivium principum in insulâ fluctuum;
Veni tu, virgo crinis fusci,
Amor bellatoris clypeorum à septentrione;
Venite ad epulum heroum,
Et erit lætitia purificans vestros vultus."
Ejus hastâ in ejus manu, et ejus passu gnavo,
Capessivit Fingal sibi ipsi clivum.
Apertæ sunt portæ Carrigæ centuriarum;
Inventum est epulum concharum hospitalium;
Ortus est sursùm sonus tener modorum;
Erat lætitia in aulâ heroum.
Audiebatur vox Ullinis carminum,
Et cithara Selmæ, circa quam curvatur pontus.
Erat Utha sub gaudio eo coram;
Postulavit illa carmen lugubre doloris;

Deoir ag iadhadh mu rosg mall,
Nuair labhair Cridh-mòr nan caomh-dhàn,
Nighean Rinmhail nan geur lann,
Ghabh tunaidh aig sruth na Lòtha.
Ge b' fhada, bu chaoin an duan;
'S bha gheug ghasd o thuath fo aoibhneas.

CRIDH-MÒR.

Co thig cho sàmhach o 'n aonach,
Mar nial o 'n iar, 's a thaobh sa' ghréin?
Co dha 'm bheil an guth cho caoin,
Cho labhara ri gaoith sa' bheinn,
'S e taitneach mar chaol-chruit Charuill?
'S e mo sheòd, 'na shoills', a th'ann,
Sàr ghaisgeach nan lann fo bhròn.
'S dorcha tuar do mhala thall;
Am bheil Fionnghal an triath gun deò?
C' uime tha do ghruaim 's do bhròn, a Chonaill?

CONALL.

'S beò an triath o iul na seilg;
Thill laoch na feirg mar sholus còrr;
Tha grian air sgiath nan cop gun mheirg,
E féin 'san leirg mar sholus mòr.
'S labhara guth 'oigridh thall!
Tha carraid nan lann a' triall.
Am màircach thig an Dearg a nall
Chur còmhrag air clann nan triath,

Lacrymis circumeuntibus ejus cilia lenta,
Quando loquebatur Crimora blandarum næniarum,
Filia Rinvalis acutorum telorum,
Quæ capiebat habitationem ad flumen Lothæ.
Quamvis erat longum, erat blandum carmen;
Et erat ramus speciosus à boreâ sub lætitiâ.

CRIMORA.

Quis venit adeò tacitus à jugo-montis,
Sicut nubes ab oriente, et ejus latere in sole?
Quis cui est vox ita blanda,
Æquè clara ac venti in monte,
Et jucunda instar tenuis crottæ Carrulis?
Est meus heros, in suâ luce, qui adest,
Egregius bellator gladiorum sub luctu.
Est tenebrosus color tui supercilii ex adverso;
Estne Fingal princeps sine halitu?
Quamobrem est tua tetricitas et tuus dolor, o Connal?

CONNAL.

Est vivus princeps à viâ venationis;
Rediit bellator iræ sicut lux eximia;
Est sol super clypeo umbonum sine rubigine,
Ipse in clivo instar lucis magnæ.
Est clara vox ejus juventutis ex adverso!
Est pugna telorum se-movens.
Cras veniet Darg huc
Commissurus prœlium cum prole principum,

Clann an righ, a's glaine cruaidh,
Sìol stormail nan creuchd 's nam buadh.

CRIDH-MÒR.

Chunnaic mi, Chonaill, a shiuil
Leathan mar liath-mhùig nan tonn;
Bu mhall gu tràigh a bha 'n iul;
'S lìonor laoch aig Dearg nan long.

CONALL.

Càirich sgiath d' athar ri m' thaobh,
An sgiath chruaidh chopach bh' aig Rinmhal;
An sgiath mar ré làn nach faoin
A' siubhal ro' speur fo iorguil,
'S i dubh agus ciar 'na tuar.

CRIDH-MÒR.

Càireamsa gu luath an sgiath,
O nach do thearuinn triath nam buadh.
Thuit e le Cormar san t-sliabh;
'S maith gu 'n tuit thu féin, a Chonaill.

CONALL.

'S maith gu 'n tuit; ach togsa m' uaigh,
Chridh-mhòir nam buadh. Biodh liath-charn
Is meall dhe 'n ùir air taobh nan stuadh,
A chur m' ainm 's mo chliu ro' àm.
Aomsa do rosg dearg fo dheoir,

Prole regis, cujus est purissima dura-armatura.
Semine procelloso vulnerum et victoriarum.

CRIMORA.

Vidi ego, Connal, ejus vela
Lata instar canæ nebulæ undarum;
Erat lentus ad littus eorum cursus;
Plurimi sunt bellatores Dargis navium.

CONNAL.

Adapta clypeum tui patris ad meum latus,
Clypeum durum umbonigerum qui fuit Rinvali;
Clypeum instar lunæ plenæ haud languidæ
Euntis per cœlum sub tempestate,
Cum sit atra et fusca in suo colore.

CRIMORA.

Aptabo ego statim clypeum,
Quanquam non servavit principem victoriarum.
Cecidit ille per Cormarem in clivo;
Forsan cades tu ipse, o Connal.

CONNAL.

Forte cadam; at tolle tu meum sepulchrum,
Crimora virtutum. Sit canum saxetum
Et moles ex tellure juxta latus undarum,
Missura meum nomen et meam famam per tempus.
Inclinatu tua cilia rubra sub lacrymis,

O iomall nan tòrr thar m' ùir;
Buailsa d' uchd àluinn am bròn,
Is ann am dhéigh cum beò mo chliu.
Ge h-àillidh thu na 'n solus féin,
Mar aiteal an t-sléibh do ghuth ciuin,
Cha 'n fhan mi ri d' thaobh sa' bheinn;
Tog thusa am dhéigh mo chliu.

CRIDH-MÒR.

Cuirear airm sholuis am làimh,
Lann gorm geur, agus sleagh chruaidh;
Tach' ream ris an Dearg gun dàil,
Na m' chobhair sa' bhlàr dha 'm luaidh.
Slàn leibh, a chruach nam beann ard,
A dheirg nam barr is sruth nan carn,
Cha till sinn air ais o 'n bhlàr;
Eiridh ar n-uaigh fada thall!

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Tri làithe mhair cuirm dha na laoich;
An ceathramh sgaoil araon an siuil.
O Thuath shéid neartor a' ghaoth;
Bhuail Fionnghal gu tìr gun mhùig,
Coille Mhòrbheinn nan tùr ard.
Shuidh air nial fuath dubh Chruth Loduinn,
'N déigh Fhrothal air àros nan stuadh,
'S e 'g aomadh air osaig nam mòr-thuinn,

Ab extremo tumulorum super meam tellurem;
Percute tu tuum sinum speciosum in luctu,
Et me post serva vivam meam famam.
Quanquam pulchrior sis tu quam lux ipsa,
Et similis auræ clivi tua vox lenis,
Non manebo ego ad tuum latus in monte;
Tolle tu me post meam famam.

CRIMORA.

Ponantur arma (lucida) lucis in meâ manu,
Gladius cæruleus acutus, et hasta dura;
Occurram Dargi sine morâ,
In auxilium in prœlio meæ laudi.
(Valete) sanitas [sit] vobis, o colles montium altorum,
Vos rufi [cervi] ramorum et rivi saxetorum,
Non redibimus nos retro à prœlio;
Surget nostrum sepulchrum procul ex adverso!

* * * * *
* * * * *
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Tres dies duravit epulum bellatoribus;
In quarto expansa sunt simul eorum vela.
A septentrione efflavit validè ventus;
(Irruit) percussit Fingal ad terram sine nebulâ,
Sylvam Morvenis turrium arduarum.
Sedebat super nube larva atra Formæ Lodæ,
A tergo Frothalis super domicilio undarum,
Inclinans super flamine magnorum fluctuum,

Siuil bhàn air aghaidh a' chuain :
Air a lot bha smaoin an tàibhs',
Agus 'eagal o làimh an righ.

Vela candida super facie oceani :
Super ejus vulnere erat cogitatio spectri,
Et ejus metu à manu regis.

CARTHON.

Argumentum.

Hoc Poema perfectum est, ejusque argumentum, sicut plerisque ex Ossiani carminibus, tragicum spirat. Vivente Comale, Trathalis filio, et patre illustris Fingalis, Clessammor Thaddûs filius, fraterque Mornæ Fingalis matris, tempestate in flumen Glottam devectus erat, cujus in ripas stetit Balclutha, Britannorum intra muros habitantium, oppidum. Reuthamir, oppidi princeps, benigno eum hospitio accepit, Moinamque filiam suam unicam ei in matrimonium dedit. Reuda, Cormonis filius, Britannus, Moinæ amore captus, ad ædes Reuthamiris veniens, erga Clessammorem se superbum gessit. Ortâ contentione, occisus erat Reuda; Britannis, qui eum sequebantur, accerimè Clessammori instantibus, in Glottam se præcipitem dare, et ad navem suam nando se recipere, coactus fuit. Vela dantem, ventus secundus in mare detulit. Sæpe operam navabat, ut rediret, et Moinam suam dilectam nocte abduceret. Vento autem adverso non intermittente, ab incepto desistere necesse fuit.

Moina, gravida ex marito relicta, natum peperit, et paulo post mortem obiit. Reuthamir infanti nomen imposuit Carthon; i. e. *Undarum Murmur*, à tempestate deductum quæ patrem suum Clessammorem abstulit, qui naufragio periisse putabatur. Carthone tres annos nato, Comal, Fingalis pater, incursione quâdam adversus Britannos, captam Balcluthам incendit. Reuthamir in oppugnatione erat occisus, et Carthon, per nutricem abductus, quæ ad interiores Britannorum partes fugiebat, incolumis servabatur. Carthon, ut primum ex ephebis excessit, Balcluthæ ruinam in Comalis posteros ulcisci, statuit. A Glotta flumine naves solvit, et impetu in oras Morvenis facto, duos ex Fingalis fortissimis, qui causâ ejus itineris obsistenti venerant, devicit. Ad postremum, à patre suo Clessammore imprudentèr in singulari certamine interfectus, occubuit. Hæc historia est argumentum hujusce Poematis, cujus exordium eâ fingitur nocte quæ proxima fuit ante Carthonis mortem; adeo ut quæcunque jam antea evenerant per episodium in Poema intexuntur. Poema Malvinæ Toscaris filiæ inscriptum est.

CARTHONN.

v. 1–20.

Sgeul ri aithris air àm o aois;
Gnìomha làithe nam bliadhna dh' aom.
  Do thoirnesa, a Lòra nan sruth,
Thog cuimhne an diugh air na thréig,
Fuaim coille Gharmallair nan craobh!
Sèimh a guth do m' chluasaibh féin.
Am faic thu, Mhalmhìna nan seòd,
Carraig mhòr, is a ceann am fraoch;
Tri giubhais ag aomadh o 'n tòrr,
Caoin ghlasra tha còrr r' a taobh?
An sin tha dithein thlà nan gleann,
A's glaine ceann, a' crith fo ghaoith;
An cluaran glas air chrom nan carn,
Call gu mall a chalg le h-aois;
Dà chloich gu an leth anns an ùir,
An coineach fo smùr air an raon.
Theich fiadh o iomall a' chuirn
Ann do chuireadh air chùl an laoch.
Tha tannas caol, is faoin, is fuar,
Mall ag aomadh mu uaigh an t-seoid:

CARTHON.

v. 1–20.

Historia narranda de tempore (antiquo) ab antiquo;
Facta dierum annorum qui se-inclinaverunt.
Murmur tuum, O Lora fluentorum,
Elevavit memoriam hodie de iis qui (nos) deseruerunt,
Sonitus sylvæ Gormallaris arborum!
Suavis est ejus vox meis auribus ipsius.
An cernis tu, Malvina bellatorum,
Rupem magnam, et ejus caput in ericâ;
Tres abietes se-inclinantes à tumulo,
Et amœnum viretum quod est egregium ad ejus latus?
In illo (loco) sunt flores blandi vallium,
Quorum sunt purissima capita, trementia sub vento;
Carduus glaucus super curvaturâ saxetorum,
Perdens lentè aculeos cum ætate;
Duo saxa dimidiatim in tellure,
Eorum musco sub pulverulentà-opacitate super planitie.
Fugit cervus ab extremo saxeti
In quo positus est ad tergum bellator.
Est spectrum tenue, et vanum, et frigidum,
Lentè se-inclinans circa sepulchrum herois

Na tréin, a Mhalmhìna nam buadh,
Aig iomall nan stuadh fo 'n tòrr!
  Sgeul ri aithris air àm o aois;
Gnìomha làithe nam bliadhna dh' aom,
  Co sud, tha o thìr nan dàimh,
Le mìlte mu làimh fo chruaidh?
Tha dearsa na gréine m'a cheann,
A chiabh fo strì ri gaoith nan stuadh.
Tha ghnùis a' sìoladh sìos gu sìth,
Cho ciuin, a righ, ri feasgar thall,
Nuair thearnas gath o iar nam frìth,
Air caol-ghleann Chòna nan sruth mall.
Co th' ann, ach mac Chumhail nan treun,
Ard righ nam beum, nam beusa mòr;
Faicinn a gharbh mhonadh féin;
A mhìlte gun bheud bu chòrr.
" Togar guth," thuirt bàrd bha liath;
" Dh' aom nàimhde fo fhìamh air leirg,
Clann na tìre fad o iar,
Righ talla nan sgiath fo mheirg,
A dhearg-shuìl a' siubhal am mòr-chuis,
E tarruing lann mhòr nan triath.
Theich air raon nan cruadallach gnìomh,
Clann na tìre fad o 'n iar."
  Mar so mhosgail guth nam bard,
Nuair thàinig gu talla Shelma nan stuadh;
Mìle solus a' losgadh mu 'n aird,
Dealadh dealan am meadhon an t-sluaigh;

Sunt strenui, O Malvina virtutum,
Juxta extremitatem undarum sub tumulo!
Historia narranda de tempore prisco;
Facta dierum annorum qui se-inclinaverunt.
Quis illic, qui est à terrâ advenarum,
Cum millibus circa ejus manum sub durâ-armaturâ?
Est radiatio solis circa ejus caput,
Ejus capillis sub certatione contra ventum undarum.
Est vultus se-purgans deorsum ad pacem
Æquè placidus, o rex, ac vesper ex adverso,
Quando descendit radius ab occidentali-latere saltûs,
Super angustam vallem Conæ fluentorum lentorum.
Quis est, nisi filius Comalis strenuorum,
Arduus rex plagarum, et virtutum magnarum,
Intuens suum asperum montem ipsius;
Ejus millibus illævis quæ sunt eximia.
" Tollatur vox," dixit bardus, qui erat canus;
" Inclinaverant-se hostes sub metu super clivo,
Proles terræ longinquæ ab occidente,
Rex aulæ clypeorum sub ferrugine,
Ejus rubro oculo eunte in fastu,
Et eo stringente gladium magnum principum.
Fugit in acie fortium factorum,
Proles terræ longinque ab occidente."
Sic experrecta est vox bardorum,
Quando venit ad aulam Selmæ undarum;
Erant mille lychni flammescentes circa arduum (laquear),
Dispertientes fulgur in medio populi;

A chuirm an ard thalla nam buadh :
Dh' aom oiche gu luath le sòlas.
" C' àite bheil triath nan cleasa mòra ?"
Thuirt Fionnghal, a's aillidh cùl ;
" C' àite, measg sòlas nan seòd,
Garbh bhrathair na còrr òighe Muirn ?
Dorcha, mall tha 'laithe triall
An toirm ghleann nan sìan mu Lòra.
Faic ! is esa tha tearnadh o shliabh,
Mar steud-each gun srian am mòr-chuis,
Nuair chithear an t-eachradh m' an raon,
Agus foghar na gaoith na shròin.
' Ceud fàilt air Cleasamor nach faoin !
C' uim' cho fada o Shelma nan corn ?'
" Na thill an righ," 's e fhreagair an triath,
" Gu monadh nam fiadh le chliu ?
Do mholadh mar Chumhal nan srian,
An còmhrag nan sgiath gu chùl ?
Bu tric thar Carunn bha sinn a' triall
Gu talamh a's ciara dàimh :
Cha do thill sinn gun fhuil air ar sgiath ;
Cha robh sòlas air triath nan lann.
C' uim' tha cuimhne air àm nam blàr,
Is mo chiabha gu 'm barr cho liath ?
Cha 'n aithne do 'n bhogha mo làmh ;
An diugh is eatrom mo shleagh 's mo sgiath.
Na 'n tilleadh sòlas dhomhsa féin,
Mar chunnacas air cheud an òigh,

Epulo in arduâ aulâ victoriarum:
(Abiit) inclinavit-se nox velociter cum lætitiâ.
"Ubi est princeps factorum magnorum?"
Dixit Fingal, cujus erat pulcherrima cæsaries;
"Ubi, inter gaudium bellatorum,
Ingens frater eximiæ virginis Mornæ?
Tenebrosi, tardi sunt ejus dies euntes
In murmure vallium nimborum circa Loram.
Ecce! est ille qui est descendens è clivo,
Ut admissus equus sine fræno in superbiâ,
Quando cernitur equitatus circa campum,
Et est odor venti in naribus.
'Centies salve, Clessamor haud vane,
Quare tam diu à Selmâ cornuum?'
"An rediit rex," est quod respondit princeps,
"Ad montem cervorum cum suâ famâ,
Tuâ laude instar Comalis frænorum [tergum?
In certamine clypeorum (cumulatè) usque ad ejus
Fuit sæpe trans Carronem quod fuimus nos profecti
Ad terram et ad fuscas-capreas advenarum:
Non rediimus nos sine sanguine super nostris clypeis;
Et non fuit gaudium principi telorum.
Quare est recordatio de tempore prœliorum,
Et meis capillis usque ad eorum summum adeo canis?
Non est (nota) notitia arcui mea manus;
Hodie est levis mea hasta et meus clypeus.
Si reditura esset lætitia mihi ipsi,
Sicut cum visa est primùm virgo,

Urla shneachda nan dàimh treun,
Maona ghlan dha 'n géille slòigh,
Ainnir àillidh nan rosg ciar!"
"Aithris," thuirt an righ le fòill,
"An sgeul m' an òigh, a thriath.
Mar nial air gath gréine tha do bhròn;
Tha d' anam fo cheò nach crion;
'S dubh-dhorcha do smaointe, ard laoich,
A' d' aonar mu Lòra nam fuaim.
Cluinnear mu d' òg-bhròn nach faoin,
Air a cheò a chuir d' aois fo ghruaim."
"Iadsa làithe na sìth a bh' ann;"
Thuirt Cleasamor nan lann, an triath,
"Bhuail mi gu Bailechluthai nan tùr ard,
Nam balla cam, an eathar ciar.
Chuir gaoth mo shiuil bhàn fo ruaig
Gu calla air Cluthai nan sruth sèimh.
Tri làithe thogadh fleagh agus cuirm
An talla Rurmhair nan corn fial;
Chunnacas urla soluis na muirn,
Maona ghasda nan tùr 's nan triath.
Chuireadh sòlas na slige m' an cuairt;
Thug Rurmar nam buadh an òigh,
A broilleach mar chobhar nan stuadh,
A sùil reul sholuis an t-slòigh;
Dubh mar am fitheach a ciabh;
B' àillidh na 'ciabh a gnè.
Mòr m' annsadh air ainnir nan triath,
Maona ghasda air sliabh nan réidh.

Sinus nivis advenarum strenuorum,
Moina pura, cui cedebant populi,
Fœmina pulchra ciliorum fuscorum!”
“ Refer,” dixit rex cum lenitate,
“ Historiam circa virginem, o princeps.
Ut nubes super radio solis est tuus luctus;
Est tuus animus sub nebulâ haud parvâ;
Sunt atro-fuscæ tuæ cogitationes, o ardue bellator,
In tuâ solitudine circa Loram sonituum.
(Audiamus) audiatur de tuo juvenili-dolore haud vano,
De vapore qui misit tuam senectam sub tetricitatem.”
“ Illi quidem dies pacis fuere,”
Dixit Clessamor gladiorum princeps,
“ (Appuli ad) percussi ego Balclutham turrium arduarum,
Murorum curvorum, in cymbâ fuscâ.
Misit ventus mea vela alba sub fugam
Ad portum super Cluthâ fluentorum lenium.
Tres dies elevatum est convivium et epulum
In aulâ Rurmaris cornuum hospitalium;
Visus est sinus lucis amoris,
Moina speciosa turrium et principum.
Missum est gaudium conchæ in circuitum;
Dedit Rurmar victoriarum virginem,
Ejus sinu instar spumæ undarum,
Ejus oculo stellâ lucis populi;
Nigro instar corvi ejus cirro;
Erant pulchriores ejus cirro ejus mores.
Fuit magnus meus amor ad virginem principum,
Moinam speciosam super clivo planorum.

Chunnacas mac coigrich nan sgiath,
Og a dh' imich a thriall do Mhaona;
Chualas fhocail an talla nan triath;
Leth tharruing leis sgian nach caol.
‘ C' àite bheil ard Chumhal nan lann,
Fear astair nan gleann gun raon?
Bheil Cumhal is gaisgich san àm,
Thusa ladorna, dàn, is faoin?

“ Tha m' anam, thuirt mise, a thriath,
A' lasadh gu thrian leis féin;
Gun eagal tha Cleasamor fo 'sgiath,
Measg mhìlte, ge ciar na tréin.
'S mòr d' fhocal, mhic coigrich nan lann,
Agus mise san àm am aonar;
Tha mo chlaidheamh crith-mhosgladh gu cheann;
Grad a b' aill leis mo làmh ag aomadh
Gun fhocal eile air Cumhal nan ceud,
Mhic Chlutha o na thréig an sruth.”

Dh' éirich neart agus ardan na h-òige;
Bhuail, is thuit an triath mòr fo chruaidh.
Chuala Clutha air bruachaibh na seoid;
Las mìle sleagh còrr m' an cuairt.
Chuir mi cath: thug coigrich buaidh:
Leum mise grad an Cluaith nan sruth;
Sgaoil mo shiuil bhàn air cuan,
A' beumadh ro' stuadha dubh.
Thàinig Maona truagh fo dheoir,
Ag aomadh nan rosg bròin o speur:

Visus est filius advenæ clypeorum,
Juvenis qui direxerat iter ad Moinam;
Audita sunt ejus verba in aulâ principum;
Semi-strictus ab eo ensis haud angustus.
‘ Ubi est arduus Comal telorum,
Erro vallium sine plano?
Estne Comal hic et bellatores (nunc) in tempore,
Te præcipite, audace, et vano?’
“ Est meus animus, dixi ego, o princeps,
Flammescens (satis) usque ad tertiam partem secum ipso;
Sine metu est Clessamor sub clypeo—
Inter millia, licet fusci sint strenui.
Est magnum tuum verbum, fili advenæ telorum,
Me in hoc tempore solo;
Est meus gladius tremens, et expergiscens usque ad ejus caput;
Statim est desiderium ei meam manum inclinandi
Sine verbo alio de Comale centuriorum,
Fili Cluthæ, quem non deserit flumen.
“ Surrexit robur et ira juventutis;
Percussit, et cecidit princeps magnus sub duro-ferro.
Audivit Clutha super crepidinibus bellatores;
Flammescebant mille hastæ eximiæ circumcirca.
Commisi ego certamen; reportârunt advenæ victoriam:
Prosilui ego confestim in Clutham fluminum;
Dispandi mea vela alba super oceanum,
Secans (viam) per undas atras.
Venit Moina misera sub lacrymis,
Inclinans cilia doloris per aera:

Chualas a guth, 's e dubh is beur.
Tric a thill mi féin an long;
Bhuadhaich tonn is gaoth o 'n ear;
Ni 'm facas Clutha chaoin o 'n uair,
No Maona nam buadh, nan ciabh ciar:
Thuit ise mu Chluthai gun tuar;
Chunnacas tannas bha fuar air sliabh.
Dh' aithnich measg na h-oiche a triall,
Ise an iomall nan sìan an Lòra;
A caol ghath mar ghealach as-ùr,
Sealladh sìos o mhùig nan speur,
'Nuair thuiteas an sneachda gu dlùth,
An domhan fo smùr gu léir."
" Togaibh, bhàrda caoin, am fonn,"
Thuirt Fionghal, ard shonn nan sgiath;
" Togaibh moladh mìn Mhaona nan tonn,
Is i codal am fonn nan sliabh;
Gairmear a h-anam gu mall fo dhuan
Gu talamh nan stuadh mòr.
A caoin astar mu iomall nan cruach,
Air Mòrbheinn, nach truagh òigh;
Gathaibh gréine nan laithe dh'aom,
Sòlas banail nan daoine bh' ann.
Chunnacas balla Bhaile Chluthai nan lann,
Air nach éirich ach gann guth slòigh;
Anns an talla bha teine nach mall;
An diugh gun chaidre measg treith is oigh:
Dh' aom Clutha; sruth catrom air raon

Audita est ejus vox, atque ea atra et acuta.
Sæpe retro ego ipse navigium;
Prævaluerunt unda et ventus ab oriente;
Nec visa est Clutha blanda ab eâ horâ,
Nec Moina virtutum capillorum fuscorum:
Cecidit illa circa Clutham sine colore;
Conspectum est spectrum quod fuit frigidum super [clivo.
Agnovi inter noctem ejus iter,
Et in extremitate nubium nimborum in Lora;
Ejus tenui radio instar lunæ renovatæ
Despicientis deorsum è nebulâ cælorum,
Quando cadit nix densè,
Orbe sub opacitate omninò."
"Tollite, bardi blandi, cantum,"
Dixit Fingal, arduus bellator clypeorum;
"Tollite laudem lenis Moinæ undarum,
Eâ dormiente inter modulos clivorum;
Invocetur ejus anima lentè sub cantione
Ad terram fluctuum magnorum.
Ejus placidum iter circa extremum præcipitiorum,
In Morvene, cujus non sunt miseræ virgines;
Radii solis dierum qui se inclinaverunt,
Gaudium (honestum) fœmineum virorum qui fuere.
Conspecti sunt muri Balcluthæ telorum,
Super quos non surgebat nisi parcè vox populi;
In aulâ erat ignis haud tardus;
Hodie sine familiaritate inter principes et virgines:
Inclinavit-se Clutha; flumine levi in planitie

O ard bhallaibh, thuit claon fo smùr.
Ann sin cluaran a' gluasad fo ghaoith,
Agus coineach a' caoineadh fo thùr;
An sionnach ruadh 'na uinneig féin,
Mall lùbadh an fheir m'a chùl.
Is fàsach còmhnuidh Mhaona nan teud,
Doilleir talla nan ceud san tùr.
Togaibh, bharda, bròn nam fonn
Mu thalla nan tonn, a bh' ann;
Thuit na treuna fada fo thom;
Thig làithe nan sonn a nall.
C' uim' a thogadh leat talla nan corn,
Mhic aimsir, a's lìon mhoire sgiath?
Thu coimhead an diugh o 'n tùr mhòr,
An t-ath là fo scòrr nan sliabh.
Cha mhall na bliadhna 's cumhachd triall,
Le osaig nan ciar mhonadh fàs
A' gairm an talla nan triath,
A thuiteadh gu trian air làr.
Thigsa, chiar osag, o mhonadh fàs;
Bithidh sinne sàr nar làithe féin;
Bithidh comhara mo lann am blàr;
Bithdh m' anam aig bàrd an trein.
Togaibhse fonn, cuiribh slige m' an cuairt;
Biodh sòlas r'a luaidh air mo chòir.
'Nuair dh' aomas tusa, chi mi shuas,
Ma dh' aomas tusa, a sholuis mhòir;
Ma ta air àm, air àm gun tuar,

Ab ejus altis mœnibus, quæ ceciderunt obliqua sub
Illic erat carduus se-movens sub vento, [pulvere.
Et muscus lugubre-sonans sub turre;
Vulpes rufa in fenestrâ ipsius,
Lentâ flexurâ graminis circa ejus tergum.
Est solitudo habitatio Moinæ chordarum,
Et caliginosa aula centuriarum in arce.
Tollite, bardi, luctum modulorum
Circa aulam undarum, quæ fuit;
Ceciderunt strenui diu sub tumulum;
Venient dies (horum) bellatorum huc.*
Quare tollatur à te aula cornuum,
Fili temporis, cujus sunt plurimæ alæ?
Te intuente hodie è turre magnâ,
Proximo die (eras) sub scopulo clivorum.
Non tardi sunt anni quorum potens est cursus,
Cum flamine fuscorum montium desertorum
Clamante in aulâ principum, [humi.
Qui cadunt (confertim) usque ad tertiam partem
Veni tu, fuscum flamen, à monte deserto;
Erimus nos egregii in nostris ipsorum diebus;
Erit signum mei teli in prœlio;
Erit mea anima apud bardum strenui.
Tollite vos melos, mittite concham in circuitum;
Sit gaudium in vestro (laude) ore me coram.
Quando inclinaberis tu, quem cerno ego suprà,
Si inclinaberis tu, o lux magna;
Si es ad tempus, in tempore sine colore,

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* i. e. ad nos.

Mar Fhionnghal a's luaithe ceum;
'S ceart co fada mo chliu 's do dhearsa."
Mar sin a thog an righ am fonn,
Air làithibh nan sonn a b' àirde gnìomh;
Làn mhìle fear focail shuas,
Ag aomadh gu luaidh an righ.
Bu chosmhuil sin ri fuaim nan teud,
'Nuair dh' éireas a ghaoth mall o 'n ear.
B' àillidh do smuainte féin, a thréin;
C' uim tha Oisian a' d' dhéigh gun neart?
Ach seasaidh tu, athair, leat féin;
Co e coimeas righ Shelma nam feart?
Chaidh an oiche thairis am fonn;
Dh' éirich maduinn le sòlas còrr;
Chunnacas monadh thar liath cheann nan tonn;
An gorm chuań fo aoibhneas mòr;
Na stuaidh fo chobhar, ag aomadh thall,
Mu charraig mhaol bha fada uainn;
Ghluais ceò o linne gu carn.
Sàmhla dall is aosd' o chuan;
Cha robh shiubhal mar shiubhal nam fear,
Nan garbh chruth o lear le ceum;
Caol thannas ag aomadh o 'n ear,
'Ga ghìulan air leth nan speur.
Gu Selma mhòr ghluais an cruth,
Tuiteam dubh mar fhuil air raon.
Chunnaic an righ an sealla trom,
Bàs nan daoine tighinn a nall.

Sicut Fingal, cujus est velox passus;
Erit æquè diutina mea fama ac tua radiatio.
Sic sustinuit rex melos;
In diebus bellatorum quorum erant altissima facta,
Totis mille (bardis) viris-verbi supra
Inclinatis ad orationem regis.
Fuit simile hoc sono chordarum,
Quando oritur ventus lentè ab oriente:
Honestæ fuerunt tuæ cogitationes ipsius, o strenue.
Quamobrem est Ossianus à tuo tergo sine robore?
At stas tu, pater, tecum ipso.
Quis est par regi Selmæ virtutis multimodæ?
(Transiit) ivit nox trans in modulis;
Surrexit aurora cum gaudio eximio;
Cernebantur montes super cano capite undarum,
Cæruleo oceano sub lætitiâ magnâ,
Fluctibus sub spumâ se-inclinantibus ex adverso
Circa rupem calvam, quæ erat procul à nobis;
Movit nebula à gurgite ad saxetum
Simulacrum cœcum grandævum ab oceano;
Non fuit ejus iter ut iter virorum,
Nec ingens forma ab æquore cum passu,
Tenui spectro se-inclinante ab oriente,
Et id sustinente per dimidium cœlorum,*
Ad Selmam se-movit forma
Cadens atra instar sanguinis super planum.
Vidit rex spectaculum (triste) grave,
Mortem virorum venientem huc.

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* vel, super dimidiato cœlo.

Thàinig do thalla nan sonn;
Ghlac e sgiath Chumhail 'na làimh;
Chluinnte scread na maile cruaidhe.
M' an cuairt ghrad dh' éirich na laoich;
An sàmhchair sheas treun-fhir an t-sluaigh,
Gach sùil air righ fuar-ghleann an fhraoich,
An còmhrag a' snàmh air a ghnùis,
Bàs an t-slòigh ag iadhadh ma shleagh.
Dh' éirich mìle sgiath an aird;
Làn mhìle claidheamh dubh-ghorm geur
A' dealradh glan an talla Shelma,
Screadadh truagh air cruaidh nan arm,
Donnal balbh nan luath-chon còrr:
Gun fhocal, gun ghuth o cheann;
Gach sùil air lann is tuar an righ,
Esa tarruing a shleagh o 'chùl.
"A shìol Mhòrbheinn, a's lìonmhor treun,
Cha 'n àm so do theud na fial:
Tha còmhrag a' dùbhradh romham féin,
Bàs a' dorchadh mu chruaich nan sliabh;
Tannas faoin, do 'n annsadh cliu,
Feuchainn dhuinn na dàimh o lear:
O 'n uisge thàinig suas a' mhùig,
Comhara garbh chunnart nam fear.
Gach làmh air sleagh, a's glaine crann;
Gach slios fo lann tha guinneach geur;
Dubh-chlogaid ag éirigh mu gach ceann;
Gach màile thall mar theine speur.

Venit ad aulam heroum;
Prehendit ille clypeum Comalis in suâ manu;
Audiebatur stridor loricæ duræ.
In circuitum ocyus surrexerunt bellatores;
In silentio steterunt strenui viri populi,
Singulo oculo erga regem frigidæ vallis ericæ,
Certamine innatante ejus vultui,
Morte populi se-obliquante circa ejus hastam.
Surrexerunt mille clypei in altum;
Totis mille gladiis atro-cærulis acutis
Coruscantibus purè in aulâ Selmæ,
Stridentibus miserabiliter super duro-ferro armorum,
Et ululatu surdo canum-velocium egregiorum:
Sine verbo, sine voce ab ullo ore;
Singulo oculo (verso) ad gladium et colorem regis,
Ipso trahente suam hastam ab suo tergo.
O proles Morvenis, cujus est frequens heros,
Non est tempus hoc chordis nec hospitalitati:
Est certamen obscurascens præ nobis,
Mors tenebrescens circa præcipitia clivorum;
Spectrum vanum, cui est amor fama,
Ostendens nobis advenas ab æquore:
Ab aquâ venit sursum nebula,
Signum ingentis periculi virorum.
Singula manus sit super hastâ, cujus est purissima arbor;
Singulum latus sub gladio qui est aculeatus acutus;
Atra galea surgens circa singulum caput;
Singula lorica ex adverso similis igni cœlorum.

Mar stoirm tha 'n còmhrag tional shuas;
Cluinnear luath guth fuar a' bhàis.
Dh' imich an righ, is lean an sluagh,
Mar nial stuaidh làn tein is toirm,
'Nuair thig an caol dhealan o thuath
Do mharuiche truagh le stoirm.
Air Còna sheas na feara 'm fraoch;
Chunnaic òigh' nan uchd glana na tréin,
Mar bhadain nan geug na laoich.
Chunnaic bàs measg òig-fhir nam beum,
Na rosga mall air cuan le fìamh,
Air cobhar bha triall mar sheoil;
Deoir a' siubhal lic bhanail gun ghìomh,
Spairn anama mu ghnìomh nan seòd.
Ghluais an solus suas air cuan;
Mòr chàbhlach air stuadh mar cheò;
Air tràigh thaom na treuna gu luath.
Measg tional a shluaigh bha seòd,
Mar cheannard ruadh-cilid nan cruach,
A sgiath bhallach, uallach, uasal, òir;
Bu duineal, còrr, righ mòr nan sleagh,
A thriall gu sàr Shelma nan tòrr;
A mhìlte 'na chòir air magh.
" Gluais le focal caoin na sith,
Gluais, Ullin, gu righ nan lann;
Innis da sa' chòmhrag ar brìgh,
Ar naimhde measg fuaith nam fann;
Gur mòr an cliùs' a thog ar fleagh,

Instar procellæ est certamen se-colligens suprà;
Audietur cito vox frigida mortis.
  Profectus est rex, et secutus est populus,
Ut nubes fluctûs plena ignis et fremitûs,
Quando venit tenue fulgur à septentrione
Nautis miseris cum procellâ.
Super Cona steterunt viri in ericâ;
Spectabant virgines sinuum purorum strenuos,
Sicut sylvulas ramorum bellatores.
Spectabant mortem inter juvenes plagarum,
Earum ciliis lentis versùs oceanum cum metu,
Versùs spumam quæ erat iens sicut vela,
Lacrymis pervadentibus genas honestas sine fraude,
Et luctamine animorum de factis heroum.
Movit-se lux sursum super oceanum;
Magnâ classe super fluctu instar nebulæ;
Super littus effusi sunt strenui velociter.
Inter cœtum ejus populi erat bellator,
Instar ducis rufi caprearum præcipitiorum,
Ejus clypeo umbonigero, specioso, nobili, aurato;
Erat virilis, egregius, rex magnus hastarum,
Ejus itinere ad eximiam Selmam tumulorum;
Ejus millibus eo coram in agro.
  "Proficiscere cum verbo miti pacis,
Proficiscere, Ullin, ad regem gladiorum;
Nuncia illi in certamine nostram virtutem,
Nostris hostibus inter larvas imbecillorum;
Esse magnam famam eorum qui (acceperunt) sustulerunt nostrum convivium,

An talla farsuing, a's fial baigh.
Feuchai iadsa do 'n sinns're gach sleagh
O thìr fhada nan treun dàimh;
Ionadh sud do chlann coigrich gun ghìomh,
'Cur fàilt air cairde do thriath Mhòrbheinn.
Chualas thall mu ghnìomh nam buadh;
Chrith righre measg ardan an sluaigh,
Is an domhan a' luaidh oirnne."
  Ghluais Ullin le focal caoin;
Sheas righ nach robh faoin r'a shleagh;
Chunnaic e nàmhaid san raon.
" Ceud fàilt air mac coigrich nam fleagh!
Mall is mòr do cheum o lear:"
Thuirt Fionnghal nam fear 's nam faobh;
' Do lann mar ghath teine o 'n ear
Dol seachad gu mear ri do thaobh;
Cha mhò gealach mhòr nan speur
Na do sgiathsa féin, a laoich!
Dearg do ghruaidh, is òg do shnuagh,
Caoin leadan nam buadh mu d' cheann!
'S math gu 'n tuit an crannsa gu luath,
Gun chluinntinn m'a luaidh sa' ghleann.
Bithidh dòruinn chiar air òigh nan tonn,
I' coimhead air dronn an t-sàil.
Their leanabh ceart fhaicinn na luinge,
' Righ baile nan sonn a t'ann!'
Na deoir tigh'n o dhearg shùil do mhàthar
Mu do chadal an cathair nam mòr-bheann."

In aulâ spatiosâ, cujus est hospitalis benignitas.
Ostendunt illi suæ proli singulam hastam
Ex terrâ longinquâ strenuorum advenarum;
Est mirum illud filiis peregrinorum sine perfidiâ
(Benedicentibus) salutem mittentibus amicis Morvenis.
Auditum est ultra (hanc regionem) de factis victoriarum;
Tremuerunt reges inter iram sui populi,
Dum orbis laudavit nos."

Profectus est Ullin cum verbo miti;
Stabat rex qui haud erat vanus ad suam hastam;
Vidit ille hostem in agro.
"Centies salus sit filio advenæ conviviorum!
Lentus et magnus est tuus passus ab æquore:
Dixit Fingal virorum et exuviarum,
'Tuo gladio instar radii ignis ab oriente
Prætereunte celeriter ad tuum latus;
Haud major est luna magna cœlorum
Quam tuus clypeus ipsius, o bellator!
Rutila est tua gena, et juvenilis tua species,
Mollibus capillis victoriarum circa tuum caput!
Et fortasse cadet hæc arbor cito,
Sine audiendo de suâ laude in valle.
Erit angor fuscus super virgine undarum,
Intuente dorsum salis.
Dicet puerulus modo conspiciens navem,
'Rex urbis bellatorum adest!'
Lacrymis venientibus à rubro oculo tuæ matris
Propter tuum somnum in cathedrâ magnorum montium."

Sud focala fein an righ :
Thàinig Ullin na brigh do 'n triath ;
Thilg e sleagh fada air frìth,
Roi' Charthonn le sìth fhial,
Is e a' togail an fhuinn gu mall.
" Thig gu cuirm Fhionnghail nam beann,
Gharbh Charthuinn o ghleann a' chuain ;
Thig gu cuirm an righ a nall,
Neo tarruing an lann gun bhuaidh.
Is lìonmhor taibhs' ar naimhde, a threin ;
Ach cliùthar sinn féin 's ar càirde.
Faiceadh Carthonn an raon gu léir,
'S iomadh gorm thom ag éirigh arda
Le clachaibh glas is feur fo fhuaim ;
Naimhde Fhionnghail fo uaigh a t' ann,
Na dàimh, a dh' aisig ràmh thar cuan.'
" Am bheil do ghuth ri taibhs' nan àrm ?
Thuirt Carthonn, " a bhàird bhrais o Mhòrbheinn ?
Na chaochail mo thuarsa gu glas,
Mhic fonn, nach 'eil cas gu còmhrag,"
An dùil leat m' anam adhlac' an scleò
Le sgeulaibh nam beò a dh'fhalbh ?
Chosgair an làmhs' an carraid na seoid ;
Air mo chliu cha 'n 'eil còmhra balbh.
Gu laigse nan làmh le fonn ;
Géilleadh iadsa dha 'n t-sonn Fionnghal !
Nach fhacas Bailclutha nan long,
Is an suidhe air tom gun iorghail ?

Illa fuere verba ipsa regis:
Venit Ullin virtutis ad principem;
Jecit ille hastam longam super saltum,
Ante Carthonem cum pace hospitali,
Tollens cantum lentè.
"Veni ad epulum Fingalis montium,
Asper Carthon de valle oceani;
Veni ad epulum regis huc,
Aut stringe gladium sine victoriâ.
Numerosa sunt spectra nostrorum hostium, o strenue;
At sumus celebres nos ipsi et nostri amici.
Intueatur Carthon planitiem totam,
Frequens est cærulus tumulus surgens altus
Cum saxis glaucis et gramine sub sonitu;
Hostes Fingalis sub sepulchro sunt,
Advenæ, quos attulit remus trans oceanum.'
"An est tua vox ad spectra armorum,"
Dixit Carthon, "o barde impiger à Morvene?
An variatus est meus color ad glaucum,
Fili cantûs, qui non es præceps ad certamen?
An est expectatio tibi meum animum sepelire in vapore
Cum historiis vivorum qui abierunt?
Consumpsit manus hæc in conflictu heroas;
De meâ famâ non est signum ignotum.
Ad imbecillitatem manuum cum cantione (ito);
Cedant illi heroi Fingali!
Nonne vidi Balclutham navium,
Et sedeam super tumulo sine contentione?

Innis so do mhac Chumhail, a bhàird,
Cumhal, a thilg a theine suas,
An talla Chluthai nam bruach ard,
Aite còmhnuidh mo shinns're ri stuadh."

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Nuncia hoc filio Comalis, o barde,
Comalis, qui jecit suum ignem sursum
In aulam Cluthæ crepidinum arduarum,
Loci habitationis meorum proavorum juxta fluctus."

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OINAMORUL.

Argumentum.

Post inscriptionem ad Malvinam Toscaris filiam, Ossianus militiam suam apud Fuarfedam, Scandinaviæ insulam, narrare pergit. Ad auxilium Malorcholis Fuarfedæ regis, bello ad angustias redacti à Tonthormodo, Sardronlonis principe (qui Malorcholis filiam frustrà pro uxore petierat), Ossianum misit Fingal. Ossianus, postridie ejus adventûs, prœlio commisso, Tonthormodum captivum egit. Malorchol filiam suam Oinamorulem Ossiano dare proponit; ille autem, amore ejus erga Tonthormodum cognito, eam, eximiâ animi magnitudine, amanti suo concedit; et inter duos reges mutuam restituit concordiam.

OIGH-NAM-MÒR-SHÙL.

v. 1–20.

Mar ghluaiseas solus speur fo scleò
Air Larmon mòr a's uaine tom;
Mar sin thig sgeul nan triath nach beò
Air m' anam is an oidhche trom.
Nuair thréigeas filidh caoin a mhuirn,
A chlàrsach chiuil san talla ard;
Thig guth gu cluais Oisein o chùl,
Mosgladh anma an tùr nam bard.
'S e guth nam bliadhna thuit a ta ann,
Tional uile a nall le 'n gnìomh.
Glacam-sa na sgeula nach fann,
Cuiream siòs iad am fonn gun ghìomh.
Cha shruth tha dorcha fonn an righ,
'Nuair dh' éireas e measg strì nan teud;
O làimh-ghil an Lutha nam frìth
Malmhìna, cruth clìth gun bheud!
A lutha nan teud a's glaine fuaim!
Gun sàmhchair air do chruachan ard,
Nuair shiùbhlas, geal-làmh na stuaim
Air clàrsaich fo dhuan nam bard.

OINAMORUL.

v. 1–20.

Ut movetur lux cœlorum sub vapore
Super Larmone magnâ, cujus est viridissimus collis,
Sic venit historia procerum haud vivorum
Super meum animum nocte gravi.
Quando relinquit poeta blandus suam blanditiam,
Ejus citharâ canorâ in aulâ sublimè,
Venit vox ad aurem Ossiani à tergo,
Expergefaciens ejus animum in torpore bardorum.
Est vox annorum, qui ceciderunt, quæ adest,
Colligens omnia huc cum eorum factis.
Captem ego historias haud futiles,
Mittam deorsum eas in cantionem sine fraude.*
Non flumen, quod est obscurum, melos regis,
Quando surgit è mediâ contentione chordarum
Ab manu candidâ in Luthâ saltuum,
Malvinâ, formâ concinnâ sine defectu!
Lutha chordarum, quarum est purissimus sonus!
Sine silentio super tuis præcipitiis altis,
Quando pergit candida manus modestiæ
Super citharam sub carmine bardorum.

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* i. e. tradam posteris verè.

Sholuis nan smuainte dorcha truagh,
Tha tarruing suas air m' anam dall;
A nighean Thoscair nan ceann-bheart cruaidh,
Thoir cluas do chaoin fhuaim tha mall!
Gairmsa air ais gu luath
Na bliadhna gun tuar, a bh' ann.
An làithibh an righ, bu cholgach snuagh,
Mo chiabha, na 'n dual mu chuach nan òigh,
Sheall mi air Cathlinne nan stuadh,
O dhruim a' chuain, fo ghruaim gun cheò.
M' astar gu innis Fuarfead thall,
Mòr choille nan crann san t-sàil.
Chuir righ nan sonn air tonn mo lann,
Le beum nach fann, gu naimhdibh righ
Mhalorchoil nam fuarfead crann,
Fear cuirme nach robh gann an sìth.
Ghluais còmhrag o chuan m' an triath.
An cala Choileid thrus mi mo sheòl,
Chuir mi 'n lann gu fear mòr nam fleagh;
Dh' aithnich es' ard-shuaicheantas nan seòd,
Agus dh' éirich le mòrchuis a shleagh.
Dh' imich triath o 'thalla ard,
Ghlac esa mo làmh le fìamh:
" C' uime thàinig sìol Mhorbheinn nam bard
Gu duine gun chàil, gun ghnìomh?
Tonthormod nan lann geur 's nan sleagh,
Fear cuirm agus fleagh an Sardronlo,
Dh' iadh a shùil mu m' nighinn chaoin,

O lux cogitationum obscurarum miserarum,
Quæ se-trahunt sursum super meum animum cœcum;
O filia Toscaris galearum durarum,
Adhibe aurem blando sono qui est lentus!
Voca tu retro quam celerrimè
Annos sine colore, qui fuerunt.
  In diebus regis, cujus erat bellicosa species,
Meis capillis (complicatis) in plicaturâ instar cincinnorum virginum,
Prospexi ego ad Calinem undarum,
A dorso oceani, sub torvitate sine nebulâ,
Meo itinere ad insulam Fuarfedam ex adverso,
Magnam sylvam arborum in sale.
Misit rex heroum super undam meum gladium,
Cum plagâ haud invalidâ contra hostes regis
Malorcholis frigidè sibilantium arborum,
Viri epularum quæ non erant parcæ in pace.
Movebatur certamen ab oceano circa principem.
  In sinu Coiledæ contraxi ego meum velum,
Et misi ego gladium ad virum magnum conviviorum;
Agnovit ille arduum insigne heroum,
Et surrexit cum magnificentiâ ejus hasta.
Profectus est princeps ab aulâ celsâ,
Et prehendit ille meam manum cum metu:
"Quare venit proles Morvenis bardorum
Ad virum sine constantia, sine facinore?
Tonthormod gladiorum acutorum et hastarum,
Vir epuli et convivii in Sardronlâ,
Obliquavit suum oculum circa meam filiam blandam

Oigh-nam-mòr-shùl a's glain, urla.
Dh' iarr es, agus dhiùlt mi 'n òigh;
Le mòrchuis bha ar shinns're fo naimhdeas.
Thàinig e le còmhrag bu chòrr,
Gu Fuarfead nan seòl le gàmhlas;
Thaom e mo shluagh air mo shluagh.
C' uime thàinig gu tuath an triath,
Gu duine, 's e tuiteam gun ghnìomh?"
"Cha d' thàinig mar bhalachan neo-threun
A choimhead gun fheum air strì;
Tha cuimhne do 'n mhòr righ ort féin,
'S air do chuirmibh gun bheud an sìth.
Thàinig an righ o ard thonn sìos,
Air innis nam frìth 's nan crann;
Cha bu nial thu am meadhon nan sìan,
Bha fleagh, bha fial, bha dàn.
'S e furan, a thriath, thog mo lann;
'S math gu 'm fairich do naimhde a càil.
Ni 'n di-chuimhn ar cairde an àm,
Ge fada sinn thall air sàil."
"Shàr mhic Thréinmhoir nan colg sheòl,
Tha do ghuth mar Chruth-Loduinn beur,
'Nuair a labhras o bhrise an neoil,
Fear tuinidh ro mhòr nan speur.
'S iomadh sonn a chrom air fleagh,
Nach tog an diugh sleagh air mo dhòruinn:
Mo shùil air gaoith a chuain, 's i caochladh,
Cha 'n fhaicear air chaol na seoil chòmhnard.

Oinamorulem, cujus est purissimum pectus.
Petivit ille, et negavi ego virginem;
Cum superbiâ fuerunt nostri majores sub hostilitate.
Venit ille cum certamine quod erat prodigiosum,
Ad Fuarfedam velorum cum odio;
Fudit ille meum populum super meum populum.
Quare venit ad septentrionem princeps,
Ad virum, atque illum cadentem sine facinore?"
"Non veni ut puerulus instrenuus
Ad spectandum sine agendo certationem;
Est recordatio magno regi de te ipso,
Et de tuis epulis sine defectu in pace.
Venit rex ab arduâ undâ deorsum,
Super insulam saltuum et arborum;
Non fuisti nubes tu in (mediis nimbis) medio nimborum,
Fuit convivium, fuit hospitalitas, fuit carmen.
Est hospitium, o princeps, quod elevavit meum gladium;
Et forte fortunâ sentient tui hostes ejus temperaturam.
Non sunt oblivioni nostri amici interea,
Etsi procul simus ex adverso super sale."
"Egregie fili Trenmoris minacium velorum,
Est tua vox sicut forma Lodinis acris,
Quando loquitur è diruptione nubium,
Vir-habitator permagnus cœlorum.
Est plurimus bellator qui se-curvavit ad convivium,
Qui non tollit hodie hastam propter meum angorem:
Meo oculo (verso) ad ventum oceani, atque eo mutabili,
Non cernuntur in freto vela æqualia.

Tha stailinn san talla le saoibhneas,
Gun slige bhreac chaoin le sòlas.
Thig-sa, shìol nan triath, a nall;
Tha 'n oiche mu charn, 's i ciar;
Cluinn-sa guth, a's glaine fonn,
O òigh nan tonn a's fuaire fead."
  Air clàrsaich ghrinn nan iomadh teud
Dh'éirich làmh-gheal, rùn nan ceud,
Oigh-nam-mòr-shul, b' àillidh snuagh.
An sàmhchair sheas mi fada thall;
Mar sholus ainnir nan ciabh mall,
Ainnir àillidh innis nan stuadh.
'Dà shùil a' dearsa mar dhà reul
Sealltuinn ro' dhubh-bhraon nan speur,
Fear seachran a chuain a' coimhead suas,
Air gathaibh glan air stuadh na h-oidhche.
Ghluais mi le madainn gu còmhrag,
Gu Tormul nam mòr shruth o charn.
Thàinig an nàmhaid air chòmhla;
Sgiath Thormoid nan cop 's nam ball.
O thaobh gu taobh sgaoil an strì;
Thachair Tormod is mi sa' chruadal;
Bhriseadh leam staileann gun bhrigh:
Fo cheangal chuir righ nam fuar-thonn.
Thug mis' a làmh fo neart nan iall
Do shlige na fial Malorchol;
Dh' éirich sòlas na cuirm' air an triath;
Thuit naimhde o thrian na droch-bheirt.

Est chalybs in aulâ cum morositate,
Sine conchâ guttis-distinctâ blandâ cum lætitiâ.
Veni tu, o semen procerum, huc;
Est nox circa saxetum, atque ea fusca;
Audi tu vocem, cujus est elegantissimum melos,
A virgine undarum, quarum est frigidissimus sibilus."
  Super citharam concinnam multarum chordarum
Surrexit manus-candida, desiderium centuriarum,
Oinamorul, cujus erat formosissima species.
In silentio steti ego procul ex adverso;
Instar lucis (erat) virgo capillorum lente (errantium),
Virgo pulchra insulæ undarum.
Erant bini oculi radiantes ut binæ stellæ
Prospicientes per atrum imbrem cœlorum,
Viro errabundo oceani suspiciente sursum,
Ad radios puros super fluctibus noctis.
Processi ego cum aurorâ ad certamen,
Ad Tormulem magnorum torrentium è saxeto.
Venit hostis simul,
Clypeus Tonthormodis umbonum et instrumentorum.
A latere ad latus sparsa est certatio;
Occurrimus Tonthormod et ego in duro-discrimine;
Fracta est à me ejus chalybs sine soliditate:
Sub vinculum misi regem frigidorum fluctuum.
Attuli ego ejus manum sub vi lororum
Ad concham hospitalis Malorcholis;
Orta est lætitia epuli super principem;
Ceciderunt hostes à tertia parte mali instrumenti.*

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* i. e. amiserunt hostes.

Thionndaidh Tormod fada thall
O nighinn àillidh nan rosg mall.
  "Mhic Fhionnghail," so thòisich an righ,
"Cha 'n ann gun bhrigh a théid thu uam;
Cuiream solus san luing 'an sìth,
Ainnir àillidh rosg mall gun ghruaim;
Loisgidh an teine so an sòlas
Air anam na mòrchuis an gnìomh;
Gun fhaicinn cha shiubhail i gu mòthar
An Selma nam mórbheinn 's nan righ."
  Anns an talla, doilleir trom,
Chrom mo rosg an cadal sèimh;
Air mo chluais thuit torman nam fonn,
Mar osaig nan tom, a' chaomh'neas reidh,
Osag, a dh'fhuadaicheas m'an cuairt
Feusag liath a' chluarain an aois,
Dorch' shiùbhladh air cruachan an fheur.
Co e an guth? Oigh ghlan nam Fuar-fead,
Togail mall a fonn san oiche:
B' eol' do 'n ainnir m' anam caoin
Mar shruth nach faoin air thaobh nam fonn.
  "Co as an triath," is e thuirt an òigh,
"Tha coimhead air gorm-cheò a chuain?
Co th' ann ach triath a' chùil mhóir
Dubh mar sgeith fhithich nan cruach;
Chi mi measg osag a chiabh,
Agus 's àillidh a thriall am bròn.
Tha sùil an fhir fo dheoir gun fheum,

Aversus est Tormod procul ex adverso
A filiâ pulchrâ ciliorum lentorum.
"Fili Fingalis," hoc cœpit rex,
"Non est sine effectu quod abibis tu à me;
Ponam lumen in navem in pace,
Virginem pulchram ciliorum lentorum sine tetricitate;
Accendet ignis hic lætitiam
Super animum magnificentiæ inter facinora;
Sine (observatione) visu non ibit illa modestè
In Selma magnorum montium et regum."
In aulâ obscurâ, gravia
Curvârunt-se mea cilia in somnum lenem;
Super meam aurem cecidit murmur modulorum,
Ut flamen tumulorum, quod mulcet planitiem,
Flamen, quod fugat in circuitum
Barbam canam cardui in senectute,
Obscurè proficiscens super colles graminis.
Cujus est illa vox? Virginis puræ Fuarfedæ,
Tollentis lentè suum melos in nocte:
Erat cognitus virgini meus animus blandus
Instar rivi haud languidi è (parte) latere modulorum.
"Unde est princeps," est quod dixit virgo,
"Qui est aspiciens super cærulam nebulam oceani?
Quis est nisi princeps cæsariei magnæ
Nigræ instar alæ corvi præcipitiorum;
Cerno ego inter flamen ejus cirrum,
Et est pulcher ejus motus in dolore.
Sunt oculi viri sub lacrymis sine utilitate,

A chliabh duineil ag éirigh mall
Air 'anam, tha briste o chéile.
Fàg an traigh, 's mi fada thall,
An seachran nan carn leam féin;
Tha clann nan righ gu cli is caoin;
Tha m' anamsa baoth, a thréin.
C' uime bha ar n-aithreacha féin
An naimhdeas treun, a rùin nan òigh?
" A ghuth chaoin o ard innis nan sruth,
C' uime chaoineas an dubh nan speur?
Sàr shìl Thréinmhoir a's colgaiche cruth,
Cha mhùgach an anam, 's cha bheur.
Cha sheachrainn thu an carn leat fèin,
Oigh-nam-mòr-shùl nan rosg tlàth.
Fo 'n urla so tha guth gun fhuaim;
Cha druid e gu chluais nan dàimh,
Tha 'g iarraidh dhiom clàistinn do thruaigh,
Nuair ghluaiseas iochd m' anam gu bàigh.
Tréig an talla, thus' a's caoine fonn;
Cha bhi Tormod nan tonn fo bhròn."
Thuit ialla le madainn o 'n righ;
Shìn mi dha làmh mhin na h-òigh.
Chuala Malorchul mis' an sìth,
Am meadhon talla, is airde fuaim.
" A righ Fhuaiftheid, is uallach crann,
C' ar son a bhiodh Tonthormod fo bhrón?
A shinns're luchd tarruing nan lann,
Dealan speur e féin sa' chòmhrag.

Ejus pectore virili surgente lentè [se mutuò.
Super ejus (cor) animum, quæ sunt se-dirumpentia à
Relinque littus, et me procul ultra (mare),
In erratione saxetorum mecum ipsà.
Est proles regum benigna et blanda;
Est meus animus exinanita, o strenue.
Quare fuerunt nostri patres ipsorum
In inimicitià violentâ, o desiderium virginum?"
"O vox blanda ab arduâ insulà fluentorum,
Quamobrem ploras in nigrore cœlorum? [forma,
Eximium semen Trenmoris, cujus est bellicosissima
Non est nebulosum ejus animus, et non severus.
Non errabis tu in saxeto tecum ipsâ,
O virgo magnorum oculorum ciliorum mollium.
Sub pectore hoc est vox sine sono;
(Non ruet illa ad aurem advenarum,)
Qui est postulans a me auscultare tuæ miseriæ, [tem.
Cum movet misericordia meum animum ad benignita-
Desere aulam (tu), cujus est blandissimum melos;
Non erit Tormod fluctuum sub dolore."
Ceciderunt lora cum aurorâ ab rege;
Porrexi ego ei manum teneram virginis.
Audivit Malorchol me in pace
In mediâ aulâ, cujus est altissimus sonitus,
"O rex Fuarfedæ, cujus est ponderosa arbor,
Quare esset Tormod sub dolore? gladios,
Ejus proavis (existentibus) hominibus stringentibus
Et fulgure cœlorum illo ipso in certamine.

Bu naimhdean aithreacha nan triath;
Tha sólas am fial a bhàis;
Tha 'n làmhan ris na sligibh liath,
Tha 'g iadhadh mu chiar Chruth Loduinn.
Air chùl, le chéile ar fraoch,
An dubh nial a dh' aom o shean."
  Sud mo ghnìomha féin nuair dh' iadh
Mo chiabh mu 'm mhuineal gun aois;
Nuair bha solus mar éididh mu 'n cuairt
Nighean uasal innis nan crann.
  Ghairm sinne air ais gu luath
Na bliadhna gun tuar, a bh' ann.

Fuerunt inimici patres procerum;
Est gaudium in hospitalitate mortis;
Sunt eorum manus ad conchas canas,
Quæ obliquantur circa fuscam Formam Lodinis,
Ad tergum (rejicite) simul vestrum furorem,
Atram nubem quæ se-inclinavit ab antiquo (tempore)."
  En mea facta ipsius, cum circumflectebatur
Meus cirrus circa meum collum sine senectâ;
Cum esset lux instar vestitûs in circuitum
Filiæ nobilis insulæ arborum.
  Vocavimus nos retro celerrimè
Annos sine colore, qui fuerunt.

GOLNANDONE.

Argumentum.

Fingal Ossianum et Toscarem, Conlochi filium, patremque Malivinæ, mittit, ad erigendum saxum in ripas Cronæ fluminis, in sempiternum monumentum victoriæ eò loci ab ipso reportatæ. Carul, princeps finitimus, eos, in hoc opere versatos, ad convivium invitavit. Ventum est, et Toscar ardenti Golnandoni Carulis filiæ captus erat. Golnandone pari amore Toscarem adamabat. Res fortuita inter venationem amorem eorum ad felicem exitum perducit.

GAOL-NAN-DAOINE.

V. 1–20.

Chaol-abhainn nan sruth ciar o charn,
Dorcha dall do shiubhal shuas;
Tha mo shùil measg iomairt do chrann,
Talla Charuill nan lann 's nam fuaim!
An sin a bha tuineadh na h-àille,
Gaol-nan-daoine, sàr fhuil an righ:
A sùile mar sholus nan reul,
A ruighe gasda gun bheud; bha 'làmh
Geal mar chobhar air uisge nan leum;
Dh' éireadh ciocha nam beus gu mall
Mar thonna bar-gheal a chuain mhòir;
A h-anam na shruth do sholus
Fo urla corrach, a b' àillidh snuagh.
Co ise measg òighe 'n ard bhrollaich,
Bu choimeas ri glan rùn an t-sluaigh?
  Fo ghuth caismeachd righ nam buadh,
Gu Cròna nan sruth ruadh, tha thall,
Ghluais Toscar o Lutha gun ghruaim,
Is Oisean, fear luaidh nan dàn,
Tri baird air ar taobh le fonn

GOLNANDONE.

v. 1–20.

Colamon fluentorum fuscorum à saxeto,
Est obscurum cœcum tuum iter suprà;
Est meus oculus inter conflictionem tuarum arborum,
Ad aulam Carrulis telorum et sonituum!
In illo (loco) fuit habitatio pulchritudinis,
Golnandones, egregii sanguinis regis:
Ejus oculis instar lucis stellarum,
Ejus lacertis eximiis sine defectu; erat ejus manus
Candida sicut spuma aquarum (salentium) saltuum;
Surgebant papillæ venustatum lentè
Sicut fluctus summis-dorsis-albis occani magni;
Ejus animo instar rivi lucis
Sub pectore præcipiti-lubrico, cujus erat formosissima species.
Quænam illa inter virgines ardui sinûs,
Quæ erat par eleganti desiderio populi?
Sub voce (invitante) invitamenti regis victoriarum,
Ad Cronam fluentorum rubrorum, quæ sunt ex adverso,
Processit Toscar à Lutha sine tetricitate,
Et Ossianus, vir recitationis (compositionis) carminum,
Tribus bardis ad nostrum latus cum cantu,

Tri sgéith nach robh lom, 'n ar còir,
Dol a thogail nan clach air an tom,
Chuireadh cuimhne nan sonn fo ghlòir.
Aig fiar shruth choinich Chròna féin
Sgap Fionnghal, an t-ard threun, na dàimh;
Theich coigrich roimh 'chlaidheamh gu lèir,
Mar gharbh mhuir a' beumadh air tràigh.
Thàinig sinne gu raon a chliu;
Théiring an oiche o chùl nan carn;
Reub mi darag o leathad nan smùr;
Thogadh lasair measg mùig nan ard.
" Seallaibh sìos, mo shinns're treun;
Seallaibh sìos o 'r tallaibh féin,
'Nuair mhosglas cliu as-ùr ar clann,
Soillsidh suinn nan lann air gaoith."
  O chladach Chròna thagh mi clach,
Measg fonna le neart nam bard;
Fuil naimhde Fhionnghail fo smachd
An coineach dhubh-ghlas nan àld.
Fo sud shuidhich mi o chéile
Tri copana o sgéith nan dàimh,
'Nuair luidheadh mu seach agus dh' éireadh
Fonn oiche o Ullin an àigh.
Chuir Toscar a sgian fo 'n ùir,
Is murla dubh-ghorm stailinn chruaidh;
Thogadh mu chloich aird an smùr,
A ghairm gu cliu bliadhna nan luadh.

Tribus clypeis qui non erant nudi, nobis coram,
Inter eundum ad erectionem saxorum super tumulo,
Quæ transmitterent memoriam bellatorum sub gloriam.
Juxta flexuosum flumen musci Cronæ ipsius
Dissipavit Fingal, arduus bellator, advenas;
Fugerunt peregrini præ ejus gladio omnino (απαντες),
Instar asperi maris se-illidentis in littus.
Venimus nos ad planitiem ejus famæ;
Descendit nox à tergo saxetorum; [obscuritatum;
Dilaceravi ego quercum à declivitate pulverulentarum-
Elevata est flamma inter vaporem culminum.
" Despicite deorsum, mei proavi strenui;
Despicite deorsum à vestris aulis ipsorum,
Quando excitabit fama de novo vestram prolem,
Lucebunt heroes telorum super vento."
Ex lapidoso-alveo Cronæ selegi ego saxum,
Inter modulos cum viribus bardorum;
Sanguine hostium Fingalis sub ejus pressu
In musco atro-glauco rivulorum.
Sub illo constitui ego seorsim à se mutuò
Tres umbones ex clypeis advenarum,
Cum caderent alternè et surgerent
Moduli nocturni ab Ulline (fortunato) felicitatis.
Posuit Toscar suum pugionem sub tellurem,
Et loricam atro-cærulam chalybis duræ; [solum,
Levatum est circa saxum arduum pulverulentum-
Ad vocandum ad famam annos laudum.

A nighean chòineach sruth nan carn
Thu 'g éirigh an aird ann am chòir;
A chlach o chladach ata thall,
'Nuair chaillear sìol Shelma nan tòrr;
Labhair-sa ri laigse nan daoine.
Air aghaidh, 's an oiche fo sprochd
Luidhidh dubhailtach bochd, tha triall,
Do choineach a' caoineadh gun lochd,
A tilleadh mu rosg nam bliadhna.
Eiridh còmhraig threun fa chòir,
Righre gorm sgiathacha' tearnadh gu cath,
Làn ghealach a' dubhadh fo 'n scòrr
Air raona nan seòd 's nam flath.
Brisidh e o 'aisling chiar;
Druididh madainn air triall na h-oidhche;
Chithear uaighe nan treun air sliabh,
Treuna gasda nan gnìomh an soillse.
Labhraidh e mu chloich na raoin,
Agus freagraidh an aois r'a iarraidh:
" So an liath-chlach thog Oisean nach faoin,
Sàr cheannard, mu 'n d' aom na bliadhna."

Ghluais mall o Chaolabhain am bard
O Charull, do 'n annsadh dàimh,
G' ar cuireadh gu cuirme nan ard,
Aite tuinigh geal-làimhe na bàigh,
Gaol-nan-daoine nan sàr thriath.
Shoillsich Carull measg aois a chiabh,
'Nuair chunnaic e sìol a chairde,

O filia muscosi fluenti saxetorum
Surgens in altum me coram;
O saxum à lapidoso-alveo qui est ex adverso,
Quando peribit semen Selmæ tumulorum;
Alloquere tu ignaviam virorum.
Super faciem in nocte sub dolore
Decumbet (tristis) nigrescens pauper, qui iter-facit,
Tuo musco plorante sine noxâ,
Et retroagente circa ejus cilia annos.
Surgent certamina strenua sub ejus observationem,
Reges cærulo-clypeati descendentes ad conflictum,
Plenâ lunâ nigrescente sub scopulo
Super campos bellatorum et clarorum-virorum.
Erumpet ille ex somnio fusco;
Properabit matutinus radius super iter noctis;
Cernentur sepulchra strenuorum super clivo,
Strenuorum eximiorum facinorum in luce.
Loquetur ille de saxo planitiei,
Et respondebit senectus ejus quæstioni: [languidus,
"Hocce (est) canum saxum quod crexit Ossianus haud
Egregius dux, circa quem se-inclinàrunt anni."
Processit lentè à Colamone bardus
A Carrule, cui erant cari advenæ,
Ad nos invitandos ad epulum culminum,
Loci habitationis candidarum manuum benignitatum,
Golnandones eximiorum procerum.
Enituit Carrul inter vetustatem suorum capillorum,
Cum vidit semen suorum amicorum,

Mar dhà gheug òg air an t-sliabh,
Air chrannaibh do 'm miann na h-arda.
  "A chlann nan treun mòr," thuirt Carull,
" Thug sibh làithe chaidh thairis a nuas,
'Nuair a thearnadh leam sìos o thonn mara
Air Selma nan darag ri stuadh.
Bha Dubh-mhac Chèir-ghlais fo mo ruaig,
Fear còmhnuidh gaoith luath air chuan;
Ar n-aithreacha nan naimhde cruaidh,
Thachair sinne aig Cluai nam bruach;
Theich esa o m' lann air fairge,
Mo shuilsa leantuinn 'na dhéigh.
Mheall an oiche mi gun fhàire;
Thàinig mi gu talla an righ,
Gu Selma nan làn bhroillcach òigh.
Thàinig Fionnghal, bu chòrr, le 'bhaird;
Thàinig Conlaoch, làmh bàis nan ceud.
Tri làithe bha cuirm anns an ard;
Chunnas gorm-shùil làn na h-Eirinn,
Nighean nan triath mòr, Roscranna,
Solus àille shìl Chormaic nam beum.
An di-chuimhn' cha do thréig mo cheuma;
Thug righ nam beum dhomh a sgiath;
Sud ard i an talla nan teud,
A' cur cuimhne air àm nan triath.
A chlann nan treuna mòr o fhairge,
Thug sibh làithe chaidh thairis a nuas.

Sicut duos ramos novos super clivo,
Super arboribus quibus sunt desiderium culmina.*
"O proles strenuorum magnorum," dixit Carrul,
"Deduxistis dies qui iverunt† trans desuper,
Quando descensum est à me deorsum ab undâ maris
In Selmam quercuum juxta fluctum.
Erat Niger filius Carglassis sub meâ consectatione,
Vir habitationis venti celeris super oceano;
Nostris patribus hostibus (acribus) duris,
Occurrimus nos apud Clutham crepidinum;
Fugit ille à meo telo super mare,
Meo oculo sequente eum ponè.
Decepit nox me sine matutinâ luce;
Veni ego ad aulam regis,
Ad Selmam plenis sinubus virginum.
Venit Fingal, qui erat eximius, cum suis bardis;
Venit Conlochus, manus mortis centuriarum.
Tres dies fuit epulum in altâ aulâ;
Visus est cæruleus oculus plenus Iernes,
Filia principum magnorum, Roscranna,
Lux pulchra seminis Cormaci plagarum. [passus;
In oblivione haud (abierunt) reliquerunt eum mei
Dedit rex plagarum mihi suum clypeum;
Ecce sublimem illum in aulâ chordarum,
Mittentem memoriam super tempus procerum.
O proles strenuorum magnorum à mari, [deorsum.
Deduxistis vos dies qui (præterierunt) iverunt-præter

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* i. e. quæ amant. † vel transierunt.

Thog Carull lasair ghlan na cuirme.
Dà chopan nan toirm o 'r sgiath
Chuir sìos fo chlachaibh le muirn,
Gu labhairt ri ùr-chlann an triath.
" Nuair bheucas còmhrag," thuirt an righ,
" Nuair thachras an strì nan lann
Ar maca—so ! caismeachd na sìth.
Air a chloich so bithidh brigh nach fann.
'Nuair ghleusas iad na sleagha gu feum—
Nach robh ar n-aithreacha fo chliu
Aig cuirm ? Cuir air chùl an sgiath."
Thuit oiche le ciabhaibh donn ;
Ghluais ainnir nan sonn dàna ;
Measg chlàrsach chualas a fonn,
Gaol-nan-daoin' nan ruighe bàna.
Dhorchaich Toscar 'na àite féin
Roimh rùn nan ceud. Air 'anam thall
Thainig i mar dhearsa nan speur
Air dubh-dhruim nan leum air sàil,
'Nuair bhriseas an solus o nial,
Air cobhar liath nan tonn.
Le madainn mhosgail sinn' an sliabh ;
Ar ceuma air triall nan ruadh.
Thuit iad mu shruth a b' annsadh riamh,
Thill sinne ro' Chròna nam buadh.
O 'n choille thàinig oirnn fear òg,
Sgiath nach mòr, is sleagh gun bheud.
" Co as tha 'n dearsa o 'n tòrr ?"

Excitavit Carul flammam puram epuli.
Duos umbones sonituum à nostris clypeis
Posuit infrà sub saxis cum hilaritate,
Ut alloquerentur novam prolem principis.
"Qando fremet certamen," dixit rex,
"Quando occurrent in certatione telorum
Nostri filii—en! monitio pacis.
In saxo hoc erit vis haud vana.
Quando parabunt illi hastas ad usum—
Nonne fuerunt nostri patres sub famâ
Ad epulum? Pone ad tergum clypeum."
Cecidit nox cum capillis subfuscis;
Movit nympha heroum carmina;
Inter citharas audiebatur ejus melos,
Golnandones lacertorum candidorum.
Caligavit Toscar in loco ipsius [adverso
Coram desiderio centuriarum. Super ejus animum ex
Venit illa ut radiatio cœlorum
Super atrum dorsum saltuum in sale,
Quando erumpit lux è nube,
Super spumam glaucam undarum.
Cum matutino-sole expergefecimus nos clivum,
Nostris passibus in itinere rufarum-caprearum.
Ceciderunt illæ circa fluentum quod erat gratum,
Rediimus nos per Cronam victoriarum. [semper
E sylvâ supervenit nobis vir-juvenis,
Clypeo haud magno, et hastâ sine damno.
"Unde est coruscatio à tumulo?"

Thuirt Toscar o Lotha nan ceud.
" Bheil sìth an Caolabhainn nan teud
Mu sholus nam beus air clàrsaich ?"
" An Caolabhainn nan sruth," thuirt an t-òg,
" Thuinaidh soillse nan seòd air clàrsaich ;
A nis tha a siubhal san tòrr
Le mac an righ mhòir a's sàire,
Es' a ghlac le rùn a h-anam
A' seachran car tamuil san talla."
" Og-choigrich na sgéile truaighe,
Am faca tus' a thuar 's a thriall ?
Tuitidh e fo chadal tha buan.
Thoir dhomhsa gu luath do sgiath."
Le feirg reub an sgiath dha féin ;
Dh' éirich brollach nam beus o cùl,
Mar uchd eala ag iadhadh gun bheud
Air tonna o threunas a chuain.
'S i Gaol-nan-daoine féin a bh' ann,
Nighean Charuill, fuil shàr an righ.
Ghluais 'gorm-shùil mu Thoscar nan lann ;
Chaidh a h-anam air chall san strì.

Dixit Toscar à Lotha centuriarum,
" An est pax in Colamone chordarum
Circa lumen venustatum super citharâ ?"
  " In Colamone fluentorum," dixit juvenis,
" Habitavit lux heroum super citharâ ;
Nunc est ejus iter in tumulo
Cum filio regis magni qui est præstantissimus,
Illo qui cepit ejus animum
Errantem parumper in aulâ.
  " Juvenis peregrine historiæ miseræ,
An vidisti tu ejus colorem et ejus iter ?
Cadet ille sub somnum qui est diuturnus.
Da mihi celeriter tuum clypeum."
Cum irâ dilaceravit clypeum illi ipsi ;
Surrexit sinus venustatum ab ejus cæsarie,
Sicut pectus cygni se-circumflectentis sine labe
Super undis à violentiâ oceani.
Erat illa Golnandone ipsa quæ aderat,
Filia Carulis, sanguis egregius regis. [telorum ;
Commotus est ejus cæruleus oculus circa Toscarem
(Periit ejus animus in luctamine) ivit ejus animus in
[amissionem in luctamine.

CROMA.

Argumentum.

Ossianus Malvinam, Toscaris filiam, mortem Oscaris amantis sui lugentem subaudit; et, quò dolorem possit lenire, facta recenset sua in expeditione quam jussu Fingalis susceperat, ut Crothari, Cromæ regionis in Hiberniâ regulo, contra Rothmarem fines ejus invadentem auxilium ferret.

Ex veteri famâ sic memoriæ proditur historia: Crothare rege Cromæ, ex senio jam cœco, et filio ejus ad militiæ ætatem nondum provecto, Rothmar, Tromlæ princeps, occasione fines Crotharis ad suos adjiciendi oblatâ uti constituit. In regionem igitur profectus est, quam Crothar sub Arthone, totius Hiberniæ tunc temporis rege supremo, tenuit.

Crothar, interea, senio confectus, oculis captus, belli laboribus impar, auxilium petitum mittit ad Scotiæ regem Fingalem, qui filium suum Ossianum Crothari subvenire jubet. Priusquam autem adveniret Ossianus, Favorgormo, Crotharis filius, cum Rothmare congressus, ipse interfectus est, et copiæ profligatæ. Ossianus, bello redintegrato, et prœlio cum Rothmare inito, ipsum occidit, et exercitum in fugam vertit; Cromâ itaque hostibus liberatâ, ad Scotiam reversus est.

These lines are interesting because two copies variously spelt in print in Gillies 1786. P.29. 210. and because a manuscript in 1871 in the collection of the Revd Donald MacNicol of Lismore which seems to have been written shortly before Gillies was printed. MacNicol was in correspondence with MacPherson & probably the manuscript was an early copy of MacPhersons original Gaelic equivalent for his "translations." The 7th book of Temora printed 1763 is like this in its oldest shapes. This is altered & improved as vernacular Gaelic but the idiom still is exceedingly English. There is a kind of Rythm & system of assonance which contrasts with the real thing. Compare one quatrain from the lay of Magnus on the opposite page. That is full of assonance. This is not.

CROMA.

v. 1–20.

'S E guth ciuin mo rùin a t' ann !
Neo-mhinic gann gu m' aisling féin thu.
Fosglaibh sibhs' bhur talla thall,
Shinns're Thoscair nan ard speur ;
Fosglaibh sibhse dorsa nan neul.
Tha Malmhìna gu dian fo dheur.
Chualam guth measg m' aisling féin ;
Tha forum mo chléibhe gu h-ard.
C' uim' a thàinig an osag 'na dhéigh,
O dhubh-shiubhal na linne thall ?
Do sgiath fhuaimear an gallana 'n aoinaich
Thréig aisling Malmhìna air sliabh.
Chunnaic is' a rùn ag aomadh,
Ceò-carradh a' taomadh mu 'n triath,
Dearrsa na gréine mar thaobh ris
'S e boilsgeadh mar òr nan dàimh.
'S e guth ciuin mo rùin a t' ann ;
Neo-mhinic gann do m' aisling féin thu.
'S e do chòmhnuidhse m' anam fhéin,
A shìol Oisein, a's tréine làmh ;

These 20 lines do not differ much from the lines printed by Gillies. p 29. 1786. but they are altered materially in language and orthography e.g. line 2..

O's ainmic gu aisling Mal-mhin thu. (Gillies. 1786

Frequent his visits to the dreams of Malvina (MacP. 1762

CROMA.

v. 1–20.

Est vox lenis mei amantis quæ adest!
Infrequens rara ad meum ipsius somnium tu venis.
Aperite vos vestrum domicilium ultra (nubes),
Proavi Toscaris arduarum sphærarum;
Aperite vos portas nubium.
Est Malvina vehementer sub lacrymis.
  Audivi ego vocem inter mea ipsius insomnia;
Est strepitus mei pectoris altisona.
Quare venit flamen post eam (scilicet vocem),
Ab atro cursu gurgitis adversi?
Ad ejus alam sonoram in arbore jugi
Reliquit somnium Malvinam in clivo.
Vidit illa amantem se-declinantem,
Vaporosâ veste effusâ circa principem,
Radiatione solis instar lateris ei
Coruscante ut aurum advenarum.
  Est vox lenis mei amantis quæ adest;
Infrequens rara ad meum ipsius somnium tu venis.
  Est tuum domicilium animus meus,
O semen Ossiani, cujus strenuissima manus

Verse 5 P. 19. Gillies. 1786 divided to shew the assonance
Thainig an cabhlach gu tir
Greadhuinn nach bu mhin
  ar leinn.
Bu lionmhor ann pubull sroil
Gu thogail leo
  os an ceinn.

These lines look like a different rendering of one passage into another language, when compared with Gillies, & MacNicols manuscript. Words are transposed, sentences are recast, new words are substituted, but the sense remains

Eiridh m' osna am maduinn gun fheum,
Mo dheoir mar shilcadh speura ard
A' tuiteam mall o ghruaidh na h-oiche.
Bu chrann àillidh mi, thréin nan seòd,
25 Oscair chòrr, le geugaibh cùbhraidh,
'Nuair thàinig bàs, mar ghaoth nan tòrr;
Fo 'sgéith thuit mo cheann fo smùr.
Thàinig earrach caoin fo bhraon;
Cha d' éirich duilleag fhaoin dhomh féin.
30 Chunnaic òigh mi fo shàmhchair thall;
Bhuail clàrsaiche mall nan teud.
Chunnaic òigh mi, 's mi cumhadh fo ghràdh.
C' uime cho truagh tha làmh-gheal nam beus?
Cheud ainnir o Lotha nan sìan,
35 An robh Oscar gu trian do luaidh
Anns a' mhaduinn mar dhearrsa o ghréin,
Làn àille do mhiann fo chruaidh?
Caoin am fonn na mo chluais féin,
A nighean Lotha nan sruth fiar,
40 An cual' thu guth nach 'eil beò sa' bheinn,
An aisling, ann do chadal ciar,
'Nuair thuit clos air do shùilibh mall
Air bruachan Mòrshruth nan toirm beura?
44 'Nuair thearnadh leat o sheilg nan carn,
45 An làtha ciuin ard ghrian sna speura?
Chuala tu barda nam fonn.
'S taitneach, ach trom do ghuth,
'S taitneach, a Mhalmhìna nan sonn;

Line 44.
Introduced into MacNicol's MS in a different hand.
44 Nuair phill thu flath' ail o'n t seilg. (Gillies p 30) 1786
When thou didst return from the chace. (P.250 MacPherson) 1762
45. altered fr. MS & Gillies.
Is grian lo ag Scartha na beinn
In the day of the sun

Surgunt mea suspiria in matutino tempore (inutiliter)
Et meæ lacrymæ instar guttarum cœli ardui [sine usu,
Cadentium lentè e genâ noctis.
Fui arbor pulchra ego, strenuissime heroum,
Oscar eximie, cum meis ramis fragrantibus,
Quando venit mors, sicut ventus tumulorum;
Sub ejus ala cecidit meum cæruleum caput sub pul-
Venit ver blandum sub imbre; [verem.
Non ortum est folium tenerum mihi ipsi.
Conspexerunt virgines me sub silentio ex adverso;
Percusserunt citharas lentas chordarum.
Conspexerunt virgines me lugentem sub amore.
Quare tam tristis est manus candida leporum (chari-
Prima virgo Lothæ (nimbosæ) nimborum, [tum)?
An fuit Oscar, perpetuo tuæ laudis (thema)
In matutino tempore sicut radiatio solis, [turâ?
Plenus pulchritudinis? tuæ deliciæ sub durâ-arma-
Blandum est tuum carmen meæ ipsius auri,
Nympha Lothæ torrentium flexuosorum,
An audivisti tu vocem quæ non est viva in monte,
In somnio in tuo sopore obscuro,
Quando cecidit quies super oculos lentos
In præcipitiis Moruthi murmurum placidorum?
Quando descendebatur à te à venatu molium-saxea-
In die tranquillo ardui solis cœlorum? [rum,
Audivisti tu bardos (canoros) modorum.
Est jucunda, at est (mœsta) gravis tua vox,
Jucunda est, Malvina, filia heroum;

When you
came down
from the hill
on Sunday

Leaghaidh bròn am bochd anam, tha dubh.
50 Tha aoibhneas ann am bròn le sìth,
'Nuair shuidhicheas ard strì a bhròin;
Caithidh cumha na tursaich gun bhrigh;
Gann an làì an tìr nan seòd,
A nighean Thoscair, a's àillidh' snuagh.
55 Tuitidh iad mar dhithein sìos
Air an coimhid grian ne tor na soillse,
'Nuair luidheas an dealt air a' chiabh,
58 'S a throm cheann fo shìan na h-oidhche.
Eisd-sa ri mo shean sgeul, òigh;
Tha mo chuimhne air òige nam buaidh.
  Fo ghuth an righ ghrad thog mi siuil.
Bhuail mi Croma nan tòrr o chuan,
Croma, an Innis-fàile nan sluagh,
Ard thalla nan seòd 's nam buadh,
Tùr ghlas mu iomall na tràigh,
Baile Chrothair, am mòr thriath,
Laoch a bhuadhaich, 'na òige, thar dàimh;
Thog an aois a làmh m' an liath.
  Shìn Rothmar a lann thar sonn;
Las fearg, a bha trom, air Fionnghal.
"Gluais, Oiscin, gu còmhrag a null;
Tha mo charaid am òige fo iorghuil."
  Chuir mi suas am bard le fonn;
Thàinig e gu talla nan sonn.
Shuidh Crothar measg armaibh nan triath;
Ghéill a shùil; bu ghlas a chiabh.

In Gillies. 57
lines which
vary considerable
from these but
do not vary much
in meaning.
J. F. Campbell
Feby 24 1871.

(Solvit) liquefacit luctus miseram animam, quæ est (tristis) atra.
Est gaudium in luctu cum paçe,
Quando subsidit arduum certamen (luctuosum) luctûs;
Consumit dolor lugubres sine fructu (inutiliter);
Angusti sunt eorum dies in terrâ fortium,
O filia Toscaris, cujus venustissima est forma.
Cadunt illi ut flores deorsum
In conspectu solis validi lucis,
Quando jacet ros super ejus comas,
Ejus gravi capite existente sub nimbo noctis.
Ausculta tu meam priscam historiam, o virgo;
Est mea memoria conversa ad juventutem victoriarum.
Sub vocem regis continuò elevavi vela.
Appuli ego ad Cromam tumulorum ab oceano,
Cromam, in Inisfalla exercituum (populo abundante),
Arduum domicilium heroum et victoriarum,
Turres canas circa extremitatem littoris,
Urbem Crotharis, magni principis,
Herois qui victoriam-reportavit, in juventâ, de advenis;
At levavit senectus ejus manum circa canum virum.
Extendit Rothmar ejus manum super fortem virum;
Exarsit ira, quæ erat gravis, in (super) Fingale.
" Move-te, Ossiane, ad certamen huc;
Est meus amicus in mea juventâ sub duello."
Misi ego sursum bardum cum cantione;
Venit ille ad domicilium heroum.
Sedebat Crothar inter arma principum;
Deficiebat oculus; erat canus ejus capillus.

An gaisgeach liath air maide thall,
A leadan m' a cheann ag aomadh mall;
Mhùch e fonn air àm a dh'fhalbh;
Bhuail forum ar n-arm a chluas;
Ghluais Crothar, shìn e mach a lámh;
" Ceud fàilte do, shár mhac nam buaidh,
Oisein!" thuirt an laoch, a' còmhradh;
" Thréig spionnadh lámh Chrothair am blár.
Na 'n togain féin an lann gu dòghruinn,
Mar an là thugh Fionnghal a nall
Buaidh ri Srutha nan gleann fiar!
B' esa ceann nan daoine féin;
Bha Crothar gun bheud fo chliu.
Dhomhsa thug e moladh nan treun.
Chuir e copan na sgéithe air chùl,
Sgéith Chalthair, a dh'aom an còmhrag
Fo 'n righ, 's e 'n comhstri nan lann.
Faic ard i ri balla na mòrchuis;
Ghéill mo shùil; tha Crothar dall.
Bheil do neart mar neart nan triath?
Sìn, Oisein, do ruighe do 'n liath."
Thug mi mo ruighe do 'n righ féin;
Ghlac an treun aosda mo lámh;
Bhris an osan o spàirn a chléibhe;
Thuit deura le 'ghruaidh gun tàmh.
" Is làidir thu, a mhic an tréin;
Ao-coltach do ghleus ri triath Mhòirbheinn.
Co esa tha coltach ris féin

Heros canus super baculo ex adverso,
Capillis circa caput se-moventibus tardè;
Supprimebat ille cantum de tempore quod præterierat;
Percussit crepitus nostrorum armorum ejus aurem;
Movit-se Crothar, extendit ille suam manum;
"Centies vale tu, eximie fili* victoriarum,
Ossiane!" dixit heros, me alloquens;
"Reliquit robur manum Crotharis in prœlio.
O si tollerem ipse gladium ad tristia facinora belli,
Sicut in die quo reportavit Fingal huc
Victoriam juxta Strutham convallium sinuosarum!
Erat ille caput virorum (verorum) ipsorum;
Erat Crothar (integer) sine damno (fama celebris)
Mihi dabatur laus strenuorum. [sub fama.
Posuit ille umboniferum scutum (seorsim) à tergo,
Scutum Caltharis, qui cecidit in certamine
Sub rege, cum esset in conflictu gladiorum.
Ecce arduum illud ad murum magnificentiæ;
Defecerunt mei oculi; est Crothar cœcus.
An est tuum robur instar roboris heroum?
Extende, Ossiane, tuum lacertum cano viro."
Dedi ego meum lacertum regi ipsi;
Prehendit strenuus senex meam manum;
Erupit suspirium ab colluctatione pectoris;
Ceciderunt lacrymæ per genam sine intermissione.
"Validus es tu, o fili viri-strenui;
Est similis tua forma principi Morvenis.
Quisnam ille qui est par ipsi

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* Ad verbum—Centum salutes eximio filio.

Measg ghaisgeach nan ceud an còmhrag?
Sgaoilear mo chuirm anns an talla;
Togadh gach bard caoin am fonn;
'S mòr esa tha 'n iadhadh mo bhalla,
Shìol Chròm' 'ni freagar ri tonn!"
A' chuirm sgaoilte, chualas an ceòl,
Ard shòlas an talla nan triath;
Ach sòlus mu 'n osan fo scleò,
Am bròn còmhnuidh dorcha sa' chliabh,
Mar sholus fann o ré, 's i faoin,
Tha sgaoileadh mu mhala nan speur.
Thraogh an ceòl, is labhair le fòill
Righ Chròma, dha 'm b' aosda cruth;
Gun deoir labhair ceannard nan seòd,
Dh' at am bròn am meadhon a ghuth.
" 'Shìl Fhionnghail, nach fhaic thu, thréin,
An dùbhra dubh measg aoibhneas Chrothair?
Cha robh mulad an cuirm orm féin,
'Nuair bu bheò seoid a bheumadh còmhrag.
Am fianuis dàimh bu mhòr mo shòlas,
'Nuair a shoillsich mo chòrr mhac a' chuirm:
Ach gath sin a thréig mi fo dhòghruinn,
Gun fhàgail deò soluis air chùl.
Thuit e, shìl Fhionnghail nan treun,
An còmhrag nam beum a' m chòir.
Chuala Rothmar an Tromlo fo fheur
Gu 'n dhùinear o leus mo shùile;
Chual' e mu m' armaibh gun fheum,

Inter heroas centuriarum in certamine?
Exponatur meum convivium in domicilio;
Tollat quisque bardus canorus suum cantum;
Magnus est ille qui est in circuitu meorum murorum,
O semen Cromæ quæ respondet fluctui!"
Epulo exposito, audiebantur eorum cantus,
Et summum gaudium in domicilio principum;
At gaudium circa-eorum suspiria sub nebulâ,
Dolore manente obscurè in eorum pectore,
Instar lucis debilis ab lunâ, quando est languida,
Quæ sparsa est circa supercilium cœlorum.
Subsedit cantus, et locutus est cum comitate
Rex Cromæ, cui maximè senilis erat forma;
Sine lacrymis locutus est princeps heroum,
At intumescebat dolor in mediâ voce.
"O semen Fingalis, nonne vides tu, strenue,
Tristitiam atram inter lætitiam Crotharis?
Non fuit mœror in convivio super me ipsum,
Quando erant vivi heroes qui ederent certamen.
In conspectu advenarum fuit magna mea lætitia,
Quando illuminabat meus egregius filius epulum:
At radius ille est qui me reliquit sub luctu,
Sine relinquendo scintillam lucis à tergo.
Cecidit ille, o semen Fingalis strenui,
In certamine vulnerum me coram.
Audivit Rothmar in Tromlâ gramineâ
Quod clauderentur sub maculâ mei oculi;
Audivit ille de meis armis (inutilibus) sine usu,

Air balla nan teud fo smùire
Chual' e sud: an ardan mhòr
Thàinig e do Chròma le stoirm;
Thuit mo shluagh leis an còmhrag còrr,
Las fearg mi 'na chò'-dhail fo m' airm.
Ciod a dheanadh Crothar fo leus?
Mo cheuma gun bheud fo mhùig.
Mo bhròn! mi gun treoir, is gun bheum!
Truagh! nach tilleadh na làì chaidh null!
Na làì treun san d' thug mi còmhrag,
'Nuair choisinn mi mòr chliù na strì.
Thill mo mhac o fhuaim na seilg,
Faobhar-gorm nan leadan ciar;
Cha do thogadh leis riamh claidheamh le feirg,
Og ruighe gun mheirg lag fo sgeith;
Mòr anam an òig a leumadh.
Las solus nach géilleadh o 'shùilibh;
Chunnaic e fo bhròn mo cheuma,
Mhosgail osna nam beus o 'urla.
'A righ Chroma,' so labhair an treun,
''N ann air son nach dhuit fhéin a tha mac,
'N ann air son gu 'm bheil mise gun fheum,
Ghluais osna do chléibhe fo smachd?
Faireaghadh m' athair féin mo neart;
Tharruing mi cruaidh-bheart nan lann;
'Na m' òige 's annsa leam feart;
Lùb mi bogha nan teud gu mall;
Tachraidh mi ri Rothmar an còmhrag,

In domicilio chordarum sub pulvere (rubigine)
Audivit ille id : in superbiâ magnâ
Venit ille ad Cromam (furiosus) cum procellâ ;
Cecidit meus populus per eum in certamine insigni,
Accendit ira me ad ei occurrendum sub meis armis.
Quid faceret Crothar sub cataractâ ?
Meis passibus sine damno-inferendo sub nebulâ.
Proh dolor meus ! me esse sine vi, et sine ictu !
Miserum ! non redire dies qui abierunt !
Dies strenuos quibus edidi ego certamen,
Quando potitus sum magnâ famâ conflictûs.
Rediit meus filius à clamore venationis,
Favorgormus capillorum fuscorum ;
Haud sublatus est ab eo unquam gladius cum irâ,
Juvene lacerto sine rubigine infirmo sub parmâ ;
At magno animo adolescentis subsiliente.
Exarsit lux haud cessura ab oculis;
Vidit ille sub luctu meos passus,
Exortum est suspirium (decorè) cum decore e pectore.
'Rex Cromæ,' hoc locutus est strenuus adolescens,
'An est propterea quod non tibi ipsi est filius,
An est propterea quod sum ego (inutilis) sine usu,
Quod commotum est suspirium tui pectoris sub coercitione ?
Pertentet meus pater ipse meum robur ;
Strinxi ego duram laminam gladiorum ;
In mea juventa est grata mihi virtus ;
Tetendi ego arcum nervorum lentè ;
Occurram ego Rothmari in coniflictu,

Le sìol Chròma nam mòr ghnìomh
Tachraidh mi ri Rothmar air còmhnard.'
Las m' anam gu còrr gun ghìamh.
' Tachair ris an triath fo lann,
Mhic Chrothair, tha mall gun fheum,
Ach biodh gaisgich eile air cheann,
Gus an cluinn am fear dall do cheum.
Cha 'n fhaic mo shùil thu ann do chruaidh,
Fhaobhair-ghuirm nan ruadh chiabh.'
Ghluais, thachair, is thuit, an t-òg.
Tha Rothmar ri Cròma nam fleagh,
Esa reub mo mhac, bu chòrr,
Le roinn gorm a mhòir shleagh."
Cha 'n àm gu lìonadh nan corn,
'S mi glacadh na 'm dhorn an t-sleagh.
Chunnaic càirde mi lasadh gu còrr;
Ghrad-ghluais iad o mhòir fhleagh.
Shiubhail sinn ro' oiche am fraoch:
Ghlas maduinn gu caoin o ear;
Dh' éirich romham gleann uaine caol,
Fiar shruthan a' taomadh ro 'n lear.
Bha Rothmar ann le fearta ciar
Fo 'n armaibh, bha liath ri soillse.
Bhuail air caol-fada nan gleann;
Theich naimhde, thuit Rothmar fo 'm lann.
Mu 'n do cheilcar an là fo iar,
Ghlac Crothar airm Rothmhair nan sgiath;
Dh' fhairich 'na aois iad le 'laimh,
Mìn shòlas a' snàmh m'a smaointe.

Cum semine Cromæ magnorum facinorum
Occurram ego Rothmari in campo.'
Exarsit meus animus eximie sine utilitate.
 ‘ Occurre principi sub telo,
Nate Crothare, qui est tardus (inutilis) sine usu,
At sint heroes alii ad caput, (id est, antecedant)
Ut audiat vir cœcus tuos passus.
Non cernit meus oculus te in tuâ dura-armaturâ,
Favorgorme fuscorum capillorum.'
Processit, occurrit, et cecidit, adolescens.
Est Rothmar prope Cromam conviviorum,
Ille qui laceravit meum filium, qui fuit egregius,
Cum cuspide cæruleâ ingentis hastæ."
 Non tempus est ad expletionem cornuum,
Cum ego prehenderem in meo pugno hastam.
Conspexerunt amici me ardescentem eximie;
Continuo excesserunt illi è magno convivio.
Perreximus per noctem in ericâ:
Incanuit matutinum-tempus blandè ab oriente;
Surrexit præ me vallis viridis angusta,
Sinuoso rivulo se-effundente per ejus planitum.
Erat Rothmar ibi cum copiis torvis
Sub suis armis, quæ erant cana ad lucem.
Pugnavimus (percussimus) in valle longâ angustâ;
Fugerunt hostes, cecidit Rothmar sub meo telo.
Antequam occultatus est dies sub occidentali plagâ,
Prehendit Crothar arma Rothmaris (scutigeri) scuto-[rum;
Tractavit senex ea cum manibus,
Molli solatio natante circa cogitationes.

Thionail sluagh gu talla nan triath;
Chualas forum nan slige fial;
Mhosgail clàrsach nan teud mall;
Cuig barda ma seach le rann
Togail cliu mu mhac nan treun,
Is mu Oisian, fear ùr nan ceud;
Anam a' lasadh suas fo 'urla,
Fonn a' freagradh fo thùr nan teud.
Ro mhòr mhosgail sòlas air sluagh;
Gu Cròma thill buaidh fo shìth.
Thàinig oiche ciuin is balbh;
Chaidh maduinn air falbh fo shòlas;
Cha d' thàinig naimhde an dùbhra dùint',
A' tarruing o 'n cùl na mòir shleagh;
Bu mhòr an sòlas thog an sluagh,
Is Rothmar gun tuar air leirg.
Thog mi fonn air òg am bàs,
'Nuair chuir iad fo làr an triath;
Crothar aosda, 's e 'g aomadh trom,
Gun osna o 'n t sonn mu 'mhac.
Dh' iarr is fhuair e lot 'na bhroilleach;
Dealradh soluis am measg a bhròin.
'Nam chomhair thàinig an treun dall;
Ghlac e mo làmh, is e labhairt.
" A righ na sleagh, a's géire ceann,
Thuit mo mhac fo lann le cliu;
Cha do theich mo ghaisgeach ro' ghleann;
Thachair esa ri bàs gun smùir,

Convenit populus ad domicilium principis;
Exaudiebatur crepitus concharum hospitalium;
Expergefecerunt citharas chordarum lentarum;
Quinque bardi alternè cum cantionibus
Tollentes famam filii strenui Crotharis,
Et Ossiani, viri novi ad (pugnas) centurias;
Animis eorum exardescentibus sursum sub pectoribus,
Et modulis respondentibus næniæ chordarum.
Ingens exorta est lætitia in populo;
Ad Cromam rediit victoria sub pace.
Venit nox tranquilla et tacita;
Abiit matutinum-tempus sub lætitia;
Haud venerunt hostes in obscuritate clausi,
Trahentes à tergo ingentes hastas;
Magnum fuit gaudium quod sortitus est populus,
Rothmare existente sine colore in clivo.
Sustuli ego meum cantum super adolescente in morte,
Quando condiderunt illi sub humum principem;
Crothare sene se-inclinante (mœstè) gravem
Sine suspirio ab heroe circa filium.
Quæsivit et invenit ille vulnus in summo pectore;
Emicuit lux e medio dolore.
Ad me prope venit heros (strenuus) cœcus;
Prehendit ille meam manum, alloquens.
"O rex hastarum, cujus acutissima est cuspis,
Cecidit meus filius sub gladio cum gloriâ;
Haud fugit meus heros per vallem;
Occurrit ille morti sine labe,

Is e dlùthadh ri neart nan naimhde.
Sona na h-òig treun, a thriath',
Mu 'n cluinnear cliu fo chiar a' bhàis !
Cha 'n fhaic iad an talla nan sgiath
Fiamh gàire mu chrionaich an làimh' ;
Cuimhn' orra-sa measg fonn na mòirchuis,
Deoir ghlana bhan-òg mu 'n ùir.
Ceart gu 'n seac an aois o chòmhrag,
Chuir treunas an òige fo chliu ;
Iadsa fo dhiochuimhn nam beò ;
An dìomhaireas tuiteas iad thall,
Gun osna mhall o 'm macaibh féin ;
An sòlas togar suas an carn,
Gun deoir air làr mu chlach nan treun.
Sona na h-òig treun, a thriath,
Mu 'n cluinnear cliu fo chiar a' bhàis !

Cum appropinquabat ad copias hostium.
Beati juvenes strenui, o princeps,
De quibus auditur laus sub obscuritate mortis !
Haud cernunt illi in domicilio scutorum
Derisum circa marcorem suarum manuum ; [ficentiæ,
Est memoria eorum inter modos (magnificos) magni-
Et (sunt) lacrymæ lucidæ feminarum juvenum circa
[recentem tellurem (sepulchrum).
Æquum est marcescere senectam (procul) a certamine,
Quæ (reddidit) misit strenuitatem in juventute (cele-
[brem) sub famam ;
Ipsis existentibus sub oblivione vivorum ;
In occulto cadent illi ex adverso,
Sine suspirio lento ab filiis suis ;
In lætitiâ tolletur in altum eorum saxea-moles,
Sine lacrymis (cadentibus) super terram circa saxum
Beati juvenes strenui, o princeps, [strenuorum virorum.
De quibus auditur laus sub obscuritate mortis !"

CALTHON ET COLMALA.

Argumentum.

In hoc carmine, ut sæpius solet, poeta quendam priorum, ad Christianam fidem propagandam missorum, alloquitur. Memoriæ ita proditur historia: In terra Britonum inter Muros, tempore Fingalis, duo erant principes; quorum alter, Dunthalmo, crudelitate, et ambitione infamis, Teuthæ (sive Tuedæ, ut creditur) dominus erat; alter, Rathmor, hospitalitate et munificentiâ insignis, ad Clutham (cui nunc etiam nomen Cluda est) habitavit. Ex invidiâ Dunthalmo, aut ob privatum aliquid inter domos odium, Rathmorem in convivio interfecit; at, scelere postea cruciatus, Rathmoris filios Calthonem et Colmarem domi suæ educavit. Juvenes ad virilem ætatem proventi, ambiguas quasdam de patris cæde ulciscendâ voces protulerunt; et ideò a Dunthalmone duobus ad Teuthæ ripas cavernis, quò clanculum tollerentur, erant inclusi. Colmal intereà, Dunthalmonis filia, quæ secretò Calthonem amavit, eum custodiâ liberavit, et bellatoris apparatum induta, ad Fingalem unà confugiens, auxilium contra Dunthalmonem petiit. Fingal Ossianum cum trecentis ad Colmarem eripiendum bellatoribus misit. Dunthalmo, Colmare priùs trucidato, cum Ossiano prœlio congressus, ipse occisus et exercitus penitùs fusus est.

Calthon uxorem duxit Colmalem liberatorem, et Ossianus ad Morvenem rediit.

CALTHONN IS CAOLMHAL.

v. 1–20.

Glan guth na fonna do thréin,
Fhir tha tunaidh leat féin an còs,
E a' tearnadh mar shruth o bheinn
An caol-ghleann na gréine dhomhs'.
Fhir a thàinig o mhoigh nan Gall,
Mosglaidh m' anam an talla nam fleagh;
Mar na làì am bliadhnaibh thall,
Tha mi 'sìneadh mo làmh gu sleagh;
Tha mi sìneadh mo làmh tha lag,
Is an osun fo smachd mo chléibh'.
An cluinn thu, shìl na còs an craig,
Fonn o Oisian mu ‘òg-ghnìomh féin?
Tha m' anamsa mu 'n aimsir mhòr;
Thill solus is sòlas do thriath.
Mar so féin a chithear a' ghrian
Is i siubhal san iar an soillse,
An déigh do ‘ceuma gluasad fo nial,
Tullaich uaine nan sìan a' boillsge,
Na srutha gorm an sòlas sa' ghleann;
An sean laoch air lorg, is e triall,

CALTHON ET COLMALA.

v. 1–20.

Est pura vox modulorum strenuis,
O vir qui es habitans tecum ipso in caverna,
Ipsâ descendente instar rivi à monte
In angustâ valle solis mihi.
Vir qui venisti à campo Gallorum,
Expergiscitur meus animus in aulâ conviviorum;
Ut in diebus annorum ultra (hos),
Sum ego tendens meam manum ad hastam;
Sum ego tendens meam manum quæ est imbecilla,
Suspirio sub coercitione mei pectoris.*
An auscultabis, o semen cavernæ in saxo, [ipsius?
(Modulum) melos ab Ossiano de juvenilibus factis
Est meus animus circa tempus magnum;
Rediit lux et lætitia principi.
Modo hoc ipso cernitur sol
Pergens in occidente in luce,
Postquam ejus passus se-moverunt sub nubem,
Tumulis viridibus nimborum splendentibus,
Fluentis cæruleis in lætitia in valle;
Sene heroe super baculo et eunte,

---

* i. e. suppresso in meo pectore.

A liath chiabha lasadh m'a cheann.
Am faic fear tunaidh nan còs ciar
Sgiath mhòr Oisein an ard an talla
Fo chomhara scara nan còmhrag?
Thréig an soillse glan a balla,
Tha meirg air a balla, mo dhòghruinn!
An sgiath sin féin air thaobh an tréin,
Fir riaglaidh nan ceud' air Tuaide;
Air thaabh Dhunthalmo nam mòr bheum
Seal mu 'n thuit e fo gheur na cruaidhse.
Cluinn-sa, fhir tunaidh nan còs ciar,
Mòr sgeul air na bliadnaibh tha thall.
  Mòr Rathmor nan triath ri Cluai.
Thunaidh lagaich na truaighe fo 'thlàth;
Cha do dhùnadh riamh dorsa nam buaidh,
Cuirm is fleagh a' dol suas a ghnàth.
Thàinig sìol coigrich nan Gall
Le faoilte do shàr na féile;
Thog barda na duana 's na dàin;
Bhuaileadh clàrsaiche mall fo theudaibh;
Las sòlas an eudan a' bhròin.
Dunthalmo còrr, an ardain mhòir,
Ghluais e grad an còmhrag Rathmhoir:
Bhuain triath na Cluai a bhuaidh bu chòrr;
Dunthalmo fo fheirg, is e lasadh.
Thàinig fo oiche le 'shluagh;
Thuit Rathmor fo chruaidh nan lann;
Thuit e an talla nan luaidh,

Ejus canis capillis flammescentibus circa ejus caput.
An cernit vir habitationis cavernarum fuscarum
Clypeum magnum Ossiani in arduo (laqueari) aulæ
Sub signis ictuum certaminis?
Reliquit ejus splendor purus meum murum,
Est ferrugo super ejus umbonibus, meus angor!
Fuit clypeus ille ipse super latere strenui,
Viri-rectoris centuriarum apud Tuedam;
Super latere Dunthalmonis magnarum plagarum,
Antequam cecidit ille sub acie duri-ferri hujus.
Ausculta, vir habitationis cavernarum fuscarum,
Magnam historiam de annis qui sunt ultra (hos).
 Fuit magnus Rathmor ex principibus juxta Glottam.
Habitabant imbecilli miseriæ sub ejus tepore;
Haud claudebantur unquam portæ victoriarum,
Epulo et convivio euntibus sursùm de more.
Veniebat semen peregrinorum Gallorum
Cum salutatione ad egregium-virum festi;
Tollebant bardi cantica et carmina;
Pellebantur citharæ lentæ sub chordis;
Flammescebat lætitia in animo luctûs.
Dunthalmo eximius superbiæ magnæ,
Processit ille ocyùs in certamen Rathmoris:
Adeptus est princeps Glottæ victoriam, quæ erat egregia;
Dunthalmo sub irâ, et is flammescens,
Venit sub nocte cum suis copiis;
Cecidit Rathmor sub duro-ferro telorum;
Cecidit ille in aulâ laudum,

Anns na sgaoileadh fleagh luath nach gann,
'Nuair bhiodh coigrich nan Gall m' an cuairt.
  Bha Colmar is Calthonn an òige,
Dà mhac còrr triath mhòir nan carbad;
Thàinig iad le sòlas is mòrchuis
Gu talla mòr an athar féin;
Sheall iad air-sa 'na fhuil,
Is theiring an tuil o 'n gruaidh.
Leagh anam Dhunthalmo gu 'bhun,
'Nuair chunnaic e sìol gun luaidh.
Gu Alteutha, tùr na sìana,
Mhosgail iad tigh thriath a' chòmhraig;
Lùb iad na boghan na fhianuis,
Is thearnadh iad sìos gu chomhstri.
Chunnas balladh an athar air làr,
An droighionn uaine fàs san talla:
Thuit deura mu ghruaidh nan sàr,
'S an eudan air àm fo smala.
Cha do sheachuinn Dunthalmo am bròn;
Bha 'anam fo mhòrchuis mu 'm bàs;
Chuir esa iad sìos an dà chòs
Aig Teutha nan ro-thoirm tha fàs.
Cha d' thàinig grian le dhearrsa féin,
Cha d' thàinig ré nan speur san oiche:
An duibhre bha còmhnuidh nan treun,
An duibhre gun leus gun soills',
Iadsa coimhead gu dìomhair ri bàs.
  Deoir shàmhach air nighinn an triath,
Air Caolmhal nan ciabh 's nan rosg mall;

In quâ expandebatur convivium celeriter haud par-
Cum essent advenæ Gallorum circum circa. [cum,
Fuerunt Colmar et Calthon in juventute,
Duo filii egregii principis magni curruum;
Venerunt illi cum gaudio et fastu
Ad aulam magnam patris ipsorum;
Prospexerunt illi in eum in suo sanguine,
Et descendit diluvium ab eorum genâ.
Liquefactus est animus Dunthalmonis usque ad imum,
Quando vidit ille ejus semen sine laude.
Ad Alteutham, turrem nimborum,
Expergefecerunt illi domum principis certaminis;
Flectebant illi arcus in ejus conspectu,
Et descendebant illi deorsum ad ejus concertationem.
Visus est murus sui patris humi,
Sentis viridis nascens in aulâ:
Ceciderunt lacrymæ circa genas egregiorum,
Eorum vultu interdum sub labe.
Haud fugit Dunthalmonem eorum dolor; [mortem;
Fuit ejus animus in magnâ anxietate circâ eorum
Demisit ille eos deorsum in duas cavernas [tus.
Apud Teutham ingentis-murmuris qui erat indistinc-
Haud venit sol cum radiatione ipsius,
Haud venit luna cœlorum in nocte:
In obscuritate fuit habitatio strenuorum,
In obscuritate sine flammâ, sine luce,
Ipsis expectantibus secretò suam mortem.
Lacrymis tacitis super filiâ principis,
Super Comalâ capillorum et ciliorum lentorum;

Bha 'sùile air Calthonn fo fhiamh;
Ata 'àille 'na cliabh air àm.
Chrith anam na h-òigh m' a treun;
Beag do chomusa féin a dheanamh:
Cha 'n éirich do ruighe féin air beum;
Cha robh lann riamh gu feum mu d' iadhadh.
Cha mhosgail d' urla bàn fo mhàile;
Cha ghiorag do shàraibh do shùil:
A Chaolmhal an uchd chorraich àillidh,
Beag do chomusa féin mu d' rùn!
Is lìonmhor is gearr bha 'ceuma,
Leadan àillidh leum m' a ceann,
Sùile alluigh losgadh ro' 'deuraibh,
Ainnir ghasda nam beus air chall.
Thàinig i san oiche gu talla;
Chuir i cruth gun smala fo chruaidh,
Cruaidh laoich an òige a chailleadh,
Thuit an còmhrag ri caladh nan stuadh.
Thàinig i gu còs a rùin féin,
Is dh' fhuasgail i o 'n treun an iall.
“ Eirich, a shìl Rathmhoir nam beum;
Eirich, tha 'n oiche gun ré fo ghruaim;
Teicheam id gu Selma nan teud,
Shàir cheannaird nan treun o Chluthai.
'S mise mac Lamhgheal nan tòrr,
Dha 'm bu thunaidh mòr thùra t' athar;
Chuala mi do dhorchadh an còs,
Ghluais m' anam le bròn a caitheadh.

Fuerunt ejus oculi super Calthonem sub trepidatione;
Est ejus pulchritudo in ejus pectore interdum.
Tremebat animus virginis circa suum strenuum;
Est parva tua potestas ipsius ad agendum:
Haud surgunt tui lacerti ipsius ad ictum;
Haud fuit telum unquam ad rem-gerendam circa tuum ambitum.
Non expergiscitur tuum pectus candidum sub loricâ;
Non metus (est) egregiis tuus oculus:
O Comala sinûs præcipitis formosi,
Est parva tua potestas ipsius circa tuum amorem!
Et frequentes et rapidi fuerunt ejus gradus,
Crinibus formosis salientibus circa suum caput,
Oculis feris ardentibus per suas lacrymas,
Virgine speciosâ venustatum deperditâ.*
Venit illa in nocte ad aulam;
Misit suam formam sine labe sub dura-armaturam,
Duram bellatoris in juventute (amissi) qui amissus est,
Qui cecidit in certamine ad fretum fluctuum.
Venit illa ad cavernam amoris sui,
Et (liberavit) solvit illa à strenuo lorum.
  "Surge, o semen Rathmoris plagarum;
Surge, est nox sine lunâ sub torvitate;
Fugiamus ad Selmam chordarum,
Egregie dux strenuorum à Glottâ.
Sum ego natus Lamgale tumulorum,
Cui fuit habitatio magnæ turres tui patris;
Audivi ego te caligare in cavernâ,
Commotus est meus animus cum dolore se-consumens.

* i. e. sui oblitâ.

Eirich, a shìl Rathmhoir nam beum;
Eirich, tha oiche gun ré fo ghruaim."
"A ghuth speura," fhreagair an triath,
A thàinig o nial gu Calthonn,
Tha sàmhla mo shinns're a' triall,
Is gu tric a' dol sìos an aisling,
O 'n là thréig a' ghrian mo shùil,
'S an dorcha so dlùthadh m' an cuairt.
No 'n tusa mac Làmhgheal nam beum,
An triath chunna' mi féin aig Cluai?
'N teich mise gu Selma nan teud,
Is Colmar gun fheum fo chruaidh?
'N teich mise gu Mòrbheinn nan sìan,
Is Colmar gun trian do 'shoillse?
Cha teich—Thoir dhomh féin do shleagh,
Shìl Làimhgheal nam fleagh fo dhàna;
Bithidh Calthonn m' an cuairt do 'bhràthair."
"Làn mhìle triath" thuirt sgèimh na h-òigh',
Le 'n sleaghaibh mòr mu chòir nan carbad:
Ciod a ni òg Chalthonn nan tòrr,
Am measg coi'-thional slòigh an armaibh?
Teicheam id gu righ na mòir bheinn;
Thig esa a nall le còmhrag;
Tha 'ruighe a sgaoileadh air gach àm
Gu na truaigh tha 'n call an dòghruinn;
Mar dhealan mu lagaich tha 'lann.
Eirich, a shìl Rathmhoir nam beum;
Siolaidhidh oiche gun fheum o thriath;

Surge, semen Rathmoris plagarum;
Surge, est nox sine lunâ sub torvitate.”
“O vox cœlorum,” respondit princeps,
“Quæ venisti è nube ad Calthonem,
Est simulacrum meorum proavorum proficiscens
Et sæpius veniens deorsùm in somnio,
Ex die, quo reliquit sol meum oculum,
Hac caligine appropinquante in circuitum.
Aut es tu filius Lamgalis plagarum,
Princeps, quem vidi ego ipse ad Clutham?
An fugiam ego ad Selmam chordarum,
Et Colmare sine vi in duris-rebus?
An fugiam ego ad Morvenem nimborum,
Et Colmare sine exiguâ particulâ lucis?
Non fugiam.—Da mihi ipsi tuam hastam,
Semen Lamgalis conviviorum sub carminibus;
Sit Calthon in circuitum sui fratris.”
“(Totis) plenis mille principibus,” dixit pulchritudo [virginis,
“Cum eorum hastis magnis circa viciniam curruum,
Quid faciet juvenis Calthon tumulorum
In medio conventûs copiarum in armis?
Fugiamus ad regem magni montis;
Veniet ille huc cum certamine;
Sunt ejus lacerti se-expandentes in singulo tempore
Ad miseros qui percunt in angore:
Instar fulguris circa infirmos est ejus gladius;
Surge, semen Rothmaris plagarum;
Evanescet nox sine utilitate à principe,

Eirich; chi an là do cheum;
Tuitidh 'n òige mòr threun nan sgiath."
  Ghrad ghluais fo osna an triath,
A dheoir a' dol sìos mu Cholmar.
Thàinig e gu Selma nan sìan
Gun fhios da air sgéimh na h-òige.
Bha ceann-bheart air an eudan chaoin;
Mhosgail brollach gu baoth fo chruaidh.
Théiring o ard sheilg an treun;
Chunnas coigrich gun bheud 'na chòir,
Mar dhà dhearrsa o shoillse speur,
An talla nan ceud slige còrr.
Chual' an righ sgeul bròin o Chluai;
Chuir e 'shùile m' an cuairt le feirg.
Ghluais mìle mu chòmhrag na Tuaide
Leth-mhosgladh na cruaidhe gun mheirg.
Thàinig mi le sleagh o shliabh,
Ard shòlas a' lasadh mo chléibhe;
Labhair am mòr righ ri Oisian,
Air thoiseach am meadhon nan triath.
  "A ghath mo threunais," thuirt an righ,
"Shìl Fhionnghail, gu strì tog mo shleagh;
Gabh gu Tuaid' nan sruth corrach o fhrìth;
Tearuinn Colmar nan carbad fleagh;
Thigeadh do chliù-sa a' m' fhianuis,
Mar aiteal dol sìos anns a' ghleann,
Gus an éirich mo smuainte an ìosal
Mu mo shìol, mu ùr-chliu nam beann.
Bi-sa, Oisein, mar ghaillinn an còmhrag,

Surge; cernet dies tuum passum;
Cadet in juventute magnus heros clypeorum."
Statim processit sub suspirio princeps,
Ejus lacrymis euntibus deorsum propter Colmarem.
Venit ille ad Selmam nimborum
Sine notitiâ ei de pulchritudine juvenis.
Erat capitis-machina super ejus vultu blando;
Expergiscebatur pectus inaniter sub durâ-armaturâ.
Venit ab arduâ venatione strenuus (Fingal);
Visi sunt advenæ sine defectu eo coram,
Ut duo radii ex luce cœli,*
In aulâ centum concharum eximiarum.
Audivit rex historiam doloris à Cluthâ-Glotta;
Misit ille suos oculos in circuitum cum irâ.
Moverunt-se mille propter certamen Tuedæ
Semi-experrecti in durâ-armaturâ sine ferrugine.
Veni ego cum hastâ è clivo,
Ardua lætitia flammescente in meo pectore;
Locutus est magnus rex ad Ossianum,
Primum in medio principum.
"O jubar meæ strenuitatis," dixit rex,
"Semen Fingalis, ad certamen tolle meam hastam;
Capesse (viam) ad Tuedam fluminum præcipitûm ex [saltu;
Serva Colmarem curruum et conviviorum;
Veniat fama tua in meum conspectum,
Sicut aura iens deorsum in valle,
Donec surgant meæ cogitationes in occulto
Propter meum semen, propter novam famam montium.
Esto tu, Ossiane, ut procella in certamine,

---

* i. e. à sole.

Gu ciuin is gun mhòrchuis do naimhde;
Mar so féin ghlan an cliu dhomhsa;
Bi-sa, Oisein, mar mhòr-thriath Shelma;
'Nuair thig dàna nam focala treuna
Gu talla nan teud, chrom mo shùile,
Tha mo ruighe a' sìneadh gu beuma,
'Nuair thig lagaich fo bheud a' m' ionnsuidh,
Mo chlaidheamh an còmhnuidh gu 'n dìon."
  Ghluais sòlas o fhocail an righ;
Chaidh mise gun strì fo airmibh;
Ri mo thaobh ghluais Diaran nam frìth,
Is Deargo, ard righ nan gorm shleagh;
Tri cheuda o òigre nan gleann
An déigh mo cheuma air a mhagh,
Na coigrich a' triall ri m' thaobh.
Chuala Dunthalmo am fuaim
O astar na cruaidh' gu 'thìr;
Choi'-thionail e neart na gann Tuaid:
Air tulaich sheas sluaigh gu strì,
Mar charraige briste le torrunn,
Ag iadhadh fo fhorum nan crann
Gun duille, 's iad dàithte fo dhonadh;
Gun srutha a' tuiteam gu gann
Air ciaradh is fiaradh an còs.
  Bha Tuaid le fuaim a' gluasad mòr
Roimh naimhde garbh nan còrr.
Grad imicheadh barda 'nan còir;
Tairgeadh còmhrag do sheòd Dhùnthal.
Fiamh gàire fo dhorcha a mhòirchuis,

Leniter et sine superbiâ hostibus;*
Modo hocce enituit fama mihi;
Esto tu, Ossiane, ut magnus princeps Selmæ;
Quando veniunt audaces verborum ferocium
Ad aulam chordarum, se-curvant mei oculi,
Sunt mei lacerti se-tendentes ad plagas,
Quando veniunt imbecilli sub damno ad me usque,
Meo gladio constanter eos tegente."
  Processit gaudium à verbis regis;
Ivi ego sine certando sub arma;
Ad meum latus movit-se Diaran saltuum,
Et Derga, arduus rex cærulearum hastarum;
Trecentis ex juventute vallium
Post meos passus super agro,
Advenis euntibus ad meum latus.
Audivit Dunthalmo eorum sonitum
Ex itinere duræ-armaturæ ad ejus terram;
Collegit ille robur asperæ Tuedæ:
Super tumulis steterunt ejus copiæ ad certandum,
Ut rupes perruptæ cum tonitru,
Se-obliquantes sub fremitu arborum
Sine foliis, atque illis subustis sub læsione;
Sine fluento cadente parcè
Super offuscationem et obliquitatem cavernarum.
  Erat Tueda cum sonitu se-movens ingens
Præ hostibus asperis insolitarum opacitatum.
Ocyùs proficiscantur bardi iis coram;
Offeratur certamen bellatoribus Dunthalæ.
Fuit falsus risus sub caligine ejus superbiæ,

---

* i. e. Leniter, cum sine superbiâ fuerint hostes.

'S a ghaisgeacha do-aill air sliabh,
Mar niala air tòrra na scor-bheinn,
'Nuair bhriseas a' mhòr-ghaoth an taobh,
Sgaoileadh an ciabha dubh m' an cuairt.
  Thug iad Colmar òg gu Tuaid,
Iomadh iall gu cruaidh mu 'n triath.
Bha 'n gaisgeach an ceuma fo ghruaim,
A shùile dol suas gu thrian,
Ag iadhadh mu 'chairde gu léir.
Sheas sinne fo threun 'nan airm,
Uisge Thuaid a' bruailleinn le beuc.
Thàinig Dunthalmo le 'ghorm shleagh;
Bhuail e 'n gaisgeach glan san taobh;
Thuit e air bruachan a' mhagh
Am fuil, is chual' sinne gu 'n cùl,
Na h-osna gu dlùth o 'chliabh.
  Leum mi air mo shleagh gun dàil;
Ghabh Calthonn an snàmh le leum;
Thuit Tuaid is a h-òigre fo 'r 'làimh;
Thuit duibhre na h-oidhch' air na treun'.
Shuidh Dunthalmo air arda scòrr
Measg coille neo-òg, fo fhuaim;
Las fearg ann a urla gu mòr,
Ri Calthonn còrr nan carbad luath.
Sheas Calthonn féin fo bhròn,
Fo bhròn mu Cholmar, a thuit sìos,
Colmar glan, a thuit 's e òg,
Seal mu 'n d' éirich a chliu fo sgeith.
  Cuir suas fonn ciar a' bhròin,

Ejus bellatoribus ingentibus super clivo,
Instar nubium super tumulis scopulosorum-montium,
Quando dirumpit magnus ventus earum latus,
Dispergens earum capillos atros in circuitum.
  Attulerunt illi Colmarem juvenem ad Tuedam,
Multis loris durè (vinctis) circa principem.
Erat bellator in passibus sub tetricitate,
Ejus oculis euntibus sursum nonnunquam,
Se-obliquantibus circa suos amicos omnes.
Stetimus nos sub strenuis in armis,
Aquâ Tuedæ resonante cum gemitu.
Venit Dunthalmo cum suo cærulâ hastâ;
Percussit ille bellatorem (elegantem) purum in latere;
Cecidit ille super crepidine agri
In sanguine, et audivimus nos usque ad eorum tergum,*
Singultus frequenter ex ejus pectore.
  Prosilui ego super meâ hastâ sine morâ;
Cepit Calthon natationem cum saltu;
Cecidit Tueda et ejus juventus sub nostris manibus;
Cecidit obscuritas noctis super strenuos.
Sedit Dunthalmo super culmine scopuli
Inter sylvam haud novam sub sonitu;
Flammescebat ira in ejus pectore magnopere,
Contra Calthonem egregium curruum velocium.
Stetit Calthon ipse sub dolore,
Sub dolore propter Colmarem, qui cecidit deorsum,
Colmarem elegantem, qui cecidit juvenis,
Parumper antequam surrexit ejus fama sub clypeo.
  Mitte sursum melos fuscum luctûs,

---

* i. e. perfectè.

A bhaird tha còrr; tha triath fo luaidh.
Sheas esa fo dharaig mhòir,
Tric a' tilgeadh air lòn a chruaidh.
Bha rosga caoin Chaoilmhal fo dheoir,
Gu dìomhair, ach mòr m' a gruaidh:
Chunnaic i bàs a h-athar féin,
No tuiteam an tréin o Chluai.
  Theich oidhche gu bloigh o na speur';
Thuit sàmhchair is dùbhra mu mhagh;
Bha 'anam ag aomadh d' a fhéin,
Iadhadh cadail mu threun nan sleagh:
Leth-fhosgladh sùile do 'n triath,
Toirm Thuaide a' fiaradh m' a chluais:
Gun tuar, 's a luaidh a lota mòr,
Thàinig fuath (fuathas) Cholmair gu 'leus;
Bha 'aomadh thar triath nan tùr còrr,
Is mhosgail gann is fann a ghuth.
  "An cadal so do mhac nan sgiath,
Oidhche fo liath, a bhràthair shìos?
Nach d' éirich gu seilge nan sliabh,
'Nuair a lean sinn na ciara mu chruaich?
Cha do dhio-chuimhn' thu Colmar, a thriath',
Ach aig iadhadh a' bhàis m' a 'òige;
Tha mi gun tuar fo chruaich an lòin;
Eireadh Calthonn; là òg ag éirigh;
Thig Dunthalmo le gnìomh neo-chòir."
  Shiubhail e luath am fuaim na gaoith;
Chunnaic Calthonn a cheuma 's e falbh;

O barde qui es egregius; est princeps sub laude.*
Stetit ille sub quercu magnâ,
Sæpe jaciens super pratum suam duram-hastam.
Erant cilia blanda Colmalæ sub lacrymis,
Occultò, at magnoperè circa ejus genas.
Cernebat illa mortem sui patris ipsius,
Aut casum strenui à Glottâ.
  Fugerat nox medio tenus è cœlis;
Cecidit tranquillitas et obscuritas circa agrum;
Erat ejus animus se-inclinans sibi ipsi,
Obliquans somnum circa strenuum hastarum:
Semi-aperiebantur oculi principi,
Murmure Tuedæ se-flectente circa ejus aurem:
Sine colore, et enarrans sua vulnera magna,
Venit larva Colmaris ad flammam; [rum,
Erat ejus inclinatio super principem turrium eximia-
Et experrecta est parca et languida ejus vox.
  "An somnus hic (est) filio clypeorum,
Nocte sub canitie, et fratre infra (dejecto)?
Nonne surreximus ad venationem clivorum,
Quando sequebamur fuscas capreas circa præcipitium?
Non oblitus es tu Colmarem, o princeps,
Nisi ad ambitum mortis circa ejus juventutem;
Sum ego sine colore sub præcipitio prati;
Surgat Calthon, die novo surgentè; [bis)."
Venit Dunthalmo cum factis haud honestis (impro-
  Perrexit ille celer in sonitu venti;
Vidit Calthon ejus passus abeuntis;

---

* i. e. laundandus.

Ghluais esa fo bhuaireadh a chruaidh:
Ghrad mhosgail caoin Chaolmhal gu balbh,
'Ceuma seachran ro' oidhche, 's i truagh,
Sleagh fada gun bhuaidh 'na déigh.
'Nuair thàinig e gu carraig an lòin,
'Nuair chunnaic a bhràthair gun tuar,
Las giorag is fearg m' a chliabh mòr.
Bha osna a' bhàis m' an cuairt:
Dhùn iad, à dlùthadh mu 'n triath,
Is chuir iad fo ialla caol e;
Chuir iad suas e fo shùile ciar;
Bha sòlas mu shliabh a' plaosgadh,
'S an oidhch' ag aomadh o chruaich.
  Mhosgail mise féin fo 'n fhuaim;
Ghrad ghluais mi fo chruaidh mo shinns're;
Bha Diaran ri m' thaobh aig Tuaid,
Is Deargo, an t-òg ruadh le 'neart.
Triath Chluthai bha againn air falbh;
Ghluais m' anam gu balbh fo bhròn,
Is mi fo eagal mu m' gharbh chliu;
Bha mòrchuis na treunas 'mo chliabh.
" Shìl Mhòirbheinn," thuirt mi, " a thriath,
Mar so cha raobh sinne riamh an còmhrag;
Cha robh ar sinns're an còmhnuidh air sliabh,
Is coigrich gu 'n trian air chòmhnard.
Bha 'n neartsa mar iolair nan speur,
Tha 'n cliu mar bheus nam bard;
Tha sinne a' tuiteam gu léir;
Tha ar cliu do réir mar shala.

Movit-se ille sub tumultu duræ-armaturæ.
Confestim experrecta est blanda Colmala muta,
Ejus gradibus errantibus per noctem, atque ea miserâ,
Hastâ longà sine virtute ab ejus tergo.
Quando venit ille ad rupem prati,
Quando vidit fratrem sine colore,
Exarsit trepidatio et ira circa ejus pectus magnum.
Fuit singultus mortis circumcirca:
Clauserunt-se illi appropinquantes circa principem,
Et posuerunt illi sub loris tenuibus eum;
Statuerunt illi suprà eum sub oculis fuscis;
Erat gaudium circa clivum prorumpens,
Et nox se-inclinans è præcipitio.
  Experrectus sum ego ipse sub sonitu;
Statim processi ego sub durâ-armaturà proavorum;
Fuit Diaran ad meum latus apud Tuedam,
Et Derga, juvenis rufus cum eorum copiis.
Princeps Cluthæ erat à nobis abiens;
Ivit meus animus mutus sub dolorem,
Me sub metu circa meam ingentem famam;
Fuit superbia strenuitatis in meo pectore.
“Semen Morvenis,” dixi ego, “o principes,
Modo hoc non fuimus nos unquam in certamine;
Haud fuerunt nostri proavi in quiete super clivo,
Advenis usque ad tertiam partem super planitie.
Fuit eorum robur instar aquilæ cœlorum,
Est eorum gloria sicut venustas bardorum;
Sumus nos cadentes omnino;
Est nostra fama ergo sicut simulacrum.

Ciod their righ Mhòirbheinn nam beum,
Ma thréig Oisian e féin o Thuaid?
Eireadh bhur cruaidh, a ghaisgeacha treun;
Leanaibh Oisian fo bheum le fuaim:
Cha till esa gun fhorum is cliu
Gu Selma nan tùr 's nam buaidh.

Air gorm thonn Thuaide ghluais o 'n ear
Madainn ghlan; sheas Caolmhal fo dheoir;
Labhair i mu Chlutha nam fear;
Tri chuairt thuit an sleagh o 'meoir.
Las fearg dhomh ri coigreach 's mi triall;
Bha m' anam gun chial mu 'n òig-fhear.
" A mhic làimh' tha tais gu trian,
An cuirear còmhrag an Tuaid le deoir?
Cha 'n éirich buaidh do thruaigh le bròn;
Cha chòmhnuidh do 'n osna an treun.
Gabh gu Carmun dona nan ruadh,
Gu gluasad mu Thuaid an fheur;
Ach fàg-sa na h-airme gu grad,
Mhic taise, 's tu lag gun chliu;
Togaidh duin' eil' iad an còmhrag."

Reub mi sios a mhàil' o 'gualainn,
Urla shneachd na luaidh ag éirigh;
Thuit a sealladh air talamh fo ghruaim.
An sàmhchair sheall mise na treuna;
Thuit mo shleagh o mo làimh is i fann;
Ghluais osna an airde mo chléibhe;
'Nuair chuala mi 'n òigh a bh' ann,
Thuit na deoir gu dlùth o threun.

Quid dicet rex Morvenis plagarum,
Si deserat Ossianus eum ipsum apud Tuedam?
Surgant vestra dura-tela, o bellatores strenui;
Sequimini Ossianum sub ictu cum sonitu;
Non redibit ille sine fremitu et famâ
Ad Selmam turrium et victoriarum."
Super cæruleam undam Tuedæ processit ab oriente
Matutinus (radius) purus; stetit Colmala sub lacrymis;
Locuta est illa de Clutha virorum;
Ternis vicibus cecidit hasta ab ejus digitis.
Exarsit ira mihi contra advenam eunti;
Fuit meus animus sine ratione circa juvenem.
"Fili manûs quæ est mollis prorsus,
An committetur certamen ad Tuedam cum lacrymis?
Non orietur victoria miseriæ cum dolore;
Non est habitatio suspirio strenuus.
Capesse (viam) ad Carmunem vilem rufarum caprearum,
Ad te-movendum circa Tuedam graminis;
At relinque arma ocyùs,
Fili mollitiei, te imbecillo sine gloria;
Tollet vir alius ea in certamen."
Avulsi ego deorsùm loricam ab ejus humero,
Sinu nivis laudis surgente;
Cecidit ejus aspectus super terram sub tetricitate.
In silentio adspexi ego strenuos;
Cecidit mea hasta à meâ manu atque eâ languidâ;
Commotum est suspirium in summo mei pectoris;
Quando audivi ego quænam virgo esset,
Ceciderunt lacrymæ densè à strenuo.

Ceud fàilte air gath glan na h-òige!
Chuir mise an còmhrag fo ghluasad.
  A mhic nan còs tha ard an cruaich,
C' uim their Oisian mu Thuaid nam marbh?
Cha 'n 'eil cuimhn orr' an talamh nan stuadh,
'S cha 'n fhaicear an uaigh air blàr.
Thàinig bliadhna dorch 'nan sian,
Thuit na tomanna sìos gu làr;
Cha 'n fhaicear Dunthalmo no' uaigh,
No 'n t' àit' na thuit e fo chruaidh mo làimh.
Their gaisgeach liath fo chiar na h-aois,
A shealladh gu caol an oidhche
Aig darach, fo shoillse an talla,
R' a chlann tha teannadh ris, mo ghnìomh,
Is gu 'n thuiteadh le triath na Tuaide.
R' a ghuth tha aomadh claon na h-òige,
Tha ioghantas is sòlas 'nan sùilibh.
  Fhuair mi Calthonn còrr ri daraig,
Is ghearr mi am bar-iall o 'làimh;
Thug mi dha a bheus bu ghlaine,
Ard urla cruth geal, a bha làn:
Tha 'n tunaidh thall an talla Thuaid.

(“Centies salve, radie pure,) centum salutes radio puro
Misi ego certamen sub motum. [juventutis!”
Fili cavernarum qui es arduus in præcipitio,
Quare narrabit Ossianus circa Tuedam mortuorum?
Non est recordatio de iis in regione fluctuum,
Et non cernitur eorum sepulchrum in vireto.
Venerunt anni tenebrosi nimborum,
Ceciderunt tumuli deorsum ad humum;
Non cernitur Dunthalmo nec ejus sepulchrum,
Nec locus quo cecidit ille sub duro-ferro meæ manûs.
Dicit bellator canus, sub fuscâ (umbrâ) senectutis,
Prospiciens tenuè in nocte
Ad quercum, sub luce aulæ,
Suæ proli quæ arctè-appropinquat ei, mea facta,
Et quomodo ceciderint principes Tuedæ.
Ad ejus vocem est inclinatio juventutis,
Est admiratio et gaudium in eorum oculis.
Inveni ego Calthonem egregium ad quercum,
Et secui ego summa lora ab ejus manibus;
Dedi ego ei venustatem quæ erat purissima,
Arduum sinum formæ candidæ, qui erat plenus:
Est eorum habitatio ex adverso in terrâ Tuedæ.

TOMI PRIMI FINIS.

Ex Officinâ Gul. Bulmer et Soc.
in Vico Cleveland Row, St. James's.

NOTES.

NOTES TO CATH-LODA.

DUAN I.

Page 2. DUAN I.] The bards distinguished those compositions, in which the narration is often interrupted by episodes and apostrophes, by the name of Duan. Since the extinction of the order of the bards, it has been a general name for all ancient compositions in verse. The abrupt manner in which the story of this poem begins, may render it obscure to some readers; it may not therefore be improper to give here the traditional preface, which is generally prefixed to it. Two years after he took to wife Ros-crana, the daughter of Cormac, King of Ireland, Fingal undertook an expedition into Orkney, to visit his friend Cathulla, king of Inistore. After staying a few days at Caric-thura, the residence of Cathulla, the king set sail, to return to Scotland; but a violent storm arising, his ships were driven into a bay of Scandinavia, near Gormal, the seat of Starno, king of Lochlin, his avowed enemy. Starno, upon the appearance of strangers on his coast, summoned together the neighbouring tribes, and advanced, in a hostile manner, towards the bay of U-thorno, where Fingal had taken shelter. Upon discovering who the strangers were, and fearing the valour of Fingal, which he had, more than once, experienced before, he resolved to accomplish by treachery, what he was afraid he should fail in by open force. He invited therefore Fingal to a feast, at which he intended to assassinate him. The king prudently declined to go, and Starno betook himself to arms. The sequel of the story may be learned from the poem itself.

P. 4. v. 25. *Ainnir lamh-gheal a's airde cliu.*] Agandecca, the daughter of Starno, whom her father killed, on account of her discovering to Fingal a plot laid against his life. Her story is related at large, in the third book of Fingal

P. 4. v. 30. " *Dhubh-mhic Roinne nam bàs arm geur;*] Duth-maruno is a name very famous in tradition. Many of his great actions are handed down, but the poems, which contained the detail of them, are long since lost. He lived, it is supposed, in that part of the north of Scotland, which is over against Orkney. Duth-maruno, Cromma-glas, Struthmor, and Cormar, are mentioned, as attending Comhal, in his last battle against the tribe of Morni, in a poem, which is still preserved. It is not the work of Ossian: the phraseology betrays it to be a modern composition. It is something like those trivial compositions, which the Irish bards forged, under the name of Ossian, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Duth-maruno signifies, black and steady; Cromma-glas, bending and swarthy; Struthmor, roaring stream; Cormar, expert at sea.

P. 6. v. 62. *'Nuair dhuisgeadh Cromthormod a chòill*] Crumthormoth, one of the Orkney or Shetland islands. The name is not of Gaelic original. It was subject to its own petty king, who is mentioned in one of Ossian's poems.

P. 8. v. 83. *Thoir ceann an tuirc do cheann nan daoine ;*] Cean-daona, head of the people, the son of Duth-maruno. He became afterwards famous, in the expeditions of Ossian, after the death of Fingal. The traditional tales concerning him are very numerous, and, from the epithet, in them, bestowed on him (Candona of boars) it would appear, that he applied himself to that kind of hunting, which his father, in this paragraph, is so anxious to recommend to him. As I have mentioned the traditional tales of the Highlands, it may not be improper here to give some account of them. After the expulsion of the bards from the houses of the chiefs, they, being an indolent race of men, owed all their subsistence to the generosity of the vulgar, whom they diverted with repeating the compositions of their predecessors, and running up the genealogies of their entertainers to the family of their chiefs. As this subject was, however, soon exhausted, they were obliged to have recourse to invention, and form stories, having no foundation in fact, which were swallowed, with great credulity, by an ignorant multitude. By frequent repeating the fable grew upon their hands, and, as each threw in whatever circumstance he thought conducive to raise the admiration of his hearers, the story became at last so devoid of all probability, that even the vulgar themselves did not believe it. They, however, liked the tales so well, that the bards found their advantage in turning professed tale-makers. They then launched out into the wildest regions of fiction and romance. I firmly believe there are more stories of giants, enchanted castles, dwarfs, and palfreys in the Highlands, than in any country in Europe. These tales, it is certain, like other romantic compositions, have many things in them unnatural, and consequently, disgustful to true taste; but, I know not how it happens, they command attention more than any other fictions I ever met with. The extreme length of these pieces is very surprising, some of them requiring many days to repeat them; but such hold they take of the memory, that few circumstances are ever omitted by those who have received them only from oral tradition: what is still more amazing, the very language of the bards is still preserved. It is curious to see, that the descriptions of magnificence, introduced in these tales, is even superior to all the pompous Oriental fictions of the kind.

P. 10. v. 109. *A Thorcuil-torno nan ciabh glas*, &c.] Torcul-torno, according to tradition, was king of Crathlun, a district in Sweden. The river Lulan ran near the residence of Torcul-torno. There is a river in Sweden, still called Lula, which is probably the same with Lulan. The war between Starno and Torcul-torno, which terminated in the death of the latter, had its rise at a hunting party. Starno being invited, in a friendly manner, by Torcul-torno, both kings, with their followers, went to the mountains of Stivamore to hunt. A boar rushed from the wood before the kings, and Torcul-torno killed it. Starno thought this behaviour a breach upon the privilege of guests, who were always honoured, as tradition expresses it, with the danger of the chase. A quarrel arose, the kings came to battle, with all their attendants, and the party of Torcul-torno were totally defeated, and he himself slain. Starno pursued his victory, laid waste the district of Crathlun, and, coming to the residence of Torcul-torno, carried off, by force, Conbancarglas, the beautiful daughter of his enemy. Her he confined in a cave, near the palace of Gormal, where, on account of her cruel treatment, she became distracted.

The paragraph, here alluded to, is the song of Conbancarglas, at the time she was discovered by Fingal. It is in Lyric measure, and set to music, which is wild and simple, and so inimitably suited to the situation of the unhappy lady, that few can hear it without tears.

P. 14. v. 162. *Gath-oige dol seachad air uair.*] By the beam of youth, it afterwards appears, that Conbancarglas means Swaran, the son of Starno, with whom, during her confinement, she had fallen in love.

P. 14. v. 176. *Cha chaoin oigh an talla nan lann,* &c.] From this contrast, which Fingal draws between his own nation and the inhabitants of Scandinavia, we may learn, that the former were much less barbarous than the latter. This distinction is so much observed throughout the poems of Ossian, that there can be no doubt, that he followed the real manners of both nations in his own time. At the close of the speech of Fingal, there is a great part of the original lost.

P. 18. v. 214. *Ghear mac Luinn na h-ialla uallach.*] The sword of Fingal, so called from its maker, Luno of Lochlin.

P. 18. v. 215. *Thuit an sgiath mhealluch san làraich; &c.*] The shield of Swaran. The behaviour of Fingal is always consistent with that generosity of spirit which belongs to a hero. He takes no advantage of a foe disarmed.

P. 20. v. 244. *Chunnaic sgiath Shuarain r'a thaobh, &c.*] Conban-carglas, from seeing the shield of Swaran bloody in the hands of Fingal, conjectured that that hero was killed. A part of the original is lost. It appears, however, from the sequel of the poem, that the daughter of Torcul-torno did not long survive her surprise, occasioned by the supposed death of her lover. The description of the airy hall of Loda (which is supposed to be the same with that of Odin, the deity of Scandinavia) is more picturesque and descriptive, than any in the Edda, or other works of the northern Scalders.

DUAN II.

P. 30. v. 27. "*NA gniomha d' fhalbh,*" *thuirt an Dubh,*
"*Tha tighinn an diugh fo m' shùil,* &c.] In this short episode we have a very probable account given us of the origin of monarchy in Caledonia. The Cael or Gauls, who possessed the countries to the north of the Frith of Edinburgh, were, originally, a number of distinct tribes, or clans, each subject to its own chief, who was free and independent of any other power. When the Romans invaded them, the common danger might, perhaps, have induced those reguli to join

together, but, as they were unwilling to yield to the command of one of their own number, their battles were ill-conducted, and consequently unsuccessful. Trenmor was the first who represented to the chiefs the bad consequences of carrying on their wars in this irregular manner, and advised, that they themselves should alternately lead in battle. They did so, but they were unsuccessful. When it came to Trenmor's turn, he totally defeated the enemy, by his superior valour and conduct, which gained him such an interest among the tribes, that he, and his family after him, were regarded as kings; or, to use the poet's expression, the words of power rushed forth from Selma of kings. The regal authority, however, except in time of war, was but inconsiderable; for every chief, within his own district, was absolute and independent. From the scene of the battle in this episode (which was in the valley of Crona a little to the north of Agricola's wall), I should suppose, that the enemies of the Caledonians were the Romans, or provincial Britons.

P. 32. v. 64. *Thuit Cromghlas nan geur lann, &c.*] In tradition, this Cromma-glass makes a great figure in that battle, which Comhal lost, together with his life, to the tribe of Morni. I have just now, in my hands, an Irish composition, of a very modern date, as appears from the language, in which all the traditions, concerning that decisive engagement, are jumbled together. In justice to the merit of the poem, I should have here presented to the reader a translation of it, did not the bard mention some circumstances very ridiculous, and others altogether indecent. Morna, the wife of Comhal, had a principal hand in all the transactions previous to the defeat and death of her husband; she, to use the words of the bard, Who was the guiding star of the women of Erin. The bard, it is to be hoped, misrepresented the ladies of his country, for Morna's behaviour was, according to him, so void of all decency and virtue, that it cannot be supposed they had chosen her for their guiding star. The poem consists of many stanzas. The language is figurative, and the numbers harmonious; but the piece is so full of anachronisms, and so unequal in its composition, that the author, most undoubtedly, was either mad, or drunk, when he wrote it. It is worthy of being remarked, that Comhal is, in this poem, very often called, Comhal na h'Albin, or Comhal of Albion, which sufficiently demonstrates, that the allegations of Keating and O'Flaherty, concerning Fion Mac Comhal, are but of late invention.

P. 36. v. 118. *"'S e Cùlgorum," fhreagair an sonn,*
" An ceud fhear chaidh null do dh' Alba; &c.] The family of Duth-maruno, it appears, came originally from Scandinavia, or, at least, from some of the northern isles, subject, in chief, to the kings of Lochlin. The Highland senachies, who never missed to make their comments on, and additions to, the works of Ossian, have given us a long list of the ancestors of Duth-maruno, and a particular account of their actions, many of which are of the marvellous kind. One of the tale-makers of the north has chosen for his hero, Starnmor, the father of Duth-maruno, and, considering the adventures through which he has led him, the piece is neither disagreeable, nor abounding with that kind of fiction which shocks credibility.

P. 40. v. 159. " *Innis Thoirne", thuirt am bard,*
" A dh' eireas gu h-arda 'sna stuaidh, &c.] Innis Thoirne is an island of Scandinavia. This episode is, in the original, extremely beautiful. It is set to that wild kind of music, which some of the Highlanders distinguish by the title of Fon Oi-marrà, or, the Song of mermaids. Some part of the air is absolutely infernal, but there are many returns in the measure, which are inexpressibly wild and beautiful. From the genius of the music, I should think it came originally from Scandinavia, for the fictions delivered down concerning the Oi-marra (who are reputed the authors of the music), exactly correspond with the notions of the northern nations concerning their diræ, or goddesses of death.—Of all the names in this episode, there is none of a Gaelic original, except Strina-dona, which signifies the strife of heroes.

P. 40. v. 185. *Bu ghile na 'n canach a cruth,*] The Cana is a certain kind of grass, which grows plentiful in the heathy morasses of the north. Its stalk is of the reedy kind, and it carries a tuft of down, very much resembling cotton. It is excessively white, and consequently often introduced by the bards, in their similes concerning the beauty of women.

P. 42. v. 200. *Sheall caoin-reul Lochlin o stuaidh,*] Reul, or Ul-lochlin, the guide to Lochlin; the name of a star.

P. 44. v. 221. *Strinandaoine nan gruaidh tlà.*] The continuation of this episode is just now in my hands; but the language is so different from, and the ideas so unworthy of, Ossian, that I have rejected it, as an interpolation by a modern bard.

DUAN III.

P. 52. v. 22. *A Thoirne nan stoirm, 's nan cruach*, &c.] The bards, who were always ready to supply what they thought deficient in the poems of Ossian, have inserted a great many incidents between the second and third duan of Cathloda. Their interpolations are so easily distinguished from the genuine remains of Ossian, that it took me very little time to mark them out, and totally to reject them. If the modern Scotch and Irish bards have shewn any judgment, it is in ascribing their own compositions to names of antiquity, for, by that means, they themselves have escaped that contempt, which the authors of such futile performances must, necessarily, have met with from people of true taste. I was led into this observation, by an Irish poem just now before me. It concerns a descent made by Swaran, king of Lochlin, on Ireland, and is the work, says the traditional preface prefixed to it, of Ossian Mac-Fion. It however appears, from several pious ejaculations, that it was rather the composition of some good priest, in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, for he speaks, with great devotion, of pilgrimage, and more particularly, of the blue-eyed daughters of the convent. Religious, however, as this poet was, he was not altogether decent, in the scenes he introduces between Swaran and the wife of Congcullion, both of whom he represents as giants. It happening, unfortunately, that Congcullion was only of a moderate stature, his wife, without hesitation, preferred Swaran, as a more adequate match for her own gigantic size. From this fatal preference proceeded so much mischief, that the good poet altogether lost sight of his principal action, and he ends the piece with advice to men in the choice of their wives, which, however good it may be, I shall leave concealed in the obscurity of the original.

P. 52. v. 44. *Thionndaidh na saoi o chéile*, &c.] The surly attitude of Starno and Swaran is well adapted to their fierce and uncomplying dispositions. Their characters, at first sight, seem little different; but, upon examination, we find that the poet has dexterously distinguished between them. They were both dark, stubborn, haughty and reserved; but Starno was cunning, revengeful, and cruel, to the highest degree; the disposition of Swaran, though savage, was less bloody, and somewhat tinctured with generosity. It is doing injustice to Ossian, to say, that he has not a great variety of characters.

P. 58. v. 107. *Dh' eirich an oigh fo dheoir 'san t-sliabh*, &c.] Ossian is very partial to the fair sex. Even the daughter of the cruel Annir, the sister of the revengeful and bloody Starno, partakes not of those disagreeable characters so peculiar to her family. She is altogether tender and delicate. Homer, of all ancient poets, uses the sex with least ceremony. His cold contempt is even worse than the downright abuse of the moderns; for to draw abuse implies the possession of some merit.

P. 60. v. 136. " *A Shuarain, tha Fionnghal air tom*
" *Na aonar fo chrom na h-oiche;* &c.] Fingal, according to the custom of the Caledonian kings, had retired to a hill alone, as he himself was to resume the command of the army the next day. Starno might have some intelligence of the king's retiring, which occasions his request to Swaran to stab him; as he foresaw, by his art of divination, that he could not overcome him in open battle.

CAOMH-MHALA, OR COMALA.

P. 70. between v. 6 and 7. *MILSHUIL-CHAOMHA.*] Soft-rolling eye.

P. 72. v. 15. *Bha samhla na bha a' boillsgeadh*, &c.]

Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ
Numina magna deum. *Virg.*
———dreadful sounds I hear,
And the dire form of hostile gods appear. *Dryden.*

P. 72. between v. 23, and 24. *Dearsa-greine.*] The brightness of a sun-beam.

P. 72. v. 26. *Caomh-mhala,*] The maid of the pleasant brow.

P. 74. v. 34. *A Charuinn, a Charuinn nan struth.*] Carun or Cara'on, a winding river.—This river retains still the name of Carron, and falls into the Forth some miles to the north of Falkirk:

——Gentesque alias cum pelleret armis
Sedibus, aut victas vilem servaret in usum
Servitii, hic contenta suos defendere fines
Roma securigeris prætendit mænia Scotis:
Hic spe progressus posita, Caronis ad undam
Terminus Ausonii signat divortia regni. *Buchanan.*

P. 74. between v. 56, and 57. *Hidealan.*] Was sent by Fingal to give notice to Comala of his return; he, to revenge himself on her for slighting his love some time before, told her that the king was killed in battle. He even pretended that he carried his body from the field to be buried in her presence; and this circumstance makes it probable that the poem was presented of old.

P. 80. v. 127. *C'ar son nach d' innis thu, fhir leith*, &c.] By the dweller of the rock she means a druid. It is probable that some of the order of the druids remained as late as the beginning of the reign of Fingal; and that Comala had consulted one of them concerning the event of the war with Caracul.

P. 86. v. 184. *Tha sgaoileadh an sgiath an tìr thall.*] Perhaps the poet alludes to the Roman eagle.

P. 88. v. 212. *Cha chuir leam an t sleagh fo ruaig;*
Cha togar leat buaidh air magh.] The sequel of the story of Hidallan is introduced in another poem.

P. 90. v. 229. *An sin tha Sairn na mala donn,*
As dearg shuil Fhidealan an laoch.] Sarno, the father of Comala, died soon after the flight of his daughter. Fidallan was the first king that reigned in Inistore.

CARRIC-THURA.

P. 96. v. 1. *AN d' fhàg thu gorm astar nan speur*, &c.] The song of Ullin, with which the poem opens, is in a lyric measure. It was usual with Fingal, when he returned from his expeditions, to send his bards singing before him. This species of triumph is called, by Ossian, the song of victory.

P. 96. v. 16. *Tha comhstri Charuinn fada uainn*, &c.] Ossian has celebrated the strife of Crona in a particular poem. This poem is connected with it, but it was impossible for the translator to procure that part which relates to Crona, with any degree of purity.

P. 100. v. 49. *A Chronain, a mhic nan caoin fhonn,*
A Mhinfhonn nach trom air Clarsaich, &c.] One

should think that the parts of Shilric and Vinvela were represented by Cronnan and Minona, whose very names denote that they were singers who performed in public. Cronnan signifies a mournful sound, Minona, or Min-'onn, soft air. All the dramatic poems of Ossian appear to have been presented before Fingal, upon solemn occasions.

P. 100. v. 72. *Aig daraig Bhrano, 's fuaimear sruth.*] Bran, or Branno, signifies a mountain-stream: it is here some river known by that name, in the days of Ossian. There are several small rivers in the north of Scotland still retaining the name of Bran; in particular one which falls into the Tay at Dunkeld.

P. 10. v. 77. *Bhinnbheil.*] Bhin bheul, a woman with a melodious voice. Bh, in the Gaelic language, has the same sound with the v in English.

P. 106. v. 128. *Tigh-caol.*] The grave.

P. 106. v. 136. *Chunnaic e 'n ainnir gu cùl*, &c.] The distinction which the ancient Scots made between good and bad spirits, was, that the former appeared sometimes in the day-time in lonely unfrequented places, but the latter never but by night, and in a dismal gloomy scene.

P. 112. v. 213. *Air mullach bha crom Chruth Loduinn*, &c.] The circle of Loda is supposed to be a place of worship among the Scandinavians, as the spirit of Loda is thought to be the same with their god Odin.

P. 114. v. 237. *Thainig e gu chomhnuidh féin*, &c.] He is described, in a simile, in the poem concerning the death of Cuthullin.

P. 118. v. 297. *Mac an Luinn, bu chiar dhubh gruaidh.*] The famous sword of Fingal, made by Lun, or Luno, a smith of Lochlin.

P. 120. v. 327. *Do Annir air Sorucha na thriath,*] Annir was also the father of Erragon, who was king after the death of his brother Frothal. The death of Erragon is the subject of the battle of Lora, a poem in this collection.

P. 122. v. 347. *'Nuair dh' eirich clach Ainnir le cliu.*] That is, after the death of Annir. To erect the stone of one's fame, was, in other words, to say that the person was dead.

P. 122. v. 367. *An iarr mi sith o chean nan treun?*] Honourable terms of peace.

P. 130. v. 457. *Sheas iad nan sgéimh san fhraoch,*] i. e. Frothal and Utha.

P. 134. v. 514. *'Nuair labhair Cridh-mor nan caomh-dhan,* &c.] There is a propriety in introducing this episode, as the situations of Crimora and Utha were so similar.

P. 131. v. 516. *Ghabh tuineadh aig sruth na Lotha,*] Lotha was the ancient name of one of the great rivers in the north of Scotland. The only one of them that still retains a name of a like sound is Lochly, in Invernesshire; but whether it is the river mentioned here, the translator will not pretend to say.

P. 134. v. 518, 519. *Cridh-mor.*] A woman of a great heart.

P. 134. v. 523. *'Se taitneach mar chaol-chruit Charruil?*] Perhaps the Carril mentioned here is the same with Carril the son of Kinfena, Cuchullin's bard. The name itself is proper to any bard, as it signifies a sprightly and harmonious sound.

P. 134. c. 523. *C' uime tha do ghruaim, 's do bhròn, a Chonaill?* &c.] Connal, the son of Diaran, was one of the most famous heroes of Fingal; he was slain in a battle against Dargo, a Briton; but whether by the hand of the enemy, or that of his mistress, tradition does not determine.

P. 140. v. 582. *Agus eagal o laimh an righ.*] The story of Fingal and the spirit of Loda, supposed to be the famous Odin, is the most extravagant fiction in all Ossian's poems. It is not, however, without precedents in the best poets; and it must be said for Ossian, that he says nothing but what perfectly agreed with the notions of the times, concerning ghosts. They thought the souls of the dead were material, and consequently susceptible of pain. Whether a proof could be drawn from this passage, that Ossian had no notion of a divinity, I shall leave to others to determine: it appears, however, that he was of opinion, that superior beings ought to take no notice of what passed among men.

CARTHON.

P. 146. v. 17. *THEICH fiadh o iomall a chuirn*
Ann do chuireadh air chùl an laoch, &c.] It was the opinion of the times, that deer saw the ghosts of the dead. To this day,

when beasts suddenly start without any apparent cause, the vulgar think that they see the spirits of the deceased.

P. 148. v. 33. *Co th' ann ach mac Chumhail nan treun*, &c.] Fingal returns here, from an expedition against the Romans, which was celebrated by Ossian in a poem called the strife of Crona.

P. 148. v. 47. *Mìle solus a' losgadh mu'n aird*, &c.] Probably wax-lights; which are often mentioned as carried, among other booty, from the Roman province.

P. 150. v. 51. *C' aite bheil triath nan Cleasa-mora*,] Clessamh-mor, mighty deeds.

P. 152. v. 78. *Maona ghlan dha 'n geille sloigh*,] Moina, soft in temper and person. We find the British names in this poem derived from the Gaelic, which is a proof that the ancient language of the whole island was one and the same.

P. 152. v. 90. *Bhuail mi gu Bailechluthai nan tùr ard*,] Balclutha, i. e. the town of Clyde, probably the Alcluth of Bede.

P. 152. v. 93. *Gu cala air Clutha nan sruth seimh*,] Clutha, or Cluath, the Gaelic name of the river Clyde, the signification of the word is bending, in allusion to the winding course of that river. From Clutha is derived its Latin name, Glotta.

P. 156. v. 147. "*Togaibh, bharda caoin, am fonn.*"] The title of this poem, in the original, is Duan nan Laoi, i. e. The Poem of the Hymns: probably on account of its many digressions from the subject, all which are in lyric measure, as this song of Fingal. Fingal is celebrated by the Irish historians for his wisdom in making laws, his poetical genius, and his foreknowledge of events. O'Flaherty goes so far as to say, that Fingal's laws were extant in his own time.

P. 166. v. 275. *Feuchai iudsa do 'n sliochd gach sleagh*, &c.] It was a custom among the ancient Scots, to exchange arms with their guests, and those arms were preserved long in the different families, as monuments of the friendship which subsisted between their ancestors.

OIGH-NAM-MOR-SHUL, OR OINAMORUL.

P. 178. v. 29 *SHEALL mi air Cathlinne nan stuadh*, &c.] Cathlin, or Gathlin, beam of the water. What star was so called of old is not easily ascertained. Some now distinguish the pole-star by that name. A song, which is still in repute, among the sea-faring part of the Highlanders, alludes to this passage of Ossian. The author commends the knowledge of Ossian in sea affairs, a merit, which, perhaps, few of us moderns will allow him, or any in the age in which he lived. One thing is certain, that the Caledonians often made their way through the dangerous and tempestuous seas of Scandinavia; which is more, perhaps, than the more polished nations, subsisting in those times, dared to venture. In estimating the degree of knowledge of arts among the ancients, we ought not to bring it into comparison with the improvements of modern times. Our advantages over them proceed more from accident, than any merit of ours.

P. 182. v. 77. *Tha stailinn 'san talla le saobhneas*
Gun slige bhreac chaoin le sòlas.] There is a severe satire couched in this expression, against the guests of Mal-orchol. Had his feast been still spread, had joy continued in his hall, his former parasites would not have failed to resort to him. But as the time of festivity was past, their attendance also ceased. The sentiments of a certain old bard are agreeable to this observation. He, poetically, compares a great man to a fire kindled in a desert place. "Those that pay court to him (says he), are rolling large around him, like the smoke about the fire. This smoke gives the fire a great appearance at a distance, but it is but an empty vapour itself, and varying its form at every breeze. When the trunk, which fed the fire, is consumed, the smoke departs on all the winds. So the flatterers forsake their chief, when his power declines." I have chosen to give a paraphrase, rather than a translation, of this passage, as the original is verbose and frothy, notwithstanding of the sentimental merit of the author. He was one of the less ancient bards, and their compositions are not nervous enough to bear a literal translation.

GAOL-NAN-DAOINE, OR GOLNANDONE.

P. 194. v. 1. *CHAOL-ABHAIN nan sruth ciar o charn*, &c.] Col-amon signifies a narrow river, Colna-dona, the love of heroes, Car-ul, dark-eyed. Col-amon, the residence of Carul, was in the neighbourhood of Agricola's wall, towards the south. Car-ul, seems to have been of the race of those Britons, who are distinguished by the name of Maiatæ, by the writers of Rome. Maiatæ is derived from two Gaelic words, moi, a plain, and aitich, inhabitants; so that the signification of Maiatæ is the inhabitants of the plain country; a name given to the Britons, who were settled in the Lowlands, in contradistinction to the Caledonians (i. e. Cael-don, the Gauls of the hills), who were possessed of the more mountainous division of North Briton.

P. 194. v. 17. *Gu Crona nan sruth ruadh, tha thall*, &c.] Crona, murmuring, was the name of a small stream, which discharged itself in the river Carron. It is often mentioned by Ossian, and the scenes of many of his poems are on its banks. The enemies whom Fingal defeated here are not mentioned. They were, probably, the provincial Britons. That tract of country between the Friths of Forth and Clyde has been, through all antiquity, famous for battles and rencounters between the different nations, who were possessed of North and South Britain. Stirling, a town situated there, derives its name from that very circumstance. It is a corruption of the Gaelic name, Strila, i. e. the hill, or rock, of contention.

P. 198. v. 59. *Ghluais mall o Chaol-abhain am bard*
O Charull, do 'n annsadh dàimh, &c.] The manners of the Britons and Caledonians were so similar, in the days of Ossian, that there can be no doubt, that they were originally the same people, and descended from those Gauls who first possessed themselves of South Britain, and gradually migrated to the North. This hypothesis is more rational than the idle fables of ill-informed senachies, who bring the Caledonians from distant countries. The bare opinion of Tacitus (which, by-the-bye, was only founded on a similarity of the personal figure of the Caledonians to the Germans of his own time), though it has staggered some learned men, is not sufficient to make us believe, that the

ancient inhabitants of North Britain were a German colony. A discussion of a point like this might be curious, but could never be satisfactory. Periods so distant are so involved in obscurity, that nothing certain can be now advanced concerning them. The light which the Roman writers hold forth is too feeble to guide us to the truth, through the darkness which has surrounded it.

P. 202. v. 123. *Air cobhar liath nan tonn.*] Here an episode is entirely lost; or, at least, is handed down so imperfectly, that it does not deserve a place in the poem.

CROMA.

P. 212. v. 43. *MORSHRUTH.*] Mor'-ruth, great stream.

P. 214. v. 63. *Innis-faile.*] Inisfail, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

P. 220. v. 145. *Faobhar-gorm.*] The blue point of steel.

P. 224. v. 193. *Cuig baird ma seach le rainn*
Toguil cliu mu mhac nan treun.] Those extempore compositions were in great repute among succeeding bards. The pieces extant of that kind shew more of the good ear, than of the poetical genius of their authors. The translator has only met with one poem of this sort, which he thinks worthy of being preserved. It is a thousand years later than Ossian, but the author seems to have observed his manner, and adopted some of his expressions. The story of it is this: Five bards, passing the night in the house of a chief, who was a poet himself, went severally to make their observations on, and returned with an extempore description of, night. The night happened to be one in October, as appears from the poem, and in the north of Scotland; it has all that variety which the bards ascribe to it in their descriptions.

FIRST BARD.

Night is dull and dark. The clouds rest on the hills. No star with green trembling beam; no moon looks from the sky. I hear the blast in the wood; but I hear it distant far. The stream of the valley murmurs; but its murmur is sullen and sad. From the tree at the grave of the dead the long-howling owl is heard. I see a dim form on the plain! It is a ghost! it fades, it flies. Some funeral shall pass this way: the meteor marks the path.

The distant dog is howling from the hut of the hill. The stag lies on the mountain moss: the hind is at his side. She hears the wind in his branchy horns. She starts, but lies again.

The roe is in the cleft of the rock; the heath-cock's head is beneath his wing. No beast, no bird is abroad, but the owl and the howling fox. She on a leafless tree; he on a cloud on the hill.

Dark, panting, trembling, sad, the traveller has lost his way. Through shrubs, through thorns, he goes along the gurgling rill. He fears the rock and the fen. He fears the ghost of night. The old tree groans to the blast; the falling branch resounds. The wind drives the withered burs, clung together along the grass. It is the light tread of a ghost! He trembles amidst the night.

Dark, dusky, howling is night, cloudy, windy, and full of ghosts! The dead are abroad! my friends, receive me from the night.

SECOND BARD.

The wind is up. The shower descends. The spirit of the mountain shrieks. Woods fall from high. Windows flap. The growing river roars. The traveller attempts the ford. Hark! that shriek! he dies! The storm drives the horse from the hill, the goat, the lowing cow. They tremble as drives the shower, beside the mouldering bank.

The hunter starts from sleep, in his lonely hut. He wakes the fire decayed. His wet dogs smoke around him. He fills the chinks with heath. Loud roar two mountain streams which meet beside his booth.

Sad on the side of a hill the wandering shepherd sits. The tree resounds above him. The stream roars down the rock. He waits for the rising moon to guide him to his home.

Ghosts ride on the storm to-night. Sweet is their voice between the squalls of wind. Their songs are of other worlds.

The rain is past. The dry wind blows. Streams roar and windows flap. Cold drops fall from the roof. I see the starry sky. But the shower gathers again. The west is gloomy and dark. Night is stormy and dismal; receive me, my friends, from night.

THIRD BARD.

The wind still sounds between the hills: and whistles through the grass of the rock. The firs fall from their place. The turfy hut is torn. The clouds, divided, fly over the sky, and shew the burning stars. The meteor, token of death! flies sparkling through the gloom. It rests on the hill. I see the withered fern, the dark-browed rock, the fallen oak. Who is that in his shrowd beneath the tree, by the stream?

The waves dark-tumble on the lake, and lash its rocky sides. The boat is brimful in the cove; the oars on the rocking tide. A maid sits sad beside the rock, and eyes the rolling stream. Her lover promised to come. She saw his boat, when yet it was light, on the lake. Is this his broken boat on the shore? Are these his groans on the wind?

Hark! the hail rattles around. The flaky snow descends. The tops of the hills are white. The stormy winds abate. Various is the night and cold; receive me, my friends, from night.

FOURTH BARD.

Night is calm and fair; blue, starry, settled is night. The winds, with the clouds, are gone. They sink behind the hill. The moon is up on the mountain. Trees glister; streams shine on the rock. Bright rolls the settled lake; bright the stream of the vale.

I see the trees overturned; the shocks of corn on the plain. The wakeful hind rebuilds the shocks, and whistles on the distant field.

Calm, settled, fair is night! Who comes from the place of the dead? That form with the robe of snow! white arms and dark brown hair! It is the daughter of the chief of the people: She that lately fell! Come, let us view thee, O maid! thou that hast been the delight of heroes! The blast drives the phantom away; white, without form, it ascends the hill.

The breezes drive the blue mist, slowly over the narrow vale. It rises on the hill, and joins its head to heaven. Night is settled, calm, blue, starry, bright with the moon. Receive me not, my friends, for lovely is the night.

FIFTH BARD.

Night is calm, but dreary. The moon is in a cloud in the west. Slow moves that pale beam along the shaded hill. The distant wave is heard.

The torrent murmurs on the rock. The cock is heard from the booth. More than half the night is past. The house-wife, groping in the gloom, rekindles the settled fire. The hunter thinks that day approaches, and calls his bounding dogs. He ascends the hill, and whistles on his way. A blast removes the cloud. He sees the starry plough of the north. Much of the night is to pass. He nods by the mossy rock.

Hark! the whirlwind is in the wood! A low murmur in the vale! It is the mighty army of the dead returning from the air.

The moon rests behind the hill. The beam is still on that lofty rock. Long are the shadows of the trees. Now it is dark over all. Night is dreary, silent, and dark; receive me, my friends, from night.

THE CHIEF.

Let clouds rest on the hills: spirits fly, and travellers fear. Let the winds of the woods arise, the sounding storms descend. Roar streams and windows flap, and green-winged meteors fly! rise the pale moon from behind her hills, or inclose her head in clouds! night is alike to me, blue, stormy, or gloomy the sky. Night flies before the beam, when it is poured on the hill. The young day returns from his clouds, but we return no more.

Where are our chiefs of old? Where are our kings of mighty name? The fields of their battles are silent. Scarce their mossy tombs remain. We shall also be forgot. This lofty house shall fall. Our sons shall not behold the ruins in grass. They shall ask of the aged, "Where stood the walls of our fathers?"

Raise the song, and strike the harp; send round the shells of joy. Suspend a hundred tapers on high. Youths and maids begin the dance. Let some grey bard be near me to tell the deeds of other times; of kings renowned in our land, of chiefs we behold no more. Thus let the night pass until morning shall appear in our halls. Then let the bow be at hand, the dogs, the youths of the chase. We shall ascend the hill with day; and awake the deer.

CALTHON AND COLMAL.

P. 236. v. 59. *Alteutha,*] Al-teutha, or rather Balteutha, the town of Tweed, the name of Dunthalmo's seat. It is observable that all the names in this poem are derived from the Gaelic language; which is a proof that it was once the universal language of the whole island.

P. 236. v. 77. *Caolmhal,*] Colmal, a woman with small eye-brows; small eye-brows were a distinguishing part of beauty in Ossian's time; and he seldom fails to give them to the fine women of his poems.

P. 238. v. 92. *Thainig i san oiche gu talla,* &c.] That is, the hall where the arms taken from enemies were hung up as trophies. Ossian is very careful to make his stories probable; for he makes Colmal put on the arms of a youth killed in his first battle, as more proper for a young woman, who cannot be supposed strong enough to carry the armour of a full-grown warrior.

P. 246. v. 201. *Ri mo thaobh ghluais Diaran nam frith,*
A's Dargo, ard righ nan gorm shleagh;] Diaran, father of that Connal who was unfortunately killed by Crimora, his mistress. Dargo, the son of Collath, is celebrated in other poems by Ossian. He is said to have been killed by a boar at a hunting party. The lamentation of his mistress, or wife, Mingala, over his body, is extant; but whether it is of Ossian's composition, I cannot determine. It is generally ascribed to him, and has much of his manner; but some traditions mention it as an imitation by some later bard. As it has some poetical merit, I have subjoined it.

The spouse of Dargo comes in tears: for Dargo was no more! The heroes sigh over Lartho's chief: and what shall sad Mingala do? The dark soul vanished like morning mist, before the king of spears: but the generous glowed in his presence like the morning star.

Who was the fairest and most lovely? Who but Collath's stately son? Who sat in the midst of the wise, but Dargo of the mighty deeds?

Thy hand touched the trembling harp: Thy voice was soft as summer-winds. Ah me! what shall the heroes say? for Dargo fell before a boar. Pale is the lovely cheek; the look of which was firm in danger! Why hast thou failed on our hills? thou fairer than the beams of the sun!

The daughter of Adonsion was lovely in the eyes of the valiant; she was lovely in their eyes, but she chose to be the spouse of Dargo.

But art thou alone, Mingala! the night is coming with its clouds; where is the bed of thy repose? Where but in the tomb of Dargo?

Why dost thou lift the stone, O bard! why dost thou shut the narrow house? Mingala's eyes are heavy, bard! She must sleep with Dargo.

Last night I heard the song of joy in Lartho's lofty hall. But silence dwells around my bed. Mingala rests with Dargo.

END OF VOL. I.

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